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WAIFS IN VERSE

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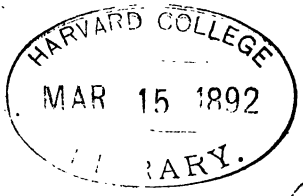

The Author

TO

THE MEMORY OF MY WIFE

AND TO

MY CHILDREN AND MY FRIENDS

THIS VOLUME IS

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

Ce fin recueil de poésies détachées, où l'enthousiasme du patriote se mêle à la verve caustique du chansonnier, la note légèrement sentimentale avec la petite pointe du satiriste de bonne humeur. C'est là un petit volume fort intéressant sous bien des rapports, et pour lequel nous offrons nos plus sincères remerciements à l'auteur —Dr. L. FRÉCHETTE, *La Patrie, 15 July, 1884*.

"WAIFS IN VERSE," a brilliant amusing and instructive little volume. Mr. Wicksteed's great age (over 80) does not prevent him from still indulging in the writing of excellent verse, and occasional translations of great merit. SERANUS, *Canadian Birthday Book*, Toronto, 1887.

AN

APOLOGY

FOR MY

WAIFS IN VERSE.

GENTLE READER AND FRIEND,

Except only in the matter of *dollars*, any intention of making which by the sale of my Waifs I utterly renounce, the Preface I wrote for my good friend Mrs. Grant's "STRAY LEAVES" so nearly states the inducements which led me to print this little volume, and the spirit in which I wish you to read it, that on the points which that prefaces touches I need scarcely say more;—and I have, therefore, (contrary to my general rule.) placed it first in my table of contents. But the reasons therein given for bespeaking your favorable criticism, relate only to the quality of the articles, and I must therefore say something about their matter and spirit. They are indeed WAIFS, born of the occasion and with no object beyond it; and so little care had I taken of them. that many were lost altogether, and but for the kindness of some of my friends who had kept copies of them, and more especially of my brother and my excellent friend, the late Honorable Judge Black of Quebec, I should have been unable to collect enough to make this modest little book; and as WAIFS, written each for its own special occasion, and generally at the instances of some friend whose views and feeling it was to express, I wish them to be judged. Many of those which may seem most trivial to the general reader, will be most acceptable to some of my dearest friends, from the pleasant memories they will awaken. For the rest, I must not hope entirely to escape the application of Mrs. Grant's confession: I *may* have a modest wish for honorable mention in

the Canadian List of Authors, as having written something besides Statutes and Tables of Statutes;—

> In Morgan's useful book my place is small;
> In stately Taylor's work I've none at all.—

I *may* have a secret aspiration for a higher place in the former and some little obscure niche in the latter:—"Vanity perhaps assisting." I have arranged the pieces almost always in the order of their birth, and the earlier ones are therefore the most sentimental. I was young then and am old now; but hope you will think the lines on old Christ Church, and the touching *In Memoriam* to the *Times*, shew that in my old age the quality is not quite extinct in me.

But, you may ask, why should I, a rather ancient Q. C. and Law Clerk of the House of Commons, write and print verses. My good friend, what I have done officially is the very reason and justification for what I am doing now. An English author apologizing for his hero, an apothecary, who attaches a short poem to the neck of his physic vial, exclaims,—

> "Apothecary's verse!—and where's the treason?"
> "If patients swallow physic without reason,"
> "It is but fair to add a little rhyme;"—

and asks indignantly—

> "Can n't men have taste who cure a phthisic."
> "Of poetry tho' patron God,
> "Apollo patronizes physic." *

Now I have helped to make the public to swallow some thousands of pages of heavyish reading prescribed by legislative doctors, in the shape of laws, and I am, therefore, not merely entitled, but bound in fairness, to give them a *little* rhyme? Lawyers and Legislators have been poets. A grave Lord Chancellor of England in advising students at law as to the distribution of their time, after bidding them give six hours to the

* See Notes.

study of "equal laws," and certain other hours to other things, tells them to give the rest to the Muses,—"*Quod superest ultra Sacris largire Camœnis.*" Talfourd was a sergent-at-law when he wrote "Ion," on the beauties of which our leading litterateur is so fond of discoursing. The late Mr. Joseph Howe and Mr. D'Arcy McGee, both published some very capital poetry. I do not know that any of our present leading politicians have distinguished themselves in verse, but they must have the main element of poesy in them, when their very opponents acknowledge their speeches to be "full of invention," and of "imagination all compact." On this point, therefore, I am justified by precedent and authority as ample as a lawyer could wish for.

But you may perhaps object, that I have occasionally been a little harder on public men and their doings than befits my position:—that I by no means inculcate teetotalism as becomes the author of a Temperance Bill;—and that I am sometimes slightly critical on my French Canadian fellow subjects. But be pleased, my dear friend, to remember that I almost always wrote in a representative character, and had to express the feelings and views of my constituents, my *non-paying* clients, rather than my own. The Quebec Gazette, under the late John Neilson, and his successor, had its own notions about things in general, and the Coalition in particular, very different from those of the Transcript, a literary paper edited by Mrs. Grant:—while the Pilot differed from both;—and when I said, in the New Year's Address of the latter, that, Mr. Hincks,—

> "Would the Taxes impose in so charming a way,
> "'Twould be bliss to receive them and pleasure to pay;"

my Muse was in charge of her Pilot, and steered my verses as he directed, and if Mr. H. did not *quite* fulfil her vaticination it was not my fault,—nor perhaps his; he tried his best, as Mr. Cartwright is doing now; and even *he* may possibly come short, and the complete accomplishment of the prophecy may beleft for

the Finance Minister of the Millenium. Then as to Temperance;—I am myself fond of cold water,—but I was not to sing my own songs. Lord Byron complains of being expected to make Lucifer talk like a Clergyman; and no one who knew my friend Archibald Campbell, Esq., Her Majesty's Notary Public, of Quebec, would have thought it natural to make him sing like Father Matthew or a Rouge from St. Roch's. When I wrote for my worthy brother or Major Lindsay nothing could be more innocent and harmless than my lines.

As to my Gallic fellow citizens, I loved them dearly, as Mr. Neilson did, until they broke out into rebellion, and I love them again (as he would do if alive) now that they are quiet and loyal. They should not have rebelled; but after all they only contended for what we would all now fight to retain. Messrs. Papineau, Viger, Vallières, Lafontaine and Cartier were my tried and honored friends. Of all the Speakers under whom I have served, no one was kinder or more courteous than Mr. Papineau; of all the Ministers I have worked with and for none more so than Sir George Cartier. I have always loved the eloquent language of France and been conversant with it I was Translator before I was Law Clerk; and perhaps the most acceptable compliment I ever received was from Mr. Vallières, when in returning me with thanks a translation I had made for him, he said "*Æquavit ne-dum superavit exemplum.*" I was young then and had a name to make and never forgot the kindness.

The New Year's Addresses are only lively versified memoranda of some of the more marked events of the expiring year, viewed in the spirit of the Journals they were written for, but they will, I hope, awaken many not unpleasant recollections of old times in many of my readers. The Ephemeral Government Bill, and the *Coup d'Etat*, are but short chapters in rhyme of the history my heroes *made*; and the White-Wash Bill is a

versified "Tract for the Times." The "Little Gun" is the only article into which any thing like personal feeling entered. With the help of Messrs. Hincks and Dunkin, I amended the Attorney General's Seigniorial Bill, and abolished that opprobrium of the seigniorial tenure, the *lods et ventes*. or mutation fines. We did not think we got our full share of credit for this work. Hence our little squib. But we are all good friends now, and have been for the four and twenty years since past. L. T. D. and Mr. Dunkin were made judges, Mr. Hincks became Sir Francis and a Governor, and I got my Q. C., not undeservedly, I trust, for, apart from this great service to Lower Canada, few men have given H. M.'s advisers more *accepted* advice that I have done. I was told that on *this* occasion I came near upsetting the good ship Coalition, but the Attorney General kindly gave way and relieved the strain, and she swam upright again.

With this exception I never had a misunderstanding with Minister or Member; yet before this year is out I shall have been fifty years in my present office of Law Clerk and Translator, and forty of these as Chief; nor has any one ever said that I gave undue preference to any party or person, though it has depended on me that many *thousands* of bills should be examined, printed, corrected, noted, translated and put through all their stages, each in its lawful order and turn; and a very considerable portion of them had to be drafted or amended. I made many a Bill for the Legislative Assembly of Lower Canada, and translated the famous 92 Resolutions;—was Chief Assistant to Mr. Attorney General Ogden in the time of the Special Council, and helped to make (among others) the first Registration Bill and Municipal Bill for L. C., and the first Board of Works Bill. For the Legislature of the United Canadas, I drafted, under Mr. Draper's instructions, the first Municipal Bill for U. C., the first Post office Bill under Mr. Lafontaine's and the ffrst Currency Bill under Mr. Hincks,

and a great many others under divers Ministers and Ministries from 1841 to 1867; and for the Parliament of Canada I have, under divers Ministries also drafted, consolidated, revised, amended, or had some not unimportant part, in almost every Public Bill which has originated in the House of Commons, and have worked with and for almost every Minister and every Member of note. I am proud to say that the best and ablest on either side have ever treated me with the most consideration and confidence. I am by nature and habit non-partizan and inclined to look at both sides of every question, and this was well, for no party man could perform the duties of my office with pleasure to himself or satisfaction to the House. Party spirit has run high, and Members have said hard things and accused one another of all sorts of abominations, in the heat of party strife;—but this I can say,—no one of any party has ever asked me to draft or help to draft, bill, clause, amendment or resolution which I do not think *he* honestly believed to be for the good of Canada independent of party;—and I feel sure that the foremost men on either side, whom I am proud to call my friends, might, and would in their calmer moments, fairly say, with Coriolanus, to those of their opponents worthy of their steel,—

> "I've done as *you* have done,—that's what I could,—
> "Induced as you have been,—that's for my country."

I have ventured to finish with a National Anthem for Canada. There are plenty of poems and songs about "Canada First," and woods and lakes and mountains, and maple leaves and beavers, many of which are very pretty in themselves, but want concentration, and are not *singable* to any tune that any body knows. I have tried to avoid these objections; and trust there is little of the expletive or diffusive in my wording, while my theme is widely patriotic, and my tune known and sung or played wherever the British flag flies. There can be no

National Anthem but "God save the Queen" for Her Majesty's Dominion of Canada.

G. W. W.

OTTAWA, 23rd April, 1878.

NOTE.—In the present Reprint of my *Waifs in Verse;* I leave the old Titie and Title page, because all it contains was written while I still held the office of Law-Clerk of the House of Commons of Canada, which I resigned at the end of January, 1887, when I had held it, and a like office under the Legislatures of Lower Canada and the Province of Canada, for 58 years, and was rather over 87 years of age:—I retain my "Apology" as equally applicable to the contents of this and to those of the former little book. I have added several "*Waifs*" written since it was printed, and some explanatory notes. With respect to the longest of the new pieces, (my translation of Dr. L. Fréchette's "*Fors l'honneur*"). I may say, that having been at the same time Law Clerk and Chief of the Translation Department, I thought it well, "Vanity perhaps again assisting," to insert a sample of my quality in the latter capacity, in which I had for so many years, had the French Version of every Act passed by the House, read over to me by the French Translator with the English before me; and I believe, we left but few mistakes if any.

The prose additions in the Appendix belong rather to my quality of Law Clerk. I have always refrained from meddling with personal or party politics, but in questions of pure law or public policy I have taken deep interest, and have now and then ventured an article in a Law Journal or Newspaper. I insert two on subjects which drew considerable attention at the time and which are still of great interest. To that on "*Time*" I have added an explanatory note. That on "*Socialism*" scarcely needs one, in view of the recent outburst of *Anarchism* preaching the enforcement of the wildest doctrines of Socialism, by

murder, robbery and the violation of every right held sacred by honest men; the only avowed end being the destruction of life and property by the most cowardly and inhuman means.

To whatever criticism my little book may be open, it can hardly be said to want variety, or harp always on one string or deal only with one class of subjects or mood of thought.—"*Nullum ferè scribendi genus non tetigit*".—The ablest critics are always the kindest; will any very gentle reader add, "*Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit*,"—and oblige—His or hers very truly,

G. W. W.

OTTAWA, 18 November, 1887.

NOTE.—In the present reprint I have added to those mentioned in the preceding Apology and Note, somc articles subsequently written, and to which I have prefixed, (p. 185) a short notice of their *raison d'être*. They will show that since my superannuation I have not ceased to take a deep interest in the public affairs of Canada. I have printed nothing for sale, but every article in the book appeared first in some journal of wide circulation, and my W. is reasonably well known. On some important questions I have tried to say something which, if not new or profound, might at least be intelligible, brief and clear, and tend to peace and good understanding among Canadians of every race or creed; and I venture to think that my translations from our French Canadian Laureate Fréchette, side by side with the originals, and my notice of Dr. Kingsford's History of Canada, will not give an unfavorable impression of Canadian literature and feeling.

G. W. W.

OTTAWA, 1st December, 1891.

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WAIFS IN VERSE

PREFACE

To Mrs. Grant's "Stray Leaves."

Written at her request.

Should you ask me gentle Reader,—
Very kind and gentle Reader,—
Easy, kind and soft subscriber
To the volume now before you,
How I came to write this volume,—
What inducement made me print it,—
How I hope to pay the printer !—
I should answer, I should tell you,
In the strain of Hiawatha :
I had not the least intention,
When I penned my modest verses,
That they ever in a volume
Should collected be, and printed ;
Printed, prefaced, bound, and published !
Thus it happened :—From my childhood,

Like young Pope, "I lisped in numbers"
(All, I fear, we have in common,)
And whene'er occasion prompted,
Slight or weighty, grave or merry,
Birth or burial, christening, wedding,
Sad removal, happy meeting,
Tearful parting, joyous greeting,
Action brave or patriotic,
Faithful love or warlike daring,
I must have my "lines" upon it,
Venting all my soul in rhyming.
As I grew in years and stature,
Editors my verses welcomed,
Friends around me kindly flatter'd.
Urged me to collect and publish,
Offered to become subscribers,
Offered to procure me others;
Talked of profits, talked of dollars,
(Things I very sadly needed,)
Talked until at last I yielded,—
Vanity, *perhaps*, assisting.
Thus it comes to pass, O Reader,
That I throw me on thy mercy,—
Book and author on thy mercy.

Sages tell us that the medium
Through the which we see an object,
Gives it colour bright or gloomy,—
Gives it ugliness or beauty,
Makes it lovely or unlovely;
Therefore, when thou art perusing
This my unpretending volume,
Read it with the eye of friendship,
Read it by the light of kindness,

Through good nature's rosiest glasses;
So its unpresuming pages
Shall for thee seem gay with fancy,
Bright with wit and warm with feeling,
Burning with poetic passion,
Glowing with reflected beauty
From thy heart, O gentle Reader!
Thus shall recompense be made thee,
Fair, and good, and manifold,
And thy dollar be repaid thee,
Like a "greenback" turned to gold.

SONG.*

As slowly glides from shore the bark,
When day's last beam is just departing,
And all around is drear and dark,
Life's saddest tear is starting;
Nor hope itself can lend a ray
To light the pensive wanderer's way.
Allegro.—Yet morn again shall gild the skies,
And love's gay visions yet shall rise.
To soothe the pain of parting.

How dear is then our native shore,
How dear, to every better feeling,
The smile that fond affection wore
Love's purest form revealing:—
How sad, o'er ocean's waste to roam,
Far from the sacred joys of home.

---

* Written for a lady and adapted to the Air of "Mary of the Ferry."

All.—But hope shall come with coming day
To chase the heart-felt tear away,
That down the cheek is stealing.

The ship still cleaves her foamy way,
From home and love and friendship gliding,
Opposing still the dashing spray,
And wave from wave dividing:
But onward as the vessel goes
Again the parted waters close:—
All.—So hearts, where love and friendship reign,
Shall only part to meet again,
In mutual faith confiding.

And fiercer now the billows rise,
Against the gallant vessel beating;
Before the gale,— as on she flies,
The clouds of night are fleeting;
But winds that part from all that's dear
Serve too our onward path to clear:
All.—So years of painful absence past
Shall, when we meet again at last,
Enhance the joys of meeting.

SICILIAN MARINER'S HYMN.

Holy Virgin chaste and fair
Hear the wandering sailor's prayer;—
Empress of the restless sea,
Let our vows ascend to thee.
Swiftly o'er the swelling tide
Bid our bark in safety glide:

Still the pilots breast inform,
And shield us from the howling Storm.

Holy Virgin, Ocean's Queen,
Let thy mountain star be seen. *
While the world is wrapt in sleep
We must roam the pathless deep;
Far from pleasure, peace and home
O'er the bounding wave must roam.
Still the pilot's breast inform
And shield us from the howling Storm.

HYMN AT SEA.

Creator of the Waters,—thou whose hand,
Formed them from nothing,—and at whose command
The restless winds are hushed,—thy guarding arm,
Can shield the wanderer on the wave from harm;—
To thee, while o'er the trackless deep,
A pensive exile roaming,
Where angry winds the waters sweep
And broken seas are foaming;
Still ere my soul can sink to rest
My prayers, my vows, shall be addressed.

While o'er the desert ocean's dreary waste
Form each dear scene of social joy I haste,
Though me afar the rolling waters bear
My prayers are England's and my home is there:
My dearest wish, my fervent vow,

---

* The Pole Star:—Tramontane.

With more than passion's zeal devoted,
To Heaven's high throne is rising now
For those on whom my heart has doated:—
From pleasure banished let me rove
Where'er thou wilt!—but those I love,
Almighty father!—let thy power
Make happier with each coming hour.

The sun has set, his faintest rays of light
Are streaming from the west, and sullen night
Wraps in her deepest shade the sea and sky:—
One solitary star is beaming high,
Whose dimly seem yet cheering ray
Thro' scenes of thickest darkness glancing.—
Still as the foaming waters play,
Upon the high dark wave is glancing.—
—Tho' friends are far and peril near
Faith can the wanderer's bosom cheer,
And beaming on his spirit be
Like the lone star on Winter's sea.

SONG.

"PARTANT POUR LA SYRIE."

Parting for Syria's crimson'd fields
The youthful Stanley came
To Mary's hallowed altar, there
Invoked her sacred name.
"Chaste Queen of Heaven," he kneeling cried,
"Oh grant a warrior's prayer:—
"Let me be bravest or the brave
"And love the fairest fair,"

He vow'd his vow to Mary there
With every sacred rite:
Then followed Richard to the war
And fields of thickest fight:
True his vow, 'mid battle's rage
Aloud he shouted there,—
" Let me bravest of the brave
" And love the fairest fair."

Through him the victory was won:
His gallant leader cried,
" By thee my glory is obtain'd,
" My daughter be thy bride.
" For this I'd tell my warrior band,
" Tho' Richard's self were there,
" Thou art the bravest of the brave,
" She fairest of the fair."

The war had ceased, and Stanley then
Resought his native land,
And there at Mary's altar soon
Received his Emma's hand;
And all who knew his gallant deeds
And saw his Emma there,
Owned him the bravest of the brave,
Her fairest of the fair.

TO MY FRIENDS IN ENGLAND.

Bright in the south now beams the God of day,
And tin-clad roofs return the sparkling ray;
From every chimney silvery vapours aise,
In whitening eddies to the deep-blue skies,

The cold snow creaks the passing foot beneath,
White on his eyebrow hangs the traveller's breath,
Th'else sallow cheek with deepest crimson glows,
And mocks the paleness of surrounding snows.

Frost o'er the scene in chilling splendor reigns
And binds St. Lawrence in his icy chains;
From bank to bank rough fields of ice extend,
Save one dark lake— whence steaming mists ascend,
As if the waters breathed. The cariole now
Speeds on its way beneath the tall ship's bow:
The red-tuqued habitants the market throng,
With noisy jokes and rough old Norman song;
The frozen meats now choke the crowded way,
And "coldly furnish forth" the well fill'd sleigh;
Hard hearted greens have felt stern "winter's flaws;"
Geese, turkies, fowls, confess his "biting laws;"—
To brittle fish the grating saw's applied,
And brandished axes solid milk divide.

Now annual visits must be duly paid,
And solemn calls with strict punctilio made;
The knowing whip—with "conscious pride of art."
In ticklish tandem plays the driver's part,
O'er the smooth road his graceful cariole glides,
And spotted furs o'erhang its polish'd sides;
Half the proud seat his blooming partner shares
And muffled to the chin the breath of winter dares.

Now fashion's votaries ply the knocker hard,
Madam's not in,—*tant mieux*—you leave your card:
She is— you enter— taste her cakes and wine,—
Pay compliments,—observe—"the weather's fine
But cold"—she smiles—you bow—and haste away
With other dames the same dull farce to play.

But, scorning fashion's cold and heartless law,
Close to the roaring stove my chair I draw,
Pensive I sit,—thick crowding fancies come,
Thought follows thought and every thought is home.
And memory wakens:—at the enchantress' call
Bright visions rise—and home is in them all.

My father,—blessings be around thee spread,
And many a year fly gently o'er thy head;—
My mother,—oh could words my heart declare—
Expression wrongs the fervent wishes there,
He, whom alone I honor more than thee,
When I forget thee cease to think on me.

Dear Emily—may every coming year
Make thee to me—to all—more justly dear:—
Smooth be thy path—thy every prospect bright—
Thy days unclouded—and thy slumbers light:
A brother's blessing be on thee, my love,
And peace around thy steps where'er they rove.

* * * * * *

Alfred, Horatio,—Shakespeare's honor'd pages
Have told us human life has "*seven stages*:"
Oh may *your* stages with unjolting *wheel*
O'er life's Macadamised causeway steal.
In pleasure's *colors* be each scene arrayed
And hope's gay *varnish* over all be laid,
Honor and faith the *lamps* your course to guide,
And honest hearts the *passengers inside.*

Thou royal throne of kings— thou sceptred Isle,"
Land of my boyhood—where a mother's smile,

First waked my heart to love,— a father's hand,
Tended my infant steps, thou dear, dear land;
From thee my feet but not my heart may roam,
Thou, England, art my Country and my home!
An Exile blesses thee from cot to throne:
May every patriot virtue be thine own:
Thy sons in arts and arms for ever shine;
Valour and beauty be for ever thine;
Thy flag triumphant over ocean wave,
And heaven's protecting arm my Country save!
See Notes.

SONG.

Air—"ROUSSEAU'S DREAM."

Softly round thy pillow stealing
May love's image still be nigh,
Calling from the depths of feeling
Passion's tenderest, purest sigh:
May kind fancy's touch entrancing
Soothe thy soul with visions blest,
Till the sun's first day-beam glancing
Gently breaks thy balmy rest.

May magic tones of music falling
Seem to charm thy list'ning ear,
Joys that long have past recalling—
Bidding long lov'd friends appear.
Like the moonbeam falling lightly
May thy dreams, dear Mary, be,
Coming o'er thy soul as brightly
As that beam descends on me.

TO E. M. A. W. WITH THOMSON'S SEASONS.

When I am gone, sister, forget me not;
When spring's returning warmth shall call each floweret
To wonted beauty, let affection's sigh
Be breath'd for me: if summer scorch the earth
Or autumn crown it with deep-blushing fruit,
Thro' all the seasons still remember me.
But chiefly when around the winter's fire
With well lov'd friends thou sittest and the tale
Of other days is caught from tongue to tongue,
When music's magic tones shall to thy memory
Recall the hours that we have passed together,
And friends then near us at the potent spell
Shall rise, like phantoms in a summer's dream,
Before thy waking eyes,—forget me not.

HYMN.

Air—"ADESTE FIDELES.

When deep'ning thunders roll on high,
And flashing light'nings rend the sky.
While thickening clouds obscure the day
Thy power, Jehovah, we survey.

When summer shines serene and fair
Thy balmy zephyr cools the air:
When autumn's waving crops appear
Thy love with plenty crowns the year.

Thro' the wide world thy power is shown,
In every land thy name is known,

And rocks of ice or plains of sand.
Display the same Almighty hand.

Thee burning Afric's sons confess,
Thee frozen Lapland's children bless,
For thou art He by all ador'd,
"Father of all," Creation's Lord.

HYMN.

Air—"GERMAN HYMN.

Glory be to God on high,
God whose mercy fills the sky;
Peace on earth to man be given
Man the well belov'd of Heaven.

Now let men with angels sing
Glory to the Almighty King;
Praise to him by all ador'd
Halleluiah to the Lord.

When the trumpet of the skies
Bids the buried dead arise,
Rocks shall melt and mountains fall
And boundless ruin swallow all:

Then the sun shall feel decay,
Then the stars shall fade away,
As the fleeting dreams of night
Vanish with the morning's light!

But with awful glory crown'd
Amid the crash of worlds around,
Jehovah's truth for ever fast,
Shall for endless ages last.

SAMSON'S PRAYER.

Hear Jehovah, thou whose hand
Did the rushing waters close,
When from Egypt's hated land
Israel fled, on countless foes;
Now, while Dagon's sons of shame
Thy avenging arm defy,
While they mock thy sacred name
Hurl thy vengeance from on high.

God of Jacob, hear my vow,
Hear my last—my fervent prayer;
Strengthen thou thy servant now
Aid the efforts of despair:
On Philistine heads around
Soon this vaulted roof shall fall
Dash'd in ruin, on the ground,
And destruction bury all.

He speaks—consenting Heav'n his prayer attends—
He bows,—the fabric falls and thousands die
Beneath its crush—and vengeance is his own.

ADVENT HYMN—(NEW VERSES.)

Now, the sleep of ages breaking,
Hear th'archangel trumpet sound:
Nations from the grave awaking
Rise in countless myriads round.
Halleluiah, Amen.

Earth and sea, their dead restoring,
Shrinking own his awful name:
Bending crowds, their God adoring,
Now the Son of Man proclaim.
Halleluiah, Amen.

He, th'unjust, the proud, th'opressor,
Dooms to never-dying fires:
Pure religion's mock professor
Trembling at his word retires.
Halleluiah, Amen.

But the just and good approving
Who their Saviour's name confess'd,
He, mid saints and angels moving
Leads to endless joy and rest.
Halleluiah, Amen.

Hark! the blest Redeemer praising
Millions join the glorious song:
Golden harps in triumph raising
Seraphim the strain prolong.
Halleluiah, Amen.

104TH PSALM.—(NEW VERSES.)

In light as a robe
Our God is arrayed;
At the voice of His thunder
The hills are afraid.
On the wings of the whilwind
His chariot is borne,
While myriads of angels
His triumph adorn.

O'er the waves of the deep
His messenger flies;
At the voice of his bidding
The billows arise:—
The storm and the tempest
Are hushed at His will,
They hear His rebuking
And ocean is still.

O'er all that hath life
His providence reigns,
His goodness created
His bounty sustains:
"To God their Creator,
"Let all creatures raise
"The hymn of thanksgiving
"Of worship and praise."

EPITAPH.

To the Memory of E. M. who died in her 4th year this Stone is dedicated by her Mother.

"Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

To anxious hope, and ceaseless prayer denied,
He lies a father's joy,—a mother's pride;
Oh, who that watched her infant mind expand
To reasoning thought, beneath the almighty hand,
And day by day beheld new beauties bloom
Could deem she blossomed only for the tomb:
Could deem nor wit, nor worth, nor youth could save,
Our loved Eliza from an early grave.

Forgive, Oh God, forgive a mother's tear,
Who dared to murmur at thy judgments here,
A tear like hers the pure Redeemer shed
When holy Martha spake of Lazarus dead;
In the cold tomb the lov'd disciple slept,
The God restor'd him—but the Master wept.

HORACE: Ode XV. Lib. I.

"Pastor quum traheret."

When the perfidious Shepherd boy
Spread his light sails, and bore to Troy
The perjur'd Queen,—the azure main
Stept tranquil, the prophetic strain
Old Nereus waked, th'unwilling winds were still,
While thus the prophet sang the course of future ill:

"With Gods averse, thou bear'st away
The cause of many a bloody day,
Whom banded Greece shall seek in arms
And curse her fate provoking charms;—
Till Troy shall see her God erected wall
And Priam's ancient house, and Priam's kingdom fall."

"War comes with all his horrid train;
The foaming steed shall snort with pain;
Proud man shall bleed,—the tortur'd horse
Shall spurn the already lifeless corse,—
Lo! Pallas, even now, prepares her dreaded spear,
And shakes her Gorgon shield—while nations quake with fear."

"Trusting to Venus' aid in vain—
Thy lyre shall wake th'ignoble strain;
In vain with soft unwarlike care,
Thy hand shall comb thy golden hair;—
In vain within the shameless harlot's bed
Thou hid'st from Cretan darts thy false, dishonor'd head."

"In vain thou shun'st the Grecian sword
And the fierce ire of Sparta's Lord:—
In vain thou fliest with frantic fear
Swift Ajax' hot pursuing spear:
By Grecian steel shall coward Paris die
And soiled in dust obscene his golden tresses lie."

"Seest thou not stern Ulysses here,
The scourge of all thy race, and near
The Pylian sage, while from afar
Sthelenus, Teucer, wake the war;
Both skill'd alike in glory's chase to lead,
To crush the shrinking foe, or rule the fiery steed."

"See Merion to the fight advance
And shake aloft his ready lance,
And haughty Diomed, whom thou,
Forgetful of thy boasting vow,
With panting breast and pallid cheek shalt fly
As flies the trembling stag when the grim wolf is nigh."

"Brief is the time the Gods decree
To tottering Ilion and to thee:—
Pelides' anger may delay
Awhile the inevitable day:—
Yet Troy shall fall at last, and her proud dames
Shall see her haughty towers consumed by Grecian flames."

ODE XXX, Lb. I.

"Persicos odi, puer, apparatus."

Gugy my boy, I hate the big
Puff'd swelling of an English wig:—
Let it sit, (a better place)
Over some unmeaning face.
Let the tailor's careless hand
Make me a simple gown and band,
These, my boy, sit well on thee,
May they sit as well on me,
Who, beneath thy care discerning,
Drink the stream of legal learning.

MARTIAL VII., 89.

I, felix rosa, mollibusque sertis
Nostri cinge comas Apollinaris,
Quas tu nectere candidas,—sed olim,—
Sic te semper amet Venus, memento.

Imitated.

Go happy roses, form a wreath around
Apollinaris' hyacinthine hair;
And mind, so love you Venus, it be bound
By you,—long hence,—when snow has fallen there.

EPITAPH.

Scratching, purring, mewing, crying,
Round in giddy circles flying,—
Seeking ever varying plays;
Thus I passed my kitten days.

These I left:—in cathood's prime,
When soberer joys employed my time,
Fierce rats have trembled at my sight,
And mice their bacon saved by flight.

And lovers tried their amorous wiles:—
I was "was a toast upon the tiles,"
And tabby beaux in whisker'd pride
Scamper'd o'er house-tops by my side.

A numerous family I rais'd,
For cat-like virtues all were praised;
And slaughter'd mice, and frighted rats
Have proved my kittens' kittens cats.

A mistress too I left behind,
A gentle being, fair and kind
A little gay light hearted belle.
Who loved her friends and pussy well.

All these I left:—ah! what avail
The goosebery eye, the graceful tail,
The rosy nose, the shining vest,
The spotted back, the spotless breast?

For he who laughs at charms like these,
And catches cats, as cats catch fleas,
Grim death, my joys with envy saw
And fixed on me his murd'ring paw.

Go reader— learn from pussy's fate
That beauty's but of transient date:
That rosy cheek, or rosy nose,
That splendid fur, or gaudy clothes,
That slender waist, or graceful tail,
'Gain'st the sharp claws of death will nought avail:
And learn from her,— of mortal charms the best,
In cat or woman is the *spotless breast.*

EPITAPH.

Here Philis lies—weep reader if you will,
For all who knew her worth lament her still:
No angel, tho' by nature's self inspired
To more than human virtues she aspired.
She never once, when fortune's tide grew slack,
On those she once had courted turned her back;—
Faithful thro' life she ne'er betray'd her friends
Nor flatter'd foes to gain her private ends;
And never once,—(ask those who knew her well)
In whisper'd hints aspers'd a sister belle.

Tho' in Hyde-Park admired by many a beau,
She went for exercise and not for show.
With graceful ease she bore her beauties rare,
It seemed in truth she knew not she was fair.
And when old time, that foe to mortal charms,
Attack'd her beauties with resistless arms,
Without a sigh she saw her graces fade
Nor curs'd the ravages that time had made.

If thine the boast,—"O'er stiff-neck'd beaux I reign.'
From Phillis learn,—all mortal charms are vain;—
In pride of beauty if thine heart beats high—
From Phillis learn, e'en beauty's self must die.

SONG.

Air—"DONNE L'AMORE."

Oh Lady, love is light,
As summer's breath when lightest:
And fleeting as the bright
But fading ray of eve:
If thou receive him,
Life's early hope thou blightest.
If thou believe him
He will, he will deceive!
With faithless tears and fickle smiles
He still the trusting heart beguiles,
Oh never then believe him.

Yet Lady, love is sweet,
Tho' light as summer's breathing,
Like evening's ray will fleet
But is as heavenly too:—
Wilt thou reject him
Flowers and thorns enwreathing?—
Wilt thou neglect him
While yet the dream is knew?
'Tis better sure to smile and weep,
Than sleep the long unchanging sleep
Of hearts that love ne'er waken'd.

NEW-YEAR'S ADDRESS

Of the Carrier of the Star and Commercial Advertiser.

Quebec, January 1, 1830.

Twice has this earth since we our course begun,
Wheeled on her silent axle round the sun;
Twice has the sun, upon the polar snows,
Arisen and sunk since first our "Star" arose;
"The beacon of the patriot's course" 't has been;
Not like that star in Cassiopeia seen
A Sun, and then a Cinder—No; it came
And lit the horison with a steady flame;
With equal motion, unabating force,
Climbs and will climb along its destined course,
Until it reach its zenith.—Shall it fall
Thence like an exhalation— losing all
The glorious light it should for aye reserve,
And leave the world to night—and *La Minerve?*
We cannot tell—the times, alas are gone,
When poesy and prophecy were one.
But while old Earth along her orbit ran,
And traced the great ellipsis, what has man
Been doing?—Th'autocrat of Russia's nation
Holds the professorship of *Moderation*,
And gives good proof he ought, by merely lunching
On certain Persian Provinces, and munching
A *moderate* share of *Turkey* by the way
Of dinner. There was once a wolf, they say,
Who somehow got a crane's neck in his jaws,

* A College Journal edited by A. S., now Judge S. C., Quebec, and his late brother H. S., and now, 1887, C. J.

And did *not* bite it off—no doubt the cause
Was the wolf's *moderation*, as he said,
And the crane humbly acquiesced. We read
Rome's founder sucked a wolf, and that may be
The reason why in history's list we see
No nation half *so moderate*, save the Roman,
As are the Russians now,— a fact which no man
Will contradict,—The sword has done its work,
And man has suffered much. The Russ and Turk
Have bled, tho' not alike. War's horrid blast
Has swept across the East, and when it passed,
Destruction marked its course. But then, 'tis true,
Much good has followed—"*Tout est pour le mieux:*"
The blood of nations hath not flowed in vain:
The once bright Crescent now is in the wane;
Now where his fertile shores the Danube laves,
Christians no more shall be the Moslem's slaves.
And, more than all, no longer Greece shall be
The opprobrium of the world; for GREECE IS FREE.—
More good *shall* follow—to its native East
The tree of knowledge hath returned,—its feast
Of goodly kind is spread: By British hands
'Twas planted,—girt by British swords it stands.
Not to forbid approach' but to ensure
The blessings that for ages shall endure:
O'er the dark East the mental day shall spread,
Till Burmah's golden-footed chief shall read
A Burmese "STAR" by gas-light. Usurpation
Shall but assist thy march, Civilization!

Here in the west "Our President" has been
Saying soft things to Europe's "Ocean Queen."
Perhaps some million acres, more or less,
Are worth *that* trouble. Jonathan *may* guess

West India Trade is good, and calculate
That both together will return the state
By way of profit more than cent per cent,
For words employed in well turned compliment.
But give the Devil his due,—" Old Hickory's blood "
Is English—and when he in battle stood
Against us in the field, he only did
His duty to his country: God forbid
We were worse friends for that,—and now his hand
Is stretched in friendship to the gallant land
Whence he and his descended, let us take
The hand he offers with a hearty shake.—

Our " Houses " too will meet, and our respected
Collective Wisdom be again collected;—
Accounts will be examined—rulers taught
Economy—and lectured as they ought
On saving public money, by the light
Of spermaceti candles, night by night.

Twice seven wise men from old St. Stephen's Hall
Where chosen, met, looked wise, and swallowed all
The piteous tale about the dreadful state
Of Canada, and her unfortunate
" Condition: " and the men whose nation owes
Only eight hundred millions, felt the woes
Of Canada, that neither pays nor buys,
Placemen or patriots, ministers or spies,
Army or navy—So they wrote a book
Which their wise brethren here for Gospel took,
And practising the economy they'd hinted,
Ordered six hundred copies to be printed.—

Strange things like these beyond all doubts betoken
Some near and great event. We have not spoken

Our thought before; but we can understand
By signs that the millennium is at hand,
Or just begun. If so, our "House" shall reign
A thousand years, and meet and meet again.
Our Speaker freed from patriotic fears
Enjoy his thousand pounds a thousand years;
A thousand times shall A–B,—right or wrong,
Present his bills a thousand clauses long.
A thousand times our gracious House shall give
The thousand pounds we printers shall receive,—
A thousand judges yet shall feel the lash,
Some thousand witnesses shall touch the cash.
A thousand times shall we repeat our rhymes,
And which "All health to all" a thousand times.

L'AMORE DOMINATORE. *

"That very strain that mourns a broken vow,
"Is sadly sweet because it breathes of love."

I saw an ancient castle stand
  In varied light and shade,
And softly on its battlements
  The glancing sunbeams play'd.

From many a pictured window there
  Return'd the softened rays:—
The very air the spirit caught
  And breathed of other days.

---

* Written in humble deprecation of L. E. L's attack upon the credit of the rosy god.

And closely there the ivy twined
  Around each warlike tower,
And blooming o'er each pointed arch
  Was seen the sweet wall-flower;

Emblem of ancient days, when love
  Was half the soldier's duty,—
And on the steel-clad warrior's helm
  Was seen the scarf of beauty.

I saw that castle's future heir,
  A noble generous youth;
On his clear brow was honor stamped,
  On every feature truth.

And yet there was a listlessness
  And languor in his air;
His spirit flashed not from his eye
  And genius slumber'd there.

Time passed:—I saw that youth again,
  That listlessness was gone:—
His eye had caught a keener glance
  His voice a clearer tone:—

I marked the poet's glance of fire
  As he raised the glowing song;
I heard an echo sweet and low
  The gentle notes prolong.

And soft as on the breath of spring
  The tender strain arose,—
One word, one oft-repeated word,
  Was heard in every close.

In sweeter notes—in clearer tones
It thrill'd along the grove—
It echo'd back at every pause:
I listened,—it was,—"Love."

His country calls— her bravest sons
Rush to the battle-field.
And British arms in Britain's cause—
The sons of freedom wield.

That youth was first:—on crimson'd plain,
Or on the slippery deck:
He dauntless braved the raging storm
The battle fire, the wreck.

War ceased—they bound his brows with oak:—
The youthful warrior came,
And grateful thousands lined the way
And shouted forth his name.

Mid thousand faces one alone
That youthful warrior sought;
'Mid thousand eyes one eye alone
His answering glance has caught.

The approving look, the timid smile,
Of yonder blushing maid,
Are more to him than all his fame,
His toils are overpaid.

For her he fought, for her he bled,
Her name his song inspired,
Her gentle love the sole reward
His beating heart desired.

Again—I saw a wedded pair;
Around their quiet heart
A group of smiling infants played
In childhood's reckless mirth.

Fondly around a brother's neck
A sister's arm was thrown,
Affection smil'd in every look
Love spoke in every tone.

I mark'd the matron's eye of pride,
I saw the father's smile;—
Envied I then the hearts of those
Who dare love's name revile?

Time held his course—again I look'd
And saw an ancient pair:
Each form had lost the grace of youth
Time silver'd o'er their hair.

One gentle feeling still unchanged
Each look—each action prove,
It breathes, it speaks in every word,
'Tis chasten'd but 'tis Love.

I turn'd to tales of other days,
I read the rolls of fame,
They spoke of many a god-like deed
And many a deathless name.

Yet still I found the noblest hearts
One softer power could move,
The bravest knelt before his shrine.
The proudest bowed to Love.

Rome's haughtiest son on Rome herself *
The storm of vengeance hurl'd,—
All had been lost,—love spake and saved.
The mistress of the world.

He first in every youthful heart
Did generous thoughts inpire,
He nerved the warrior's arm in fight,
He fann'd the patriot's fire.

And more than all—~~the~~ immortal verse
Was taught by him alone;
He glowed within the poet's breast
And song was all his own.

To thee, oh love—in youth or age
Life's purest joys we owe;
From thee the sacred ties of home
From thee its blessings flow.

Hail then to thee, and at thy shrine
Let every mortal bend,
As husband, father, brother, son,
As lover or as friend.

"They cannot paint thee,"—for the forms
Which youthful poets see
When rapt in visions of the Muse,
Alone can picture thee.—‡

* Coriolanus.

‡ L. E. L's poem ends with

"They cannot paint thee, let them dream
A dark and nameless thing,
Why give the likeness of the dove
Where is the serpent's sting."

BEAUTIFUL THINGS. *

Have you heard after all the *pro* and the *con*—
Of counsellor Supple and counseller Pliant,
When the judge had summed up and the charge was done,
A verdict returned for your own good client?

Have you stood by the clerk to see it recorded
That nothing might happen your hopes to dash—
Have you heard, as you saw it was properly worded,
In fancy the chink of your client's cash?

Have you lost your way in a pathless wood
When the sun was set and the sky growing dark,
And puzzled and tired as in doubt you stood
Have you leapt to hear the watch dog's bark?

Have you stood by the bow of a noble ship
When the place of her building grew suddenly bare;
Have you seen her keel in the waters dip,
Have you heard the cheer that greeted her there?

After Canada's winter have you seen
The St. Lawrence set free by the generous sun:—
While the birds returned and the hills grew green,
Have you heard the first seen vessel's gun?

Have you ever heard, when far away
(As you thought) from all that could breathe of home,
Some song that you learned in a happier day
Like a voice from the dead in a strange land come?

* Written for some ladies and suggested by certain lines they sent with *their* notions of "Beautiful things."

Have you ever heard Paganini play,
  Or Braham sing his "Robin Adair,"
Or Miss Stephens chaunt "Auld Robin Gray;"
  Have you heard Rossini's "Di piacer"?

Have you sat by a maid you would fain should be
  Your own in woe and your own in bliss;
Have you said to that maiden "lov'st thou me"
  And half-felt, half-heard, that she murmured "Yes:"

When the soul that hath gone astray is forgiven,
  The song the rejoicing Seraphim sing
May be the sweeter, *perhaps*, but on this side heaven
  You shall hear no sweeter, no holier thing.

SONNET.

A Lady to her god-daughter.

They tell me you're my god-daughter, dear baby,
And therefore, tho' at verse I'm not a dab, I
Feel that the honor is so great—that on it
I cann't do less than pen a little sonnet.—
And now I am your god-mother, and therefore
If *you* are sinful, *I* must answer;—wherefore
Be a good girl and woman, big or little,
Not breaking toys or hearts tho' both are brittle;
And be not pettish tho' you be a pet,
And if you're pretty be not a coquette:—
And keep your dresses clean and save your pins,
And say your prayers at night;—or for *your* sins
While *you* are coaxed and flattered, praised and toasted
Perhaps your poor aunt Aggie may be roasted.

SONG. *

Air—"DIDO AND I."

There's the Rose in our wine,—
And the Shamrock shall be
The mystical sign
Of the proud one in three,
Our good constitution,
Lords, Commons and King,
Which no Resolution
To ruin shall bring:—
And the Thistle, the hardy old Thistle, God bless it,
The Thistle that "*nemo impunè lacessit*,"
Is the type of the bearing we show to our foes
Who dare to provoke Thistle, Shamrock or Rose.

Nor shall Cambria's sons
The occasion let slip,
There's a Leek in their hats,—
There's no leak in our ship;
And the old constitution
For ever shall be
The bark of the loyal
The brave and the free:—
And the boys from the Shannon, the Tweed and the Wye,
With the sons of the Thames, all her foes shall defy;
Each alike the bold treason of Joey‡ condemns,
Let him come from Tweed, Shannon, or Wye or old Thames.

* Written at the request of H. Black, Esq., and sung by Archibald Campbell, Esq., at the dinner given to A. Stuart after he lost his election in 1834.

‡ Hume of "baneful domination" memory.

And what shall *we* do
Who alone upon the earth
Have no national name
In the land of our birth;
Called "Canadians" in Britain
And "Foreigners" here,
We've a country we love,
And we've rights that are dear.
The descendants of Britons, and Britons in heart,
In this true British struggle we'll all do our part,
From our brethren of Europe we never will sever:—
"Here's the King, Constitution, and Stuart for ever."

SONG. *

Air—"THE HUNTING OF HARE."

Oh what science can compare
To the one that through our hair,
Can by feeling, can by feeling,
Tell the feelings that *must* guide us:
To Phrenology I've turned,
And I sing of what I've learned
From Parnell,—Dr. Parnell,—
Who's a monstrous clever fellow,
Clever fellow.

---

* Written at like request and sung by the same gentleman as the last, on St. Patrick's day, 1835, for the Toast "The Rose, the Thistle and our own Shamrock."—Dr. Parnell having examined and *turned* all the heads in Quebec just before and being present at the said dinner.

In the head of Johny Bull
Alimentiveness is full,
So his failing, so his failing,
Is to get a little mellow;
But when friends are smiling round,
And wit, wine and song abound,
He that could not, or that would not,
Is a mighty churlish fellow,
Churlish fellow.

Under Sandy's sandy wig
There's *Acquisitiveness* big,
So he's toiling, so he's moiling,
To put plack and plack thegither;
Yet he'd spent his last bawbee
But he'd make the couple three,
And, with John and Pat, his whistle wet,
A gay and canny fellow,
Canny fellow.

In Paddy's scull we guess
There is a large *Combativeness*,
And another bump, a tender lump,
That makes him love the lasses;
But Paddy he can do
Something else than fight and coo,
O'er his whisky,—He gets frisky,
And a roaring jolly fellow,
Jolly fellow.

But the best of all their lumps,
And the very *King of Bumps*,
Is *Adhesiveness*, *Adhesiveness*,
That binds them all together.

Pat and Sandy hard and fast
Stick to Johnny to the last,
And whc beats them,—or who cheats them,
Is a dev'lish clever fellow,
Clever fellow.

TOAST—" Dr. Parnell and Phrenology in a bumper."

SONG. *

Air—" THERE IS NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE."

St. George he was an errant knight
And rode about the world,
And when he saw a dragon, straight
At him his spear he hurl'd.—
These dragons were the grievances
That did the earth infect;
So good St. George's march was like
Our march of Intellect.

St. George became old England's Saint,
And thus she did inherit
His cordial hate of all misrule,
His anti-dragon spirit:—
When *Lackland* did a tyrant turn,
In thought and word and deed,
St. George inspired the Barons bold
Who camped at Runnymede.

---

* Sung by Archibald Campbell, Esq., at St. George's dinner, 23 April 1835.

And ever against tyranny
  Hath gallant England stood,
And strained for freedom every nerve,
  And bought it with her blood.
She will not bear that King or Mob
  Should rule without control,
And spurns the tyrant aggregate
  As well as tyrant sole.

Earth's dragons are,—antique abuse
  Received upon tradition,
Despotic sway, and slavish fear,
  And vice and superstition:—
In Kingdoms (and Republics too)
  Corruption or excess,
And mob-made law;—and earth's St. George
  Is England's public press.

And *therefore* is she first of all
  That are or that have been
Among the nations of the earth,
  And therefore Ocean's Queen;—
And therefore on her flag the sun
  Doth hourly rise,—and will,
Because the Spirit of St. George
  Is England's spirit still.

We've Dragons here who sit at once
  In places three and four;—
We've one with four and thirty heads,
  And one with many more:—
Another's ignorance that doth
  Imagined evils forge;—

Another's—Mr. Joseph Hume,
And Peel is our St. George.

TOAST.

St. George and Merry England—may
The hearts of all adore them;
And may the dragons of the earth
For ever fall over them.

SONG. *

Air—"THE STORM.

Cease your loud and blust'ring railings,
Politicians one and all;
Search not for each other's failings,
Seek not places great or small:—
Whether democrat or tory,
Juste milieu, left or right,
Listen to St. Andrew's story;—
He's our autocrat to-night.

When he came for the conversion
Of our fathers wild and free,
He, good saint, had no aversion,
To the taste o'barley bree;
Well he knew,—like all our Masters,—
Christian, Roman, Greek or Jew,
Nothing softens life's disasters
Like good wine or mountain dew.

Sung by Archibald Campbell, Esq., on St. Andrew's night, 1837.

Well he knew unaided reason
  Cannot fancy perfect bliss,—
Love itself has thorns, and treason,
  Once at least, profaned a kiss:—
Preaching's nought without example,
  Only what we feel we know:
Men must drink, or taste no sample
  Of unmingled joy below.

Thus our fathers, waxing daily
  Better in their deeds and words,
Spent the day in good, and gaily
  Passed the night round festal boards,
Never trod a Scotsman faintly
  In the path his sires found right;—
Kindly, freely, gaily, *saintly*,
Let *us* pass St. Andrew's night.

SONG. *

Air—"Scots wha hae.

Men of Scotia's blood or land,
No longer let us silent stand—
Our "origin" while traitors brand,
  As "foreign" here.

We scorn to wear a coward mask,
And when the boasting Gaul shall ask
Our claim, 'twill be a welcome task
  To bid him hear—

* Sung by Archibald Campbell, Esq., at St. Andrews dinner, 1837.

Upon the crests of Abram's heights.
Victorious in a thousand fights,
The Scottish broad-sword won our rights
Wi' fatal sweep;

By gallant hearts those rights were gain'd -
By gallant hearts shall be maintain'd;
E'en tho' our dearest blood be drain'd
Those rights to keep.

Then when the Gaul shall ask again,
Who called us hero across the main?
Each Scot shall answer bold and plain,
"Wolfe sent for me."

Be men like those the hero brought,
With whose best blood the land was bought,
And fighting as your fathers fought,
Keep it or die!

THE BOMBARDIER'S SONG.

Air—"BARNEY BRALLAGHAN."

Twas on a busy day,
Which we shall long remember,
When Bombardier Blazeaway,
Some time in last November,
When radical boasts were loud
And Yankees talked of invading,

---

* Written for W. B. Lindsay, Esq., Clerk of the Legislave Assembly, and Major of Volunteer Artillery; and sung by his Lieutenant, H. A. Wicksteed.

Recruited among the crowd,
And this was his mode of pursuading:
"Only say
"You'll be an artillery-man;
"Don't say nay;
"Now's the time,—if you will you can."

"With a clerk of Assembly's whim
"If the service should happen to chime, boys,
"We'll refer some *ord'nance* to him,
"To *report* from time to time, boys.
"If an Auctioneer comes, that we'll rid
"The country of rebels sure them am I,
"For he'll only wait for a *bid*
"To *knock down* the forts of an enemy.
"Only say, &c.

"Come Lawyers, you're not raw,
"(Tho' drilling your knowledge enlarges,)
"For you know the *canon law*
"And are famous at *heavy charges:*
"You can't be much at fault,
"For this I can say without flattery
"You can profit by an *assault*,
"And make the most of *battery*.
"Only say, &c.

"Come, ye Merchants' come,
"Leave you goods on the shelf now,
"*Honor* the *notes* of the drum,
"Think no more of your pelf now:
"At a glut of *our* goods we scoff,
"Even rebels and Yankees have sent for 'em;

"Tho' they're *heavy* they all *go off*,
"For we always find a *vent* for 'em.
"Only say, &c.

"Come all ye Medical Tribe,
"Like physic our science in fact is,
"For we doses of *powder* prescribe,
"And have plenty of *mortar* practise.
"Come, Printers, your knowledge will grace
"The tools we are always dandling,
"For you constantly stand around the *chase*,
"And the *primer* are frequently handling.
"Only say, &c.

"The man that deals in fruit
"Can *prune* the wings of the foe, sir,
"And a capital good recruit
"Is a *canister*-handling Grocer;
"And if Papineau makes a fuss,
"We never need fear the event, he
"Will find it's all *nuts* to us,
"And we've *shells* and *colonels* in plenty.
"Only say, &c.

"All you that are fund of the *grape*,
"Or of fiddling and dancing, we call, boys,
"For we are the lads for a *scrape*,
"And give spirit and life to a ball, boys.
"Even a Tailor's skill
"To part of our business reaches—
"He can work at his *loop-holes* still,
"And practice the making of *breaches*,
"Only say, &c.

" As we stand to our guns in *bands*,
" A parson may help to man one;
" And they say every Bishop commands
" Many a *minor canon.*"
But I finish the Bombardier's song,
Lest it suit our corps to the letter.
For our pieces are *heavy* and *long*,
And the bigger the *bore* the better.
" Only say, &c."

SONG. *

Air—" 'TWAS IN THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY."

When Discord had the apple thrown
And Paris's award was known,
Heaven's Club upon Olympus met,
And stormy was the loud debate;
And arguments were fierce and long
That Paris had been right, or wrong:—
But while with speeches Heav'n was ringing
Old Bacchus slyly took to singing,—
" Come let the magic goblet pass,
" 'Tis better than dull reason's glass,
" And blends in one extatic hour
" The joys of wisdom, love and power.

---

* Sung at the Quebec Debating Club by H. A. W.

NOTE—Discordia threw a golden apple to Minerva, Juno and Venus, with the inscription " for the fairest." Paris was made arbitrator.—Juno wanted to bribe him with a kingdom and great power.—Minerva with wisdom.—But Venus promised him the most beautiful woman on earth, and he gave her the apple.—hence arose great jealousies on Olympus among the immortals who took part with one or another.—OLD MYTHOLOGY.

Apollo took the hint, and moved
A banquet,—and the Gods approved:
The feast was spread by Jove's command,
And Phœbus sang and let the band:
The songs were good—the nectar rare,
Old Thunderbolt was in the chair;
And Jove when once with nectar mellow
Becomes a very jovial fellow.—
Then let the magic, &c.

Debating clubs then rose on earth,
And Phœbus smiled upon their birth,
They made men wise;—but then he knew
That wisdom spoils life's rosy hue,
And therefore did the God ordain
That hue should be restored again,
By mirth and song, by feasting, drinking,
When members' thoughts grew dull with thinking.
Then let the magic, &c.

Old Paris choice we all approve,
And power and wisdom yield to love:
But surely they must wiser be
Who in their choice can blend the three:
With wine—to kingly joys we rise,—
With wine—the silliest soul grows wise,—
And while the wine cup smiles between us
Each girl we pledge is fair as Venus;
Then let the magic, &c.

SONG.

For Sir Isaac Newton's Birthday. *

Air—"BARBARA ALLEN."

When Archimedes, reverend sage,
By trump of fame renowned, sir,
Deep problems solved in every page,
The sphere's curved surface found, sir;
He e'en himself had still outshone
And higher borne the sway, sir,
Had he but once our secret known,
And drunk his bottle a day, sir,

When Ptolemy so long ago
Believed the world stood still, sir,
He never could have fancied so,
Had he but drunk his fill, sir;
He'd then have seen it circulate,
And learnt without delay, sir,
That he who'd be both wise and great
Must drink his bottle a day, sir.

Copernicus, that learned wight,
The glory of his nation,

* This song, I am sorry to say, is not mine. It was written by my uncle the late Mr. Justice Fletcher, of Sherbrooke, a brother of Sir Richard Fletcher, R. E., who was killed at St. Sebastian. The Mathematical Society of London had been prosecuted by a common informer for having had some notices printed inadvertently without the printer's name. Mr. Fletcher, a member of the Society, had successfully defended them, and the Society had voted him a silver cup which was presented to him at their annual meeting on Sir Isaac Newton's Birthday, 1802, when he sang this song which he had written for the occasion. I have the Cup—and cannot forbear taking this occasion of telling its history and giving the song and a little Epigram by the same hand.

With draughts of wine refreshed his sight
And saw the earth's rotation;
Each planet then its orb described,
The moon got under weigh, sir.
The truth he thus at once imbibed,
For he drank his bottle a day, sir.

Ye Philomaths, what then avails
It how the world map state us,—
Experiments can never fail
With this our apparatus.
Let him who'd have his merit known
Remember what I say, sir,
Fair science yields to him alone
Who drinks his bottle a day, sir.

—

EPIGRAM.

By the same on seeing a crop of oats on the Plains of Abram.

Some men seek glory, others sigh for groats;
Here Wolfe reaped laurels—and Dalhousie oats.

EXTRA EXTRAORDINARY. *

We have just received the followiug communication, announcing a danger with which Her Majesty's Government is threatened from a new and unexpected quarter. We lose no time in laying it before our readers:—

For the Quebec Morning Herald.

Mr. EDITOR.—I am commanded to inform you, that the sentiments expressed in the following song have been unanimously concurred in by a brilliant assembly of no less than 92 ladies. If the grievance complained of be not speedily redressed, let the parties implicated look to it.

I am, Mr, Editor,
Your obedient servant,
MISS QUADRILLE. *

Quebec, 18th Dec., 1837.

SONG.

Air—"OH DEAR, WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE!"

Oh dear what can the matter be?
Dear, dear, what *can* the matter be?
Oh dear what CAN the matter be?
Nobody gives us a ball!

Vainly my ringlets I braiding and curling am,
Vainly in dreams, too, I twisting and twirling am,
Oh, my LORD GOSFORD, great Baron of Worlingham,
Why don't you give us a ball?
Oh dear, &c.

---

* I did not invent this signature,—some young lady correspondent had used it; and I took a great fancy to it as charmingly odd.

He promised, when first he came, he'd give us plenty—
We thought in each season we'd get at least twenty;
But if to perform that fair promise he meant, he
Would surely now give us a ball.
Oh dear, &c.

Then our beaux are all priming and loading and drilling;
With brave loyal ardour each bosom is thrilling.
If the brave love the fair,—why the fair love quadrilling,—
Then why don't they give us a ball?
Oh dear, &c.

Let them ne'er think that balls check men's ardour for fighting,
Or that *pumps* throw cold water on what they delight in;
For the man who all points of war's science was right in,
To Waterloo went from a ball.
Oh dear, &c.

If our Governor, lovers, or brothers or spouses,
Will not open their castles, their hearts and their houses,
And their tyranny once our resistance arouses,
We know who will give us a ball.
Oh dear, &c.

We'll resolve that the grievance surpasses all reason;
We'll declare such brutality justifies treason;
We'll compound with the rebels for one merry season:—
And Papineau 'll give us a ball.
Oh dear, &c.

Every lady who can sing will please to chaunt the above on all fitting occasions, until our grievance is redressed; or "we seek elsewhere a remedy for our afflictions."

By order of the Committee.

THE FANCY BALL AT RIDEAU HALL. *

The following is out of place as to date; but its subject is so cognate to the last article that I insert it here.

DEAR TIMES,—Your paper is a sort of omnibus, and a very nice one; can you find room in it for a young lady, without crowding out some of those charming articles in which *we* so much delight, about bishops, and priests of St. Albans, and aprons, and candlesticks, and Alderman Waller, and Mr. Martin. Try like a good soul. Our dear Governor's ball has been talked about and written about a good deal and not badly, though I have heard there is high authority for saying that the right account of it has yet to be written. But nobody has adverted to its constitutional virtues and the impetus it has given to loyalty. In the dark days of 1837, when rebellion was rife, Lord Gosford, a good kind soul as ever lived, seems to have forgotten this point of policy—and the extract I send you from papers of the time, will show you the peril to which the State was exposed in consequence. Miss Quadrille was my grand-mamma, a worthy girl as ever lived, and no more inclined to look to Washington than one of Her Majesty's Ministers—as loyal and as British as the fair lady who enacted Britannia at Rideau Hall. Think of the pent-up suffering she must have endured before she was forced in her agony to cry out as she did. Lord Gosford gave the ball and saved the country. Lord Dufferin, more far-seeing, gave *his* ball without waiting even for a hint, he knew the "well-understood wishes" of the ladies, and met them, and he has not only been good himself but has made others good by his example, and those ducks of Ministers and *their* charming ball followed his lead of course. I am in possession of the archives of the Quadrille

* See notes.

family,—and, if your readers desire to see it, I can show them Lord Gosford's answer, which my dear grand-mamma used to say he sang most feelingly to the air of "The Sprig of Shilelah," like a jolly son of Erin, as he was. * I have an account of the *fancy ball*, too, of the time, reported by a very junior member of your profession, since perhaps an editor—or dead. † Before closing, I must tell you, that at a jolly meeting of a number of young men and maidens, who had been at the ball, I ventured modestly to imitate my tuneful ancestress and sang:

SOLO:

Round me while singing, exultingly stand, ye boys
And ye girls, smiling all;—and ye girls and ye boys
Join in one cheer for the chief of the Clandeboys,
Giver of beautiful balls!.

CHORUS:

No, no, nothing's the matter now,
No, no, nothing's the matter now,
No, no, nothing's the matter now—
Dufferin gave us the ball!

And I assure you the chorus could not have been given more heartily if Mr. Dixon had written it for us and Mr. Mills had drilled us.

Affectionately yours,

MISS QUADRILLE, JR.

Ottawa, March 3, 1876.

* Lord G.'s answer will be found at the foot of the next article. Lord Dufferin's Fancy Ball was simply Magnificent.

† See next article.

THE DEVIL'S EXTRA.

Of the Quebec Morning Herald, for New-Year's Day, 1838.

We were in despair—It was New Year's Eve—we had passed the earlier portion of the night at snap-dragon and other pastimes in which innocent fiends like ourselves delight:—but the hour of retribution was come upon us, and fearful was our agony.—It was late and we had not a word of our address written, nor could we compose a line. Bloodshed and Rebellion were most unseasonable subjects, and, Devils as we are, we could not resolve to talk of them to our Patrons on New Year's day.—We leave it to our professional antagonists to preach the duty of being dismal.—We roamed desolate and miserable thro' the deserted printing room. Every thing looked gloomy to us, the disordered types were but types of our own thoughts, a confused dark mass without form.—Yet our master could make them speak oracles on all subjects; they wanted nothing but arranging. It was even so with our thoughts: with the help of a dictionary we can think every word in the language, and the faculty of arrangement is all we want to enable us to surpass every human production, but the *Herald—that* alone we esteem perfect—We have genius enough, we lack nothing but the Bump of Order.—We cast our eyes listlessly on the Editor's desk,—there was a note upon it. Our eyes rested upon the superscription and our listleness vanished instantly. That superscription was, in the most delicate of female hands—"To THE DEVIL."

We remembered that for one day we were an Editor. We opened the gilt-edge envelope—we breathed the perfume of the enclosed Billet—we read it on our knees. It was from the adorable Miss Quadrille. After hinting at the sacrifices which her sex, from Eve downwards, had made to please us—she

expressed a hope that we had equal complaisance for them. She told us that she had sent Mr. Mercury an energetic remonstrance against the dull rudeness of N. O. QUADRILLE, but that the God of Thieves had sheltered the imposter. She threw herself on our gallantry and solicited our aid—tho' she knew the Mr. Mercury [who is a great wit] would say that like a true woman, she had come to the Devil to gain her point.

Here was a subject for us; and we thought in our simplicity that because we were an Editor, wit and wisdom would come of course:—we sat down in the Editorial chair, but they came not. We felt duller than ever—We even caught ourselves nodding; we thought till then that Editors never nodded. We grew sleepy—we slept!

We were in the Reporters' box in the Hall of Assembly, which was illuminated with unusual brilliancy. The triple windows, typical of the threefold medium through which the light of collective wisdom reaches the "great body of the people,"—were curtained by the flag which rules the ocean. The clock showed that midnight had passed—it was New Year's day.—Our kind-hearted Governor was in the Speaker's chair. On his right and left hands stood the Officers of our gallant Volunteer Corps. The floor of the Hall was occupied by the most brilliant assemblage of lovely women we had ever seen, and a little in advance of them stood one of surpassing elegance. The brave smiled on the fair, and the fair returned the smile:

> "Soft eyes look'd love to eyes that spoke again,
> "And all went merry as a marriage bell,"—

but they mingled not. We were puzzled to know why, 'till, recalling our senses, we remarked that a most delicious band was concluding the symphony of the "*Sprig of Shilelah*," and we knew that Miss Q. and the ladies had just presented

their address, and received His Excellency's answer.* It was heard with one burst of unmingled delight: we remembered that "when maidens sue, men give like gods," and felt that by this act, at least as much as by his Proclamation, His Lordship has deserved the delicate compliment in the Address from L'Acadie, and "*S'est placé comme l'Intermédiaire entre la Divinité et les hommes.*" The picture of the fourth GEORGE seemed to smile approval on the representative of His Successor, and we almost expected to see him leave his frame and salute Miss Q. after his accustomed fashion. We listened breathlessly for the answer of the volunteers to Miss Q.'s suggestions—they came in rapid and delightful succession. All were, of course,

*LORD GOSFORD'S ANSWER.

Dear Ladies, I find you've been taking a hint
From the last of the Loyal Addresses in print,
  Where St. Roch's and St. Vallier's their feelings express;
If they get all they ask, they're of loyalty rare,
If they don't they'll be rebels—that is, when they dare:—
Tho' they speak not, dear Ladies, as frankly as you,
'Tis the feeling that runs thro' the famed ninety-two,
  And is echoed about in each Loyal Address.

The first author of this is a Judge of the land,†
And Debartzch sits a Councillor on my right hand,
  For a similar hint about Government faults;
But as curls would look queer in a three-cornered hat,
And a seat in the Council, just now, is not at
Any premiun, I hope to conciliate all
My fair threat'ners by "cheerfully" giving a Ball,
  When Miss Q. and myself shall lead off the first waltz.

I acknowledge your grievance, you've cause to be vexed,
And, no longer by fears of rebellion perplex'd,
  To its gradual removal I'll give my chief care.
Then don't join the rebels, dear Ladies, in haste,
For Sir John gives them Balls that are not to their taste:
Let the lovely be true to their lovely youug Queen,
And I'll give you a Ball such as never was seen,
  For I'm pleasing my Sovereign when pleasing the Fair.

† Bedard.

favorable, the music struck up, "*Oh Abraham Newland,*" and the Captain of one of the Lower Town bands sung—*

Fair ladies each note
At a premium we quote,
Which your sweet lips have ever let fall, dear;
We shall honor your draft,
And your health shall be quaffed
At the supper which follows our ball, dears.
Oh! wonderful beauty!
Charming, adorable beauty!
May our purses be low,
And our credit so so,
When we fail in devotion to beauty.

The commandor of another gallant corps from the same place selected the lively air of "*I'd rather have a guinea than a one pound note,*" and chanted his answer thus:—

We should feel
A great deal,
If we made spruce ladies pine;
And our ball,
To you all,
Shall be extra-superfine;
For the man that for the ladies would not work with heart and hand,
We'd reject from out our Mess, and as "unmerchantable" brand.

* Singers.

A. M.—Banker,
H. L.—Lumber Merchant.
A. C.—Notary Public.
P. O'C.—Captain Irish Volunteers.
W. P.—Captain and Advocate.
J. C., N. P.—Son of an M.P.
W. McC.—Major of Vol. Artillery.
T. L.—The Inimitable.

There was no mistake who was to be next singer, when we heard the music of the "*The Campbells are coming*;" the words of the answer were:

Sure the ladies are jesting, oho, oho,
When they talk of protesting, oho, oho,
For they know we're too fond to depart from our bond,
And we've mortgaged our hearts to the fair, the fair.
But our deeds shall be mended, oho, oho,
Ere the protest's extended, oho, oho,
We'll give them a ball, shall acquit us of all
Suspicion of slighting the fair, the fair.

The leader of a gallant corps of Irishmen followed. Need we name "*St. Patrick's Day in the Morning*" as the air to which he sang,—

Though rebels around us are making wry faces,
The loyal, the brave, and the fair should be gay;
And the thought of begrudging them pleasure disgraces
The heart that conceives it on New Year's Day.
Then oh if a ball
Can please them at all,
And light one sunny smile in eyes blue, black or grey;
There's no son of our Isle,
Whom that one little smile
Would not more than repay for the risk we might run,
Of disloyalty frowning because we are gay:
And bad luck would be ours if the year were begun,
By neglecting the fair upon New Year's Day.

The next answer was *powerfully* given; it was from another Irish corps, and the melody chosen was "*Through Erin's Isle*:"

Beyond dispute,
You've gained your suit,

And of our hearts made seizure:
In your eyes one sees
Retaining fees,
And each command's a *plea*-sure.
The court have thought
That judgement ought
For you to be recorded;
We only pray
Ten days delay,
And that has been awarded.
We'll give a ball;—to make it gay we try shall;
The learn'd and fair
Will all be there;—
Of course Miss Q. and I shall.

The replies of the several corps were in the same spirit, but the applause with which one answer was received frequently continued after the next was begun, and we lost the words of several. In some instances, too, the air was unknown to us. The Marine corps answered with "*The Bay of Biscay*," we observed that the singer expressed his great respect for old established *Customs* and held it to be a *duty imposed upon him* to comply with the whishes of the Ladies. A young gentleman, "in the garb of old Gaul," (with more confidence than we could have expected from one so young, till we heard that he had a hereditary talent for addressing public bodies with effect), sang to the air of "*A Highland lad my love was born*,"—

A statesman was my father born,
And all innovation holds in scorn;
And he says that the precedents are most express
In favor of acceding to this address.
Sing, hey my braw John Highlandman,
Sing, ho my braw John Highlandman.

There'll not be a ball, go were you can,
Shall match with the ball of the Highlandman.

We then heard, though we cannot remember, a very pointed and polished answer, in a very sharp key, from the "Faugh a ballagh" boys. The measure appeared to be that of Canning's celebrated "*Tell me, knife grinder, how you came to grind knives,*"—the air was unknown to us. Perhaps the most exquisite musical treat was the answer of another corps, to an Italian air, which showed that the singer had indeed "swam in a Gondola." As in most Italian airs, it was impossible to catch the words, but the effect of the music was *inimitable.* At every succeeding answer, however, the gaiety and the uproar increased. Had it not been for the exertions of the Master of the Ceremonies in obtaining silence, we should have been unable to distinguish and record the answer of the three corps of Artillery. This was indeed the "crowning rose of the whole wreath," and was admirably given by a gentleman who seemed to be well accustomed to the Hall. Handel is said to have conceived the idea of introducing cannon into music; it was reserved for the Volunteer Artillery to carry conception into effect. The guns were those of the Grand Battery, and the precision with which the accompaniment was given reflected the highest honor on the corps. The singer being accustomed to addresses, had furnished the ladies with an official copy of his answer which enabled them to reply to the same air of "*Oh dear, what can the matter be.*"

As sure as the powder the bullet despatches,
When the bright flame darts into the gun from our matches,
Our bold corps from your bright eyes new energy catches,
And quickly will let off a ball.

Guns. { Bang! Bang! } At a Ball Cupid snatches aye,
{ Bang! Bang! } Such occasions he watches aye,
{ Bang! Bang! } Gay weddings in batches may
Be the sweet fruits of our Ball.

CHORUS OF LADIES.

Pleasure and hope in all bosoms are springing now,
Soft, lively music in all ears is ringing now,—
Ev'ry fair maiden is joyfully singing now,

"All the brave give us a ball."

Guns. { Bang! Bang! } Hark to the feu de joie!
{ Bang! Bang! } Gay thoughts our souls employ!
{ Bang! Bang! } High leap our hearts with joy!

All the brave give us a ball.

The music ceased; the ladies mingled with the gentlemen, their graceful and elegant forms and attire contracting beautifully with the martial garb and manly bearing of the soldier citizens. Brilliantly and dazzlingly "bright lamps shown on fair women and brave men," and yet more brilliantly was the light reflected from brighter eyes. The scene was one of enchantment. A tall gentleman, who had evidently been a soldier, stood close by us; from the deep interest with which he watched every movement of Miss Quadrille, we conjectured that he was her relative. We were right—he was one of "The Lancers." He told us he had been in the best company in every civilized country, and had seen nothing like the spectacle before him. He was evidently excited, and, in fancy, fighting all his battles o'er again, and we heard him murmuring "None but the brave deserve the fair." We could see but two sour faces; they were near us, and scowled like vampires. Their owners were Miss Mazourka and N. O. Quadrille. The former we recognized at once as a man in woman's clothes, under which we clearly saw his round-toed unpolished boots, and pepper and salt inexpressibles. The latter puzzled us for some time; *it* was too coarse for a woman, too puny for a man; its mode of sitting betrayed the secret—it was a tailor in petticoats.

The music commenced the waltz in that most sweetly diabolical of operas, Der Freischutz, possibly in compliment

to *Us*. Our excellent Governor, who never changes his avowed purpose, took the hand of Miss Quadrille; he led her into the centre of the hall; he kept his word; they danced the first waltz together. Faster and louder came the music on the ear, and quicker and quicker spun the illustrious couple: then the strain fell again; it became softer and slower, until, as they disappeared through the door-way, it melted gradually away "in a dying, dying fall." At that instant an unexpected salute was fired; the first report startled us, and—we awoke—it was the morning gun. The cold grey light was peeping through the ink-stained windows. We had slept soundly in the editorial chair; we were initiated into the mysteries of the craft; we had dreamed a dream, and we could make an article of it. We had not slept in vain—we had only to record our vision in an Extra: We had now something to say, and we have said it.

THE DEVILS TO THEIR READERS.

AIR—"*St. Patrick's Day.*"

Though our betters the prayer of Miss Q. have rejected,
And sent the fair pleader unheeded away,
It shall never be said *we* the ladies neglected,
Or slighted their cause upon New Year's Day.
Through all the year round
May all pleasure abound,
And the hearts of our patrons be merry and gay;
But there's one little hint
That we wish to imprint
On the minds of all those on whose bounty we count:
It is this—that as all have the "devil to pay,"
Their regard for the fair will be guessed by the amount
Of the presents they make us on New Year's Day.

A. C.

THE LADIES ADDRESS TO THE "INCONSTANTS."

We saw the *Hastings* hasting off
And never made a fuss;
The *Malabars'* departure waked
No malady in us.

We were not piqued to lose the *Piques*;—
Each Lady's heart at ease is
Altho' the *Dees* are on the seas,
And gone the *Hercules-es*.

Our parting with the *Andromaches*
Like Hector's not at all is;
Nor are we Washingtons to seek
To capture a *Cornwallis*.

And no *Charybdis* ever caught
Our hearts in passion's whirls;—
There's not a girl among us all
Has ever fished for *Pearls*.

The *Vestals* with their sacred flame
Were not the sparks we wanted;
We've looked *Medeas* in the face
And yet were not enchanted.

But when our dear *Inconstants* go
Our grief shall know no bounds,
The dance shall have no joy for us,
The song no merry sounds.

NOTE—H. M. Ships named in these and the following verses were all in Quebec Harbor in the summer of 1838. Captain *Pring* commanded the *Inconstant*, and Commander *Hope* was his first Lieutenant. And see Note in Appendix.

All dismal then will be the Waltz,
The dull Quadrille as bad,
And wearily we'll hurry through
The joyless Gallopade.

We'll gaze upon each changeful cloud
As through the air it skims,
We'll think of fickle fortune's wheel
And fashion's turns and whims;—

Sweet emblems of *Inconstancy*
In each of these we'll find,
And our *Inconstants* constantly
We'll fondly bear in mind.—

And spite of Durham's fêtes and balls,
We'll pine and mourn and mope
Our long, long winter season through,
As girls without a *Hope*.

And when the spring shall come again,
Our hearts to pleasure dead
Shall sigh for spring without an S,
And wish for *Pring* instead.

Unless indeed sweet spring with *Hope*
Those hearts again should bless,
And bring our dear *Inconstants* back
And Spring without an S.—

QUEBEC, 6th July, 1838.

THE "INCONSTANTS'" ANSWER.

All language fails to tell how much
  We value your address,
Or say how deeply we partake
  The feelings you express.

We wonder not the men you name
  Your hearts have never moved,
And quite agree that only we
  Are worthy to be loved.

Those *Hastings* are a hasty set
  And left you in a hurry;
Those *Malabars* are malapert
  And hot as Indian curry.

The *Pearls* for whom you must not fish,
  Are pearls of *price* 'tis true,
For if you have no golden nets
  They won't be caught by you.

But we *Inconstants* to the shrine
  Of youth and beauty bring
The countless charms that even wait
  On each *inconstant* thing.

The moon,—the summer sky,—the breeze.—
  The ever-varying sea,—
The course of love,—the morning's dream,—
  The butterfly,—the bee,—

The sun himself that round the world,
  From land to land, doth range,—

The seasons in their pleasing round
Of never-ending change.

Are types of us:—but we have yet
More lovely ones, for *you*,
So young, so fair, so kind, so good—
Must be *Inconstants* too.

Forget us,—and lone bachelors
We all our lives will be,
Condemned to single blessedness
By your *Inconstancy*.

Be true,— and then the breath of May
Shall fill our sails, and bring
Our willing ship, our eager hearts,
And *Spring*—and *Pring* -and *Ring*.

And each of you for one of ours
Shall change her maiden name,
And as we're all *Inconstants*, you
Of course will be the same.

KAMOURASKA, August, 1838.

SONNET

To my wife—with the British Poets.

Love is like poetry, both lend the hue
Peculiar to themselves to all they touch,
And clothe it with a loveliness all new,
A strange but most delightful sweetness. Such
The beauty by the pictured window shed
On the cold walls of some cathedral aisle,
Tinting the sculptured relics of the dead,
Till marble dames and warriors seem to smile.
As love's first offering for the new-born year,
This Volume, rich in Britain's choicest song,
No inappropriate tribute will appear
From him whose fondest prayer shall be, that long
As life is thine, thy days and years may be
Made fair and bright by love's sweet poesy.

CANADIAN PIC-NIC SONG.

Boat Song. *

Air—VOLE MON CŒUR VOLE.

Cheerly has the day begun;
See how bright the glittering snow
Sparkles in the merry sun;
On a pic-nic let us go.
Hamel's house has had its sway,
And Lake Beauport and Lorette,
What shall be the place to-day?
Montmorenci's left us yet.

REFRAIN.

What to-morrow 'll be we know not,
But to-day's our own,
We shall lose it if we go not,
To the smooth, tall Cone.

Bustle, boy, our things to find,
All the *marche doncs* now are ready;
Skins before and tails behind,
Jingling bells and drivers steady.
What to-morrow, &c,

Now we're muffled warm and well,
Sprightly talk and laugh and song
Of our merry purpose tell,
As we gaily spank along.
What to-morrow, &c.

* A Canadian Boat Song consists of an indefinite number of very simple verses; each verse after the first beginning with the repetition of the last couplet of the preceding one; the singer frequently composes as he proceeds. The air has three long notes answering to the long vowels in the words "day's our own"—and "smooth tall cone."

At a gallant dashing rate
Now we rattle through the town,
'Till we reach old Palace Gate,
Then the hill we scamper down.
What to-morrow, &c.

Swiftly pass we o'er the ice,
Soon we gain the Beauport shore,
Trotting on 'till in a trice
The Cone is gained,—the journey's o'er.
What to-morrow, &c.

How each little regamuffin
Counts our coppers all his own,
As the ladies panting, puffing,
Slowly climb the slippery Cone,
What to-morrow, &c.

Each upon her tiny car,
Like an avalanche they go
Down the icy hill and far
O'er the snowy plain below.
What to-morrow, &c.

Now again the course they try,
Toiling up the glassy steep,
Gain the top, and from on high
Swift as arrows down they sweep.
What to-morrow, &c.

Thus we pass our pleasant time,
Frost and fund our hearts elating,
Down we slide and up we climb
'Till we hear that—dinner's waiting.
What to-morrow, &c.

See the crowded table spread,
Flesh and fowl and fruit and fish ;—
That we might be duly fed
Every guest has brought a dish.
What to-morrow, &c.

Every house has something sent,
Pies and puddings, cakes and sweets,
All good cheer they represent,
Quite a Parliament of meats.
What to-morrow, &c.

Ladies fair have made the tea
Beaux politely hand about ;
Savageau with eager glee
Draws his nimble fiddle out.
What to-morrow, &c.

Listen to the merry din,
Galopade, quadrille and waltz ;
How we caper, how we spin,
No one flags and one halts.
What to-morrow, &c.

But the hour of starting's come,
For the East is growing red ;
Beauteous belles must think of home,
Brilliant beaux must go to bed.
What to-morrw, &c.

As in sleep again we slide
And of future pic-nics dream,
Down a shawdowy Cone to glide
Phantom boys with sledges seem.
What to-morrow, &c.

AN ALBUM'S PETITION.

To each dear friend and kind relation
Of its mistress,—of what nation
They may be soe'er, and whether
Known or not,—to all together,
Young or old, or dull or witty,
Rich or poor, or plain or pretty,
A modest begging book's memorial
Humbly sheweth—
That to glory, all

Who its pages will adorn
Shall be *by* its pages borne,
And go down to future times
With the author of these rhymes,—
—They who're youug may write about
Love's sweet dream and anxious doubt;
And they who have been long on earth
May tell us what the dream is worth.
They who have the brains and wit
On many a brilliant thought can hit,
And they who've not can borrow one
From the good king Solomon.
They who're rich can pay at will,
For another artist's skill,
But they who're poor, unhappy elves,
Must try to write or draw themselves.
They who're pretty, if they're wise,
Their beauty will immortalize
By having each bewitching look,
Glowingly copied in this book;—
To those who're plain 'twill be a duty
To show how wit surpasses beauty.

Come ladies fair, and gentlemen,
Wield the pencil or the pen,
You can fill me if you try;—
Write or draw, or cut or buy,
Verse or picture, prose or print,
Act on a gentle album's hint;
Give my mistress something clever,
For itself she'll love it ever;
Or if it be of those that perish,
For *your* sake your gift she'll cherish;
So shall your production be
Made famous by its place in me.—
Be of my requests observant
And my lady is your servant;
Accede to them without delay,
And your petitioner shall pray;
&c., &c., &c.

TO MY SISTER.

In joy, in grief, in laughing safety's day,
In frowning danger's hour, when blank dismay
Filled sterner hearts than ours,—we two have been
Companions my sweet sister;—tho' we part
In person, still I know that heart to heart
Will speak and answer ever: write and tell
All that may grieve or please thee, knowing well
That all that pains or joys or interests thine
Pains, joys or moves this faithful heart of mine.

NEW YEARS ADDRESS.

Quebec Transcript, 1839. *

A steam steel pen of fifty poet power,
Kind patrons, scarce could tell you what we feel;
Poetic parturition's trying hour
First comes upon us now. Could we reveal
The throbs and throes which seem the only dower
That bright Apollo gives to those who kneel
Before his shrine, we think no luckless wight
Who ne'er wrote verse before would venture verse to write.

We are not hardened devils like to those
Who run from door to door with the Gazette;
Their seventy years have taught them to compose
In verse without an effort, we, as yet,
Scarce count a twelve month since our *Transcript* rose
To give the world its light;—but e'er it set
(Some hundred years from hence) we hope that we
"Most sweet, enchanting bards," like them, shall surely be.

To you the first-born offspring of our Muse
We dedicate and leave without a name:
Baptize it as you will,—we'll not refuse.
The name you give:—to pleasure you it came;
For Godfathers and Godmothers we choose
Our paper's patrons:—it it's quite the same
To *you*, to *us* we own it would be pleasant
You'd give its authors each some little christening present.

Let other devils tell you what the year
That died last night was famous for;—the rise
Of foul Rebellion and its brief career;—

* See Notes.

How mighty Durham charmed our wondering eyes
With gold, while silvery accents on the ear
Pour'd golden promises;—or to the skies
Extol the pomp that graced the celebration
Of our fair, young, good Queen Victoria's coronation.

Or let them tell how judges were suspended
For thinking Special Councils might be wrong;
—How well our martial citizens defended
Our country from the sympathising throng;
—How those whose labours ought to have amended
Their countrymen, must sing their New Year's song
Through prison bars:—our earnest hope must be
That time will prove their hearts from impious treason free.*

For us the year had been *one* great event
That swallows up the rest,—the *Transcript's* birth:—
If to your vacant moments it hath lent
The charm of poesy; if flowers of worth
Transplanted to its pages have been sent
To grace your evening hours with harmless mirth,
It seeks no better praise, no more renown:—
Upon your smiles it lives,—it dies if you should frown!

Generous patrons, kind and true,
Each of us to each of you,
For this joyous season wishes
Appetite and savoury dishes;
Health and wealth and Christmas cheer,
And a happy, happy year.

* Some *Editors* had got into trouble,

A. W. TO M. K.

We may or may not meet again, I may or may not see
Thy face again or hear thy voice, but I forget not thee:
Our friendship's not of ancient date, no kindred forms our tie,
And yet I seem to know thee well and love thee tenderly.

Thou wast my guest when first I called a husband's house my home;
I cannot think of that sweet time but what thy form will come
Before my fancy and my heart with pleasant memories move,
Thou dear and cherished friend of those whom I am proud to love.

Forget not thou that pleasant time when much that met our view.
To thee as to myself was strange and beautiful as new,
T will please me if whene'er thine eye this simple verse surveys
Like me thou reckonest that time among thine happy days.

May the rich blessing of our God who is all truth and love,
Be round thy path and guide thy feet wherever they may rove;
Thy virtuous thoughts bear fruit in deeds, thine errors be forgiven,
Thine home be happy while thou liv'st—thy home of homes be heaven.

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

Quebec Gazette, 1839.

Goddess of the sage and witty,
Whom thy democratic city
Worshipped happily of yore,
Till Demagogues and faction tore

The bond of peace;—And, thus divided,
Her Sons, "*misguiding or misguided,*"
Became the dupes and prey of those
Who, holding *all* Athenians foes,
Fomenting discords—parting friends
The better to attain their ends,
Kept their own interest still in view,
As Yankee Sympathisers do;
While Philip held a *neutral* tone
As Yankee Presidents have done.

Bright Goddess, come—if wisdom yet
Delights thee—here's the last Gazette;
Or if thy other art appears
More charming—see our Volunteers!
Since Cadmus' day, so fine a set
Of sudden soldiers never yet
Rose at a word. It seemed Sir John,
With serpents' teeth the land had sown.

While thus we sang the Goddess came;
But as in olden time the dame
Appeared to mortals in the guise
Of him whom they esteemed most wise,
So now she took her ancient way
And came—the Mentor of our day—*
The man whom all our factions own
For moderation stands alone;
Who, if his creed be something changed
On abstract questions,—never ranged
Beyond the pale of loyalty.

* John Neilson the first English Editor in Canada.

He thought the mass of men might be
Entrusted with the destinies
Of Nations—for *he* was too wise
T'abuse the power, and kindly thought
All felt like him and as they ought;
'Till stubborn facts and mob excess
Compelled him to esteem them less,
And put off his democracy
'Till all should be as wise as he.

When thus Minerva had put on
The likeness of *our* "glorious John,"
She, while our knees with reverence shook,
A slightly Scottish accent took,
And kindly prompted what to say
To Patrons kind on New Year's day,
And taught poor devils to rehearse
The year's events in simple verse.

When the last year its course began,
Disorder through the country ran,
And to Rebellion's usual brood
Was added foul ingratitude;
And men who but for Britain's power
Had never known a single hour
Of freedom, but had lived and died
The vassal slaves of Gallic pride,
Or 'mid the Democratic host
Laws, language, and religion lost,
Had dared to scoff at Britain's might
And bared their puny arms for fight.
The loyal then at once arose
As one brave man, and to their foes
Soldier and soldier-citizen

Their faces turn'd and struck; and then
At the first blow the Rebels quailed,
And sympathizing Brigands failed.

Then came the Lord of high pretence
And wonderful magnificence.—
Consistent—tho' he seemed to be
Embodied inconsistency:—
The ballot man, despising all,—
Th' Aristocratic Radical.*

He thought within our land to rule
Just like a master in a school,
And deem'd the country needs must thrive
When gov-rned by himself and *five*,
Who, learning all things in a minute,
Consulted not a soul within it.
But time, who air-built castles evens,
Showed all at sixes and at sevens;
Too true himself to think his friends—
Would give him up to serve their ends.
Too brave to think that loyalty
Required a captive foe should die,—
The Rebel Leaders he befriended,
But *rather* far his powers extended.
BROUGHAM led the attack with ancient hate;
And MELBOURNE left him to his fate.—
Deserted by his friends and cuff'd
By enemies—the Lord got huff'd,
And when GLENELG was next awake
He'd a new Governor to make.

Meantime Victoria's brow was bound
With Britain's diadem; and crown'd

* See Notes.

In the world's proudest, highest place,
She peerless sat, with youthful grace;
And Raleigh's spirit comes again
To British hearts,—and British men
The deep devoted feeling prove,
Of mingled loyalty and love.

As if to grace the maiden's reign,
Steam speeds the news across the main;
The tidings to Virginia came,
In shorter time than she from whom
Virginia has her name, could send
A message to an Irish friend.

Stern winter came—the Lord was gone,
And at his post was good Sir JOHN;
And they whom beating could not teach,
Whose hearts his mercy could not reach,
Once more in mad rebellion rush'd
Against him,—and again were crush'd.

Our Council then the laws amended,
And Judges were themselves suspended;
They held that our wise Council's laws
Had a great hole, thro' which a deep
And subtle advocate might creep.—
Thro' the whole case the Council saw
And sagely passed another law,
Declaring, what the Judges call
A hole, to be no hole at all.

But members of the craft that we
Held gifted with all purity,
All learning and all eloquence,
All loyalty, and common sense—

Men whom we imps with reverence saw,
On whom we cast our eyes with awe,
Are now (Heav'n grant with little reason)
Suspected of the crime of treason!
This,—this, the hearts of devils breaks,
And iron tears run down our cheeks;
Sobs choke our voice—but we must try
Our sobs to check, our eyes to dry:—
The joyous season calls for joy,
Gay thoughts all honest hearts employ.
Bright be the prospects of the year
To you, and all whom you hold dear,
Kind generous Patrons:—all we ask,
Now that we've done our yearly task,
Is, that you kindly take our hint,
And deign to smile on what *we* print.
And that we please you, Patrons all,
We hope for *Proof* whene'er we call.
All health, all joy, all peace be yours,
The pride of pleasing you be ours!

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

Quebec Transcript, 1840.

Behold another New Year's day:—
Twelve changeful months have passed away
Since first *we* wrote for fame;
To us your smiles have, as it passed,
Made each a "Transcript" of the last,
And welcome as it came,

But what, kind Patrons, shall we take
To be our theme to-day, and make
The subject of our verse?
We cannot ask *our* Muse to bend
To Politics, or condescend
Its squabbles to rehearse.

We hold the Politician's schemes,
Lord Russell's plans, Lord Durham's dreams,
But necessary evils;
We talk of them in prose sometimes,
But in our hearts and in our rhymes,
We're Literary Devils.

About them many make a fuss,
But things like these appear to *us*
To verge upon the stupid:
We chant love ditties as we stroll,
And each of us in heart and soul
Is but an Inky Cupid.

Our Ministers and Gracious Queen
Each bent on "Union" now are seen.
We like our Queen's the best;
And tho' we wish she could prefer
A Briton to a Foreigner,
We hold *that* union blest.

Of those who think the *other* right
And just and wise, we are not quite
The foremost on the list;
And yet, we almost wish we were,
For he who seeks to win the fair
Must be a Unionist.

Dear Readers, if "United," may
Your joys increase each New Year's day;
And if your bliss be single,
May such sweet Union soon be found
That *Love* and *Bliss* in endless round
Of happiness shall mingle.

We have a gentle wish ourselves,—
But we are all such modest elves
That for our lives we cann't sue;—
If you can *guess* it we're delighted,—
And fifteen ugly pence "united"
Make a most lovely *trente-sous*.

G. W. W. to M. K., 1840.

Remember us ever—remember Quebec,
Remember its virtues, remember its faults:
Remember our dance on the gay frigate's deck,
Remember the people who taught you to waltz;
Remember our pic-nics, remember our balls,
Remember our moonlight quadrille at the Falls.

Remember your taste of an Editor's evils,
Remember the types and remember the press;
Remember the Transcript, remember its devils,
Remember their neat little New Year's address:
Remember the pleasure of sorting the *Pi*.
Remember your squabble with poor Mr. Y.

Remember St. Giles, and remember your blind,
Remember our drive through the woods all in flame:
Remember poor Memory, riding behind.
Remember our horse and remember his name.

Remember Miss Smith and the cows and the sheep,
Remember the river, remember poor Sweep.

Remember Anne Mocock, remember her face,
Remember the Elephant hung in her room;
Remember the Chaudière, that picturesque place,
Remember the Etchemin bridge and the boom;
Remember the rain's constant drizzle and mizzle,
Remember our wishing for something like swizzle.

Remember our ice, and remember our snow,
Remember the *Marche-doncs*, remember their skins;
Remember our Towns, both above and below,
Remember the house where you dwelt for your sins:
Remember the evenings that in you've given,
Remember the reason we christened it "Heaven."

Remember your neighbors, your friends and well-wishers,
Remember the parties at which they all shone;
Remember the Fletchers, the Lindsays and Fishers,
Remember the Natural Steps and the Cone:
Remember this Poem's delightfully clever;
Remember us all and remember us ever.

Inserted by permission.

THE LADY'S ANSWER.

I'll ne'er forget thee, dear Quebec,—thy clear, bright frosty days,
I'll ne'er forget thy carioles, thy bark canoes or sleighs;
I'll ne'er forget thy bitter cold that made our fingers tingle,
I'll ne'er forget thy nice warm stoves, both double, dumb, and single.
I'll ne'er forget thy gentlemen befurred up to the eyes,
I'll ne'er forget the strange snowshoes that made them look such guys;
I'll ne'er forget thy martial men, the gallant volunteers;

I'll ne'er forget the Artillery, Queen's Own or Engineers;
I'll ne'er forget a single star of all the varied throng;
I'll ne'er forget a single ball, a pic-nic, dance or song.
I'll ne'er forget the dear abode of friends sincere and many,
I'll ne'er forget the one I loved the very best of any:
I'll ne'er forget to mourn its fate, its destiny so cruel,
I'll ne'er forget to grieve that it was turned at last to fuel;
I'll ne'er forget the *soirées* there, the gay, the merry joke,
I'll ne'er forget "The time I've lost," nor yet "The brave old Oak;"
I'll ne'er forget sweet Annie's voice, her song, "They come, they come,"
I'll ne'er forget dear Harriet who always "Loved to roam;"
I'll ne'er forget the witchery, the power of music mighty:
I'll ne'er forget His Majesty "The King of Otaheitee;"
I'll ne'er forget how harmony entranced the list'ning ear,
I'll ne'er forget how all encored my song, "The Soldier's Tear;"
I'll ne'er forget the Pleasant Mount, nor e'er the wedding-day,
I'll ne'er forget the evening the bride was borne away;
I'll ne'er forget her happy smile, her graceful, gentle mien,
I'll ne'er forget the company who graced the busy scene,
I'll ne'er forget good, kind papa, who did our mirth partake,
I'll ne'er forget, tho' last not least, the charming wedding-cake.
I'll ne'er forget my own abode,—beyond St. John's I mean,
I'll ne'er forget its charming site, or beautiful "wood-scene."
I'll ne'er forget the troubles that as Editress I knew,
I'll ne'er forget the kindly friend who always helped me through.
I'll ne'er forget thee, Canada, the land that rapture wakes,
I'll ne'er forget thy lovely falls, thy mountains or thy lakes;
I'll ne'er forget thee, tho' I may not see thy beauty more,
I'll ne'er forget in memory to visit oft thy shore.
I'll ne'er forget you, oh, my friends, wherever I may be,
I'll ne'er forget to hope that you will aye remember me.

M. K., London, 1840.

BAPTISMAL ADDRESS.

To H. L., a Boy.

Your Godfather and Godmother, sweet Baby,
Salute you with a joint sponsorial kiss;—
They send you nothing else just now— but *may be*
Their loving kindness will not end with this;—
If aught that's nice for ornament or play be
Found in the town the chance they will not miss.
So now, be very happy:—and do, pray be
Exceeding good,—in virtue place your bliss:
And go to school betimes, and mind your book;
Go twice a day to church, thro' shine or showers,
At least until you get confirmed—for, look,
Till then *we* pay for all your wicked hours.—
If you *must* sin, pray sin on your own hook,
And at *your* cost and peril,—not at ours.

AN ORDINANCE RESPECTING ALBUMS.

Friendship calls her special council together.

When Friendship heard that Harriet meant
To sport an album, off she sent
Her messengers to summon Wit,
Wisdom and Poesy, to sit
With Music and Design and Plan
('Twas thus the writ of summons ran)
How the said Album should be filled
By persons competently skilled.
They came, they sat with due decorum,

They pass an ordinance.

(Five just made Friendship's Council Quorum.)
And after grave debate, at last
The following ordinance was passed.

An ordinance for the protection
Of Harriet's Album by th' inspection
By some one competently skilled
Of things with which it shall be filled.

Preamble.

Whereas it hath been represented,
That Harriet Fletcher hath consented
To keep an Album which she sends
For contribution to her friends,—
And *whereas* it importeth much,
The contributions should be such
As ought in Albums to appear—
We have in special council here,
Ordained, enacted, and directed
Each contribution be inspected
By E. T. F., and be rejected,
If when he comes to look it o'er
He thinks he's seen its face before.

An inspector of contributions appointed.

Certain articles prohibited.

And be it furthermore ordained
That no admission shall be gained
By any verses incomplete
In decent rhymes, or short of feet;
Or drawings, where a rose receives,
A lily's stalk and poppy leaves,
Or music which performance mars
By disregarding time and bars:
But, saving this, we will that all
Be taken—if original:—
Provided that each contribution
Admitted to the Institution.
For reading, looking at, or fiddling,
Be classed as "good" or "bad" or "middling"
By the inspector, who shall brand
Such class upon it out of hand.

Proviso.

And further, that as love in rhyme
Is apt to waste his brains and time,
And Bachelors if let alone
Will rhyme upon no theme but one,
And books of nameless Ladies full
Are apt to be exceeding dull;—
It is ordained that none shall dare
To write on love to any fair,
Unless he prove his passion's strength
By giving all her names at length.

Love verses to nameless ladies prohibited.

Provided always, and it is
The true intent and sense of this,
That it shall be th' Inspector's duty
To find vast wisdom, wit and beauty,
In each foregoing clause and line
And brand this Ord'nance "*Superfine.*"

Proviso.

BIRTHDAY SONNET.

To H. F. with Cowper's Poems.

A bard unmarried, Harriet, might, perchance,
A volume of a warmer tone have sent,
Some rhyme of love and passion, some romance
Of hope and fear and joy and rapture blent:
But *I* have but an elder brother's voice
To wish thee years and hours of health and peace:
And therefore for a Birthday gift my choice
Hath fallen on one whose numbers never cease
To praise our calmer joys, who was content
With virtue for a theme, and wove a strain
Whose grave rebuke or harmless merriment,

Reproved or laughed at vice and folly's reign.
Among the volumes which thy boudoir grace
The Sofa's bard may hold a worthy place.

14 December, 1839.

Most gentle Reader,—
Was Cowper's Calvinistic creed all right?
Was I predestined ere I saw the light
To make and send th' above delightful sonnet?
Were you foredoomed to smile or frown upon it?
Or did his creed err?

THE CARRIER'S ADDRESS.

Quebec Gazette, 1st January, 1847.

Hark! once again the midnight chime,
Hath given a solemn tongue to Time,
And the last tone of yonder bell
Hath bid the vanished year farewell;
Gone like all years before, and cast
In the wide Gulf we call the Past!
Yet that year's influence may extend
Far hence to time's remotest end,
And future good or ill may fix
Its earliest root in "forty-six."
Shall he have cause to grieve or laugh,
Who writes the dead year's epitaph?
Let's see—Her Majesty the Queen
(Whom may God prosper) hath not seen
It fitting in this year to bless

John Bull with Prince or with Princess.
But yet we trust that bets are even,
We've one or both in forty-seven.

Princes, the King of France has thought,
Are getting scarcer than they ought,
And that the royal Crown of Spain,
Might fit a Bourbon's head again;
So sends his sons to fetch the Bride,
With hopes of Crown and wealth beside,
And though the British Lion's growl
Somewhat disturbs the Gallic fowl,
France braves the storms that o'er her lower
And turns for comfort to the dower.
—Cracow, the Autocrats agree,
Had better be no longer free,
And though the Lion threats her foes
And Gallia's Bird against them crows,
Poor Cracow's glory's past away
Till freedom hails a brighter day.

Old Uncle Sam cares nought for this,
Th' affair he thinks is none of his,
And holds it very little odds
Which way old Europe's "balance" nods,
Provided that same balance scheme
Molest not his ambitious dream,
And that no Prince or Queen assume a
Right to the Halls of Montezuma.
For Uncle Sam hath modestly
Resolved that *these* his own shall be.

—Our "balance" here is rather nice
And may be upset in a trice;
Lord Elgin will not find two pins

Of odds of weight' twixt outs and ins,
So even do their chances seem,
That either yet may kick the beam.
Much work (between ourselves and you)
The gracious Lord will have to do;
And if he satisfies the claims
Of every party,— if he names
Men to each office, who shall be
From all objection wholly free,—
If he shall fill the public chest,
By means that all shall hold the best,—
If he to Parliament shall send
Measures that all men shall commend,—
If under him our troubles cease
And jarring factions work in peace,—
If on the "College question," he
Shall get all interests to agree,—
If BALDWIN shall be hand and glove
With SHERWOOD,—if LAFONTAINE move
A vote of confidence in DRAPER
And laud each Ministerial paper,—
If WILLIAMS' verdict shall attest
The Ministerial "Channel" best,
And ARMSTRONG own that none but Turks
Would vilify the Board of Works,—
If GUGY shall praise with pen and tongue,
Indite the praise of Colonel YOUNG,—
If editors in Montreal
Shall cease among themselves to brawl,
Until our own old "Glorious JOHN"
Has nothing to comment upon,—
He will, (we speak with all respect,)
Do quite as much as we expect,

Patrons and friends, the bygone year,
Hath left one little score to clear;
Through wind and rain, thro' cold and sun,
Our weary round we've daily run,
From north and south, from west and east,
We've brought the intellectual feast:
We hope some proof that not in vain,
We've faced the wind, sun, cold and rain,—
Some token that our work of love
You've deigned to notice and approve.
CARRIERS LOVE CASH—We say no more;
We've proved your generous hearts before.
And bright and blissful may your New Year be,
From every care and every sorrow free!—

THE NORTH SHORE RAILROAD.

Quebec Gazette, 1857.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.

I know I have no right to appear in verse more than once a year, and that my time for this year is past; but as I trudge through the streets distributing your invaluable lucubrations to every body, every body *will* talk to me about the Rail-road, and really the poetic fire within will consume me if I do not give it vent;—pray print me then, and I will carry you about with double diligence.

I am, Dear Mr. Editor,
With profound respect,
One of the humblest of your devils,
A. B. C.

What is it that awakes my lyre,
And fills me with unwonted fire?
The thing to which all hopes aspire;
Our Rail-road.

What's that on which we all agree,
Old Nestor* within the "Journal" free,
And Cauchon with the Mercury?
Our Rail-road.

At whose success we'd all be glad,
The Tory, moderate, or the rad,
All sects and sorts (except the mad)—
Our Rail-road.

What will be far the surest plan,
To keep us loyal to a man,
And make us laugh as Jonathan?
Our Rail-road.

What will the provinces unite,
In real union, firm and tight,
And keep us British and all right?
Our Rall-road.

What, if we don't the boon refuse,
Will forward every body's views,
And make us all as rich as jews?
Our Rail-road.

What will convey our wood and grain
At every season to the main,
And bring us British goods again?
Our Rail-road.

What will the rapid steam cars dash on
To bring us London's newest fashion
And gratify dear woman's passion?
Our Rail-road.

* I most humbly crave your, pardon, Mr. Editor for this poetic license.

What *may* perhaps do something more,
And to mis-used Quebec restore
The rank she held in days of yore? *
Our Rail-road.

And then perchance it may befall,
Our † wives shall hear the pleasant call,
To grace Lord Liberal's Castle Ball!
Dear Rail-road!

Then let us heart and hand combine,
And all in one great effort join,
To urge this wonder-making line
Of Rail-road.

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

Pilot, 1849.

Huzza! for the PILOT that weathered the storm,—
Huzza! for Lord Elgin—Huzza! for Reform,—
Huzza! for our Ministers, honest and able,—
Huzza! for the measures they'll lay on the table,—
Huzza! for the Session that's going to be,
The Session the Province is longing to see.—
Huzza! for ourselves, who in prophecy bold,
In our last New-Year's Rhyme, all this triumph foretold,
Proving thus that in gifts, if no longer in name,
The Poet and Prophet are ever the same.

---

* The Seat of Government.

† Another poetic license for *me*, Mr. Editor, but remember I shall be a rich man then (thanks to the Rail-road) and Lord Liberal may choose to forget I was a poor devil once, if he knows I was always an honest one,

Huzza! for the friends that stood steadily by us,—
Huzza! for Lamartine—Huzza! for Pope Pius,—
Huzza! for the Banner of Freedom unfurl'd
For the good of all nations, the weal of the world;—
Huzza! louder than all for our own native land,
For its cheerful obedience to lawful command,
For the best Constitution the world ever saw,—
Huzza! for the people, the Queen and the Law!
And, huzza! for the men that assist the attack
Of the Communist's doctrine:—long live Cavaignac.
We haven't got *much*, but we'd like to retain it,
Not divide with the boys that did nothing to gain it,
Nor sharing our New Year's emoluments sweet,
With the first ragamuffins we find in the street.
But this is digression,—our present vocation
Is to deal in poetical vaticination.

The Session that's coming shall ever be blest,
As the longest, the wisest, the greatest, the best:
Mr. Baldwin shall make all our Colleges flourish,
LaFontaine shall justice and equity nourish,—
Mr. Drummond all crimes shall detect and repress,
Mr. Blake all abuses expose and redress,—
Mr. Morin shall charm us with eloquent words,—
Mr. Caron shall do the same thing in the Lords,—
Mr. Leslie shall answer all questions and calls
Mr. Merritt shall give us all kinds of *canawls*,—
Messrs. Cameron and Taché make bridges and roads,
In all sorts of places, and all sorts of modes,—
Mr. Viger shall lessen our national debt—
A thing that no tory has ever done yet,—
Mr. Hincks shall make perfect our Representation,
Shall get us Free Trade too, and Free Navigation,—
Shall the duties impose in so charming a way,

'Twill be bliss to receive them and pleasure to pay,—
With such exquisite tact he the Tariff shall fill,
It shall gladden John Glass and please Peter M'Gill;—
He shall issue Debentures (a marvellous thing),
That shall pay themselves off with the profit they bring:—
Libel law shall amend that the Press may be free,
And that men may write truth without fear of Gugee:—
He shall make us all rich:—but if thus we run on,
In foretelling his deeds, we shall never have done.
If you know what is good for our country, you know
What he'll think, say, and do, and—Amen, be it so!

Having thus drawn aside the dark curtain of State,
And unveiled the designs of political fate—
Having speechified from our poetical throne,
Which we hold (more's the pity) for one day alone.
We come to the point, which, in all thronal speeches,
The great end of Government touchingly teaches;
Tho' a point of vast import in few words it lies—
"DEAR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN GRANT US SUPPLIES:"
You know what the Carrier's necessities are,—
We'll accept of Debentures, and take them at par!

THE CARRIER'S CAROL—FOR 1849.

*Quebec Gazette.**

Amid the crash of thrones and flight of Kings,—
The downfall of time-honor'd thoughts and things,—
'Mid violence baffling freedom's brightest hope,—
And the brave efforts of the liberal Pope;—
'Mid Rebel outbreaks and the fiery gleam
Of Towns bombarded, and Italia's dream
Of adding one more nation to the list:—
'Mid Red Republican and Communist,—
'Mid democratic movements near and far,—
And lurid portents of impending war,—
A year hath passed and ended;—heaven be praised,
The withering storm hath yet but lightly grazed
Our British Parent, while ourselves have gazed
Untouched spectators of the wreck around,
In tempered freedom safe, by love and duty bound!
True, our funds *are* rather low,
And Debentures do not go
Quite so readily at par
As we could have wished,—yet far
Be it from our thoughts to grumble:
In the universal tumble
We have lost in cash and labors
Less than many of our neighbors:
That is the Province has—for we,
Imps as we are known to be,
With a deep affliction mourn
O'er our lamented Patron's Urn! †
Would we could raise his cenotaph
And there inscribe this Epitaph!

* See Notes. † John Neilson.

THE EPITAPH.

An honest man lies here,—not falsely bland,
But kind in very deed and true in heart,
With unbought zeal who served our native land,
And not for office played the Patriot's part.

Wielding with easy power his trusty pen,
Keen without gall, without unkindness free,
His aim to raise and serve his fellow men,
He tempered censure aye with courtesy.

Our country weeps in him her sagest friend,
The press its ancient ornament and pride;—
In us all mournful thoughts and feeling blend,
Guide, friend and master lost when Neilson died.

When in our final *case* we lie,
Knocked out of *form* and into *pi*,
May we a like *impression* leave;
Like *proof* of love may we receive,
And inky Imps our praise rehearse,
In honest if in rugged verse!

But we must not be gloomy—the New Year is *come*,
And the Session is *coming*, to make us all glad,
For our Ministers (bless them!), with trumpet and drum,
Have proclaimed that they'll rid us of every thing bad,
And will give us all good things,—a College, and Cash,
And a new Judicature, no second-hand hash
But a spic and span new one,—and free Navigation
To make us a mighty magnificent nation,
New Taxes, new Duties, new Corporation
Of Cities and Boroughs, and new Registration;—
Of Post Office matters a new Regulation,
New Districts, new Counties, new Representation,
New School laws ensuring us Illumination,

New Census Bills giving us new information,
New schedules of Salaries, working vexation
(With a salvo, of course, for their own preservation)
To overpaid placemen, and great tribulation;
New schemes for our Revenue's vast augmentation,
For increasing industrious and sound population,
By encouraging Settlement and Immigration,
That is by addition and multiplication;—
And many more things that need verification!
Don't we wish we may get them?—no matter! we'll hope;—
Who'd have thought Reformation would come from the Pope?
If they do all this good and remove all these evils,
We'll all turn Responsible Government d——ls;
We'll hurra for LaFontaine and Baldwin,—we'll take
The oath of allegiance to Drummond and Blake,—
We'll confess (as the Pilot apparently thinks)
That there *may* be some good in our friend Mr. Hincks,
We'll believe that there's virtue in Leslie and Price,
And that Taché and Cameron are free from a vice.

Patrons, may the coming year
Find and leave you happy here;
And, life ended, may you be
Happy through eternity.
Do you wish such happiness?
Seek your fellow men to bless.
Would you, now that cash is rare,
Invest at interest high, yet fair?—
What's given to the poor is lent
On better terms than cent per cent,—
And on these terms poor way-worn elves,—
We'll take a *trifling* loan ourselves.

THE STEAM EXCAVATOR OR PATENT IRISHMAN.

The following poem, was written expressly for a young gentleman at Upper Canada College, as an appendix to his *Theme* on this subject; the Ode tho' not strictly Horatian, expresses my admiration of this Invention. I am proud to say that it obtained the applause of Dr. Scadding who marked it as "Good— "worthy of Hildebert."

AD EXCAVATOREM.

O, Excavator nobilis!
O, Machina mirabilis!
Quæ longè antè alias, is, *
Potentior Hibernicis,
In terram fodiendo!

E patriâ Yankeorum,
Venisti ut laborum
Levamen sis nostrorum,
Et versuum meorum,
Tutamen in canendo!

Te pueri circumstantes.
Te senes et infantes,
Aspectu Jubilantes,
Ingenio triumphantes,
Laudabunt in videndo!

Virtutes, quas narrare,
Nec laudibus æquare,
Nec versibus cantare,
Non credo me præstare,—
Mirabor in silendo!

* Ab "Eo."

THE CARRIER'S CHAUNT.

Quebec Gazette, January, 1850.

Oh! had we a Pegasus willing and able,—
We'd mount him and ride; but there's none in our stable.
So we'll e'en take a hint from balloon loving Gale,
Who proposes in search of poor Franklin to sail:
Our balloon shall be made out of last year's Gazette.
And our gas be the hope that you will not forget
The poor Imps who have brought it you. (Thanks to our Mayor,
We might get *real* gas if we'd coppers to spare.)
And thus mounting on high, we at 'vantage may cast,
A glance o'er the future, the present and past.
We are up—we can see over all FORTY-NINE,
With its good deeds and bad, from the Pole to the Line.
Towards the future, dark clouds seem to limit our view,
But with breaks here and there we shall try to peep through.
We see anarchy nipping young Liberty's bud,
And "baptizing the first birth of freedom in blood,"
Upsetting each landmark and tried constitution,
And rejecting Reform to embrace Revolution.
We see France preaching fraternization and hope
To her brethren at Rome, and—restoring the Pope!
We see Christians engaging in butcher-like work, *
And the victims of tyranny—saved by the Turk! †
We see Pestilence march with her death-flag unfurl'd
Spreading fear and dismay o'er three-fourths of the world,
'Till the Angel of Mercy *came* down to their aid
At the cry of the lands, and the Demon is stay'd;—
Now the bright gleam of hope hath succeeded despair,
And man's gratitude breathes in thanksgiving and prayer.

* At the Holy Sepulcre! † Kossuth, &c.

Why from Canada last? Hath she none to express?
Was her strait not as sore? Is her thanksgiving less?
But perhaps my LORD ELGIN was waiting to see
What his fate with the Torontowegians would be.
True, we've plagues enough left, but they're such as we may
With a will and an effort sweep deftly away;
And there's good with the bad:—While we're up in the sky
Both the good and the bad we can readily spy,
And as each meets our view we shall just jot it down;—
We can't handle the globe like Commissioner Brown.
We see our *ovation* crown'd Governor, who
Is *eggregi* (*o*) *us* Professor of dignified--whew!—
With one hand he rewardeth the Rebels who tried
Annexation by force in their insolent pride;
With the other chastiseth the men who are seen
Humbly seeking the same thing by leave of the Queen:
While BEN-HOLMES, more consistent, resisted the force,
But applaudeth the thing in its peaceable course!—
We see our Responsibles handling the pelf,
And each taking good care of his friends and himself.
We see the five C's that embellish our City,
Standing each for a Chiseller cunning and witty;
CHAUVEAU, CHABOT and CAUCHON, and CARON,—and then
The great Chiseller of Chisellers, our own CITIZEN.*
Number one is a turbulent, troublesome boy,
But he's not a bad chisel—ask Circuit Judge ROY.
Number two's mode of working was clever tho' queer,
For he chiselled himself into Chief Engineer!
Number three in a Pilot-boat followed the sport,
'Till he found himself out a snug berth in our Port.
Number four most of all by his chiselling gains
Getting rid of the work while the profit remains.

* Robert Christie, Esq.

Number five on economy writes, and on history
With a certain *gold pen* about which there's a mystery:
Standing chief among Chisellers, aloof and alone,
And, doubling the pay of the HOUSE—and his own.
But there *en revanche*, stands our excellent Mayor,
Our four times unanimous choice, whose good care
Hath enlightened our City with Gas, and who sought her
Health, safety and profit, by seeking for water;
(Employing a Baldwin who hated a job,
And so differed in that from responsible Bob,)
And hath tried party feeling and quarrels to smother
Until cit should meet cit as a friend and a brother.

We see annexation—But stop, through the cloud
We've a glimpse of the future,—that future is proud.
No stripe sullied flag doth our Citadel deck,
But the Standard of Britain waves over Quebec;
Montreal hath regained her old mercantile fame,
And her sons have abandoned their errors and shame;*
Toronto gleams bright in prosperity's sun,
And the trade of the West hath been tried for and won;
Of the tide of good luck the Kingstonians drink;
And the new seat of Government's—where do you think?
We may not tell more,—but it has but *one* seat,
(And that one in the place that's most fitting and meet)
And no more like the softest of members is found
Which between its two seats tumbles bump to the ground.
And Lord Elgin is off—and all parties are tired
Of bemiring each other, and getting bemired;
Even Editors argue, as Editors should,
Not for argument's sake, but for Canada's good,
And have found that a Country is little or great,
Not because it's a Colony, Province or State,

---

* See Notes.

But that wise men attain to the end they're pursuing,
Not by talking or bogging, but thinking and doing;
That the best of all ways Cape Misfortune to weather,
Is a long pull, a strong pull, a pull all together.
Is this glimpse of the future to bright to be true?—
Ask yourselves,—the solution depends upon you.
We dislike not the Yankees, they're clever and brave,
But the blot on their escutcheon's the whip and the slave;
Let them banish the stripes when the stars are unfurl'd,
And their flag may compete with the pride of the world;
With the red cross of Albion it then may go forth,
As the banner of freedom, of wisdom and worth.
Let them WINTHROP elect and their Congress shall be
The boast of Columbia, the hope of the free;
Let them list to his counsels, their Eagle shall rise
With his pinions unfetter'd, and soar to the skies.

And now again we rest on earth
And hear the sounds of human mirth:
Seasonable sounds of glee,
Laugh and jest and revelry.
But cold and rough the wind doth blow
And sharp the frost, and deep the snow;
And many in winter's season rude
Lack clothing, shelter, fire and food.
Give then, ye rich ones, to the poor;—
The gift shall large increase ensure,
Returning thus your offered gold
In blessings rich and manifold.
Would ye for mercies numberless
Your gratitude to Heaven express?
The most acceptable thanksgiving,
Is worthy, holy, Christian living;

And of the Christian virtues three
The chief and best is charity.
Better than penance, prayer or shrift,
Is GOD'S delight, the cheerful gift!
And don't forget, that cold and wet,
Or faint with heat, the CARRIER poor,
Hath toiled his way, from day to day,
To bring your NEILSON to your door,
And cometh now to wish you all good cheer,
A merry Christmas, and a happy ~~new~~ year!

THE LITTLE EXHIBITION OF 1854.

A Riddle for M. P. P.'s of both Houses.*

Sic vos non vobis—VIRG:

A little man did make a Gun,
A very sorry thing,
The barrel weak, the stock awry,
A lock with crazy spring.

And on the back side of the stock,
A silver plate put he,
Marked "eighteen hundred fifty-four"
And "*Fecit*, L. T. D."

He laid the Gun before the men
Who judge of things like these,
They thought it bad, and yet they wished,
The little man to please.

* See Notes.

For twice before in vain he tried,
The public prize to snatch,
And three long years had toiled away,
That luckless Gun to patch.

They gently hinted, that they would
For some good workmen send,—
Who might in some particulars,
Stock, lock, and barrel mend.

So said, so done,—those workmen made
A barrel sound and slick,
A stock right good, of walnut wood,
A lock as lightning quick.

But on the backside of the stock,
That plate you still may see,
Marked "eighteen hundred fifty-four"
And "*Fecit*, L. T. D."

The little man who feared the work,
For *his* might seem too good,
Stiffened the lock,—the barrel scratched,
And scraped the varnished wood.

But still the thing was capital,
A first rate shooting gun,
The Judges gave the prize,—and all
Applauded what they'd done.

The little man he struts about,
As any peacock proud,
Parades the Gun, and shews the prize,
His boasts are long and loud.

If any man presume to doubt,
That his the work could be,
He points unto that silver plate,
And shews him "L. T. D."

The skilful workmen are forgot,
And few may know their name,
Theirs was the work,—the little man's
The profit and the fame.

INTERPRETATION CLAUSE.

Put "Bill" for "Gun,"—be wide awake,—
Thou clever M. P. P.
And tell me who the workmen were?—
And who was L. T. D—?

M. P. P. thinks a little and then guesses right.

"Eureka" shout,—thou'st found it out,
Thou cleverest of men!—
Right well, I say,—in wordy fray,
Thou'lt earn thy one pound ten!

THE CARRIER'S COALITION ADDRESS.

Midnight, 1854-5—Quebec Gazette.

"God bless the master of this house,
And mistress also;
And all the little children
That round the table go;
With their pockets full of money,
And their cellars full of beer—
And God send you all a happy New Year."

Tolls that loud bell for fifty-four
Or doth it welcome fifty-five?
Mourns it the year that is no more,
Hails it the year that's now alive?
Mourns it for England's; France's brave?
Knells it o'er valour's early grave?
Or peals it cheerly through the night
For Inkerman's all glorious fight?
Tolls it for Elgin who is gone,
And all the good he might have done?
Or greets it him who rules instead,
Our untried, welcome, hopeful Head?

We cannot say—for good and evil
Come now so mixed that we, the Devil,
(Of the *Gazette*) can hardly say
Whether we shall be grave or gay.

We would, perhaps, McNab abide,
If Drummond sat not by his side;
And charming Cayley might appear
If Chabot were not quite so near;

(How in silk gown so spruce and new
Will he the Law-Bricklaying do?)
Macdonald would rejoice our sight
If Morin sat not on his right:
Bob Spence would far more pleasing show,
Were he not linked with dull Chauveau;—
E'en honest, jolly Smith looks cross,
Clapped cheek by jowl with blundering Ross.
Is there no chance our British men
Should ever get their rights again!
Is Lower Canada so low,
That her best man is P. Chauveau;
Her lawyers so *extremely* small,
That Drummond overtops them all;
In her wide confines is there not
An engineer can beat Chabot;
Is genius to her clime so foreign
That her first specimen is Morin?
May her good freemen never hope,
  That one or two at least may sit
In council, who mistrust the Pope,
  Nor cringe to Priest or Jesuit?
  Shall our good city never be
  Cleansed of that odious A. B. C.?

Yet there is one unmingled good—
  One shadowless and sunny spot,
Smooth, cat like Rolph is out and gone,
  To pestle, pill and gallipot:—
However bad the rest may be,
  They are not half so bad as he.

Our rulers have three little Bills
To prop their fame and cure our ills:
They boast of Reciprocity
  And how they'll make the Yankees pay,
But Jonathan's as 'cute as we,
  And *that* may turn the other way.
They boast they've finished the Reserves,
And well they may—but there, methinks,
A greater gun the meed deserves,
The great ten-thousand-pounder Hincks.*
  Whipp'd Lewis brags about *his* Bill.
    We might as well be told
  The patient made the Doctor's pill
    That cured him of his cold.
  He swallowed it—the thing was good—
    No man hath e'er gainsayed it,
  He swallowed *well*, but—* by the Rood, †
    He should'nt say he made it.

But truce to Ministerial tricks,
And truce to dirty politics,
  And truce to in and out;
Apart from these the gentlemen
Are just as good as nine in ten,
  And generous souls no doubt:
So as their Poets Laureate, we
Expect from THEM a double fee.

---

* See Notes.

† NOTE.—The Editor, a modest man, put this in,—our own phrase was more energetic and our rhyme and metre quite as good; but the Editor thought it unpolite, and savouring too much of

THE DEVIL.

To them and all Happy Year,
A cellar full of foaming beer
And lots of Christmas Pies;
And if our budget you approve,
Kind Patrons, then we humbly move
You grant us the Supplies.

Poor suppliants to your doors we come,
Our *Estimate's* the usual sum,
But yet we would be glad,
If, seeing beef and bread and wood
Are very dear, you only should
A moderate BONUS add!

ADDRESS.

The Patriotic Fund Committee to their fellow citizens.

Ye sons of Britain, Ireland, France,
Whose brethren side by side advance
Against the ruthless Cossack lance,
And freedom's foe;
The wives and orphans of the brave,
Whose valour earned a soldier's grave,
Appeal to you to help and save
From want and woe.

For they who fell on Alma's height,
Or Balaclava's hero fight,
Or died for freedom, God and right,
At Inkermann,
Stretched on the soldier's bloody bier,
Bequeathed you those they held most dear,
That you might dry the mourner's tear,
As Christians can,

Your brethren strive on battlefield,
Who best his country's arms shall wield,
Who first shall force the foe to yield,
Or bravely die:

Strive ye, who first and best shall be
In the great work of charity,
To sooth by generous sympathy,
The mourner's cry.

By Erin's Harp and Shamrock green,—
By bonnie Scotland's Tartan sheen,—
By England's Rose,—by Britain's Queen,
(Long may she live!)

By the red cross your fathers bore
To victory on every shore,
By Gallia's glorious tricolor,—
Give,—freely give.

Give,—and so may the hallowed gold
Return to you a hundred fold,
And blessings and rewards untold,
To you be given:

To succour in their deep distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
Is virtue's purest happiness,
Forecasting Heaven.—

Quebec, 16th January, 1855.

No. 1000.—*1st Session, 6th Parliament, 21-2 Victoriæ, 1858,*

BILL.

An Act to immortalize certain Members of Her Majesty's Most Ephemeral Government.

First Reading Monday, 16th August, 1858.
Second and Third Reading instanter.

Mr. V. GREEN.

Nena Sahib, Printer to the King of Delhi.

No. 1000.] BILL. [1858.
An Act to immortalize certain Members of Her Majesty's Most Ephemeral Government.*

FYTTE FIRST.

1. A pleasant game of Fox and Geese
Was played by cerain famous men,
'Twas not in Egypt, Rome or Greece—
We won't say where it was or when.

2. Baited with place and power and cash
Sly Renard set a cunning gin;
The leading Gander's soul was rash,
And twelve great geese at once rushed in.

3. He might have caught at least a score,
For all were eager to be taken,
Only the trap would hold no more,
And so the small ones saved their bacon.

* See the Journals of Parliament of this date, and Notes,

4. One curly gosling seemed to pout,
And others' eyes the tears ran o'er in,
That bigger geese should crowd them out,
And that the trap would take no Mor'in.

5. Those in the trap grew mighty proud,
And little dreaming of disasters,
Strutted about and gabbled loud,
And thought they were the Fox's Masters;

6. Not so the Fox—in merry mood
He laughed to see the waddling rout;
He broke no bones, he drank no blood,
But pulled their prettiest feathers out;

7. He clipped their wings in Vulpine play,
He spoilt their dream so fair and bright,
Then turned them out to find their way
Back to their pen as best they might.

8. Sweet pen! where they with brazen throats
In oratory used to dabble,
And daily gain their ninety groats
By legislative noise and gabble.

9. Alas! the way is hard to find,
And very rough ad rude the track,
And many may be left behind
And never, never more get back!

FYTTE SECOND.

10. Who played the Fox and who the Goose—
In that eventful time?—
Attend the answer of the muse
In true and deathless rhyme.

11. The Fox a mystery remains,
NOMINIS UMBRA STAT,
And people puzzle hard their brains
In guessing this and that.

12. Some think what seems the Fox's Head
Vice-regal honours wears;—
While others hold that in their stead
A lawyer's coif appears.

13. Some think him wrong, some think him right,
(Those Quidnuncs of the Town)
Some call him black—some call him white,
But no one thinks him *Brown*.

14. The name of every goose he caught
In print recorded was,
In that great work which may be bought,
Of Mister Desbarats.

15. And not among them all was seen
A goose of orange hue,
But some were *rouge*—tho' all were green,
And now look very blue.

16. And one you'd think could never be
Entrapped,—he looks so sage,
And so deep read,—no doubt but he
Enjoys a *green* old age.

17. The geese uncaught were of all hues,
Including White, they say;—
(Between the reader and the muse)
The curly goose was Grey.

18. But there are men of other creed
Who hold the Fox a myth,
Like Fellowes' voters,—or a *feed*
By Mr. Speaker Smith.

19. These think the Fox was love of power,
And love of profit to,—
And Dorion's maxim for the hour,
Was—*tout est pour Lemieux:*

20. In short that in ambition wrapped,
Nought heeding wisdom's frown,
Foley by folly was entrapped,
And Brown by Brown done brown.

CONCLUSION.

21. Thus was the game of Fox and Geese
Played by those famous men:—
They were in luck who saw the piece,
It can't be played again.

22. Great geese, ere Agamennon reigned,
No doubt the ancients saw;—
No tuneful Poet they obtained,
And died by Nature's law.—

23. Our greater geese through every age,
Like cocks of Gallia *may* crow,
Their names are writ on Clio's page.
NON CARENT VATE SACRO.

IN MEMORIAM.

Old Christ Church.

OTTAWA. 5th March, 1872.

DEAR OLD TIMES—

They are pulling down Old Christ Church. It was not handsome certainly, but it had memories attached to it which the new one cannot have. I, for one, cannot help feeling grieved; and perhaps some lines in which I have tried to give expression to my grief, may find an echo in the heart of more than one old Bytownian: if you think so you may print them and oblige

Your's most truly,

JANE.

Farewell old Church, where on my infant brow
With solemn rite the mystic sign was traced,
And when my youthful fate renewed the vow,
On my bowed head confirming hands were placed:
Where first I shared the Christian feast divine,
HIS flesh the bread, the atoning blood the wine:
Before whose altar once I stood a bride,
And where through many a year I knelt in prayer,
A thoughtful wife, with children by my side,
And on my Saviour cast my every care:
Where over ONE the thrilling words were read,
Which when the weary leave this scene of strife,
Console the living, sanctify the dead,
And tell of resurrection and of life.

A fairer fane may rise to take thy place,
Whose broader aisles may own a statelier grace;
Through pictured windows richer light may stream
On moulded architrave and sculptured beam;
From loftier tower the Sabbath bell be rung,
By fuller choirs the swelling anthem sung:—
These will be well—but no new church can be,
What THOU hast been—thou dear old Church, to me.

OTTAWA TIMES, March 8th, 1872.

See Notes.

THE ATTACK.

A Lay by a Layman.

(AFTER TENNYSON)

["The New Christ Church will contain *six hundred* sittings"]—*Report of the Building Committee.*

I.

Deep in debt, deep in debt,
Deep in debt, deeply,—
Swiftly to ruin's brink
Drift the six hundred.
"Build, build" the Rector said;
Faint hearts they all obeyed,
Into the clutch of debt
Sank the six hundred.

II.

Now the foundation's laid,
Wise men all stand dismayed;
But though the laity knew
Some one had blundered,
Theirs not to question why?
Theirs not to reason why?
Theirs but to pay and sigh:—
Truly in slime of debt
Crawled the six hundred.

III.

See all their purses bare,
Filled now with nought but air,
Paying the workmen there,

Paying an army, while
All the world wondered:
Plunged into carpets, glass,
Grand organ, lamps, and gas;
Native and stranger,
Sickened, discordant mass,
Worn out and plundered:—
Parsons are pleased,—but not,
Not the six hundred.

IV.

Duns rough to right of them,
Duns hard to left of them,
Duns firm in front of them
Threatened and thundered.
Callous to writ and bill,
Swallowing the bitter pill,
Into the Bankrupt Court,
Into the legal mill,
Must go the six hundred.

V.

When will the debt be paid?
O the rash move they made;
All the world wondered.
Pity the error made,
Pity the poor betrayed,
Hapless six hundred.

R. J. W.

THE DEFENCE.

My Dear "Times,"—To-day and to-morrow the ladies offer us a Christmas Tree and other pleasant things in the basement story of Christ Church, and on Friday next, there is to be a very amusing entertainment, at Gowan's Hall,—both in aid of the Organ Fund of the Church. Shall they fail? St. Cecilia forbid! They *must* be a great success; and as poets have a prescriptive right to be prophets, I venture to send you a little poem about them in the prophetic spirit, as if written after the event, but differing from that of another of your poets, who, though a little severe, may have done us, (as I am bound to believe he intended to do), good service, by shewing us what debt might lead to.

Ever yours, most truly,

One of the Six Hundred.

I.

"Deep in debt, deep in debt,"—
"Let not the thing be said,"—
"Rouse ye my faithful flock,
"Up and repel the charge,
"Faithful six hundred;"—
Thus our good Rector said,
Cheerfully all obeyed;
Spurning the shame of debt,
Rose the six hundred.

II.

All to their Christmas tree
Thronged with such kindly glee,

Soon it was plain to see
No one had blundered;
Theirs was the motive high,
Theirs was the brave reply,
Theirs was the noble cry,
"Freely our help we'll give;"—
Worthy six hundred.

III.

Then came they one and all,
Crowding to Gowan's Hall,
Answering their Rector's call,
Heaping their offerings while
All the world wondered;
Clergy with laymen vied,
Opening their purses wide,
Swelling the golden tide;
Poor man and wealthy
In feeling not sundered,
Giving their best to God,
All the six hundred.

IV.

Croakers to right of them,
Croakers to left of them,
Croakers in front of them,
Vainly had thundered;
Strong in their sense of right
Strong in their cause's might,
Bravely they fought the fight,
Freeing their Church from shame,
From the reproach of debt,
Generous six hundred.

V.

Glorious the effort made,
Heavy the debt they paid,
While the world wondered;
Praise we the victory won,
Praise the work nobly done
By the six hundred.

OTTAWA, December 16, 1873.

THULE OR THULÈ.

The following letters,—inserted by permission.—throw some light on the composition of the poem in question, and they show too the interest which His Excellency took in the modest production of the Company's Muse, and that he was graciously pleased to

> "Read it by the light of kindness"
> "Through good nature's rosiest glasses,"—

an example which I trust the readers of my "Waifs" will loyally imitate.

OTTAWA, 8 June, 1876.

MY LORD,

If Your Excellency were only Governor General of Canada, I should perhaps doubt whether so dignified a personage as a Q. C. of rather ancient standing, might with propriety edit, or, having edited, offer for Your Excellency's acceptance the accompanying trifle,—the first production of "The Thule or Thulè Passage at Arms Campany (Limited)"—of which I have the honor to be the Editor. But as the author of "Letters from High Latitudes" and more especially of the famous Latin after dinner speech in Iceland, I cannot but hope that Your Excellency will take some interest in our attempt to throw light upon what our Benedictine Friar calls "the weird mysterious Island's name." And Your Excellency, though not a member of the Company, is in some sort responsible for its formation,—for without *The Ball*, there would have been no Britannia among us, and without Britannia no "Passage at Arms," which was a real *bonâ fide* encounter of the wits of some of Your Excellency's faithful Canadian Lieges, the greater part of them being

of the Civil Service. In proof that one of us (Our Friar) is capable of higher things, I inclose a paper * which I had the honor of editing for him some time ago.

I have the honor to be,

with profound respect,

Your Excellency's most obedient servant,

G. W. WICKSTEED.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE,
OTTAWA, June 10th, 1876.

MY DEAR WICKSTEED,

I am really most obliged to you for having sent me such a charming *jeu d'esprit.*

I only wish Lady Dufferin and I could have been by at the Passage of Arms thus happily rendered immortal. It would, however, have been as an humble spectator, as I should have hardly felt competent to engage in so learned a controversy.

Yours sincerely,

DUFFERIN.

---

* Our Lord at Bethany, by E. T. Fletcher,

THULE OR THULÈ.

(*A PASSAGE AT ARMS IN RHYME.*)

Respectfully dedicated to Britannia.

May farthest Thule obey thee.
Tibi serviat ultima Thulè.

THE ARGUMENT.

G. W. W. mentions in the course of conversation "Princess of Thulè." A lady whose excellent impersonation of the character at the GREAT FANCY BALL, entitles her to be designated as Britannia, thinks it should be "Thule, a place in Scotland." G. W. W. very respectfully begs leave to differ. W. H. G. takes up his lance for Britannia and becomes her Knight, G. W. W. fights in his own defence and right. Each Knight mounts his Pegasus and couches his lance.

First Trumpet sounds a Point of War.

If any man respects his school, he
Certainly will call it Thulè;—
But if he owns Britannia's rule,
Why then perhaps he'll call it Thule.

Second Trumpet answers.

When Irish Celts follow the funeral car,
Their grief finds expression in "shule, shule, agrah!"
"Oh Patsy ohone! and why did you die?"
"Shule, shule, agrah," is their wailing cry.
Whiskey and sorrow may make them unruly,
But never, oh never, will make them say "Shulè!"

Now Thule may, I think have a Celtic affinity,
And escape from the rules of your worship's latinity;
So if I should bow to Britannia's decision,
I may very well be on the side of precision;
If her trident won't serve her to govern a word,
Why as to the waves,—it would be quite absurd.

(W. H. G.)

First Trumpet sounds again.

Though Britannia's command of the waves may be great,
It is very well know that she don't rule them straight;
And her feminine subjects too often complain,
That she puts them to somewhat unwarranted pain;
So now,—with a semi-barbarian Celt
Who won't let their names be pronounced as they're spelt,
She conspires many amiable ladies to tease,
And by cruel cur*tail*ment deprive them of *Ees*.
And Thisbe and Hebe and Phœbe protest
That the thought of her tyranny robs them of rest;
And Niobe vows, with abundance of tears,
That Lethe can't make her forget it for years:
They deny that you give any reason for that
Which you say,—tho' they own your authority's—*Pat*.

Second Trumpet replies.

Second Knight loquitur—pro Britannia.

It tries my patience sorely, to find that all this fuss is
Made on behalf of a pack of Pagan huzzies,
Who, you tell me are given up to tears and affliction,
Because, forsooth, to suit them I won't mend my diction;—
Your Hebes and Tisbes seem their *Ees* to fondly prize!
They spelt them with an Eta (H), or the ancients have told lies,

Then my waves are not straight!—If I ruled not as I do,
Pray my brave Britons,—what would become of you?
Your seas for protection would not be worth their *salt*,
If my ways of ruling did not cause your foes to halt.
But now I'll say no more than just to let you know,
That when you speak of Thulè I shall still cry, No! No!
Things must have come to a pretty pass, truly,
Before I consent to call Christmas "Yuley!"...(W. H. G.)

First Trumpet sounds again a Classic flourish

First Knight loquitur.

You've your dictionary makers, giving words the sounds most fit,
Prove me wrong by any one of then and then I'll own I'm hit:
Bring out your big "Imperial' and I'll abide by *that:*
But I'll be———, well, say "tridented" before I bow to *Pat.*

Second Trumpet sounds, a Celtic flourish.

Second Knight loquitur.

When the Greeks to that Isle in the Hebrides came,
Of course they inquired of a native its name;
And the native of native intelligence full
As certainly answered by telling them "Thul;"
But as this was a name that no Grecian could speak,
They added an Eta, and so made it Greek.

And thus I have proved in my logical verse,
That "Thul' is the right name in orthodox Erse,
Tho' the Greeks and the Romans dealt with it unduly,
And by adding a letter transformed in to Thulè;
And Britannia's not wrong when she followeth Pat, in
His pronunciation tho' not Greek or Latin,

First Knight challenges in heroic verse—

I burn to meet thee on the Imperial field,
And throw my gauntlet down, and touch thy shield,

They run a course without serious damage to either; and a Queen of Beauty is appointed to crown the victor; The Lists remaining open—

A Pundit appears on the field.

An aged Pundit passing by
And seeing Knights thus valiantly
Engaged in Arms, did thus discourse:

Such a Pundit as I am can see very clear
That to rightly pronounce the queer word we have here.
To the Court of Analogy appeal must be made,
And judgment when given be strictly obeyed.
This word I hear vaunted, by one gallant Knight,
Of Hellenic descent is,—wherein he is right:
But his classic complaisance I e'en must disturb,
By stating I know of savory Herb
That grows in his garden, wherein he may smell it,
And then, if he pleases, may afterwards spell it,
This herb it is *Thyme*, of good Grecian descent,
Just as good as is that now in hot argument;—
But by *lisping* its *h*, who is there would dare
To smirch the good name of this *verbum* so fair?
And so it is seen, by analogy's law,
That the *h* in the word for which these Knights draw,
Full silent should be never breathing a breath,
But passing a life of dumbness till death.

Then, next, I could wish that these Knights simply knew,
That clearly the "double O" sound is in U,—
As in "*rule*" it is spoken;—a point though so plain,
That it scarce needs more light from my light-giving strain.

Now touching the Tail of this troublesome word;—
"*It wagless must be, like the tail of the bird,*"
Cries one gallant Knight, Britannia's defender;
Whereon I could wish that the Gods would but send her
A Knight better versed in true verbal affinity,
And with more of respect for our Greek and Latinity.

Wagless! or Voiceless? Then why should not Acmè
Be "Ackem" pronounced? A vile thought to rack my
Sensitive nerves and compel my apology
To every student of English Philology.

Having thus with much wisdom disclosed on what *data*
I determine these questions of *verba vexata*,
'Tis easy to see to pronounce their word truly,
These *preux chevaliers* should agree upon TOOLEY.

(E. F. K.)

First Knight loquitur.

His Trumpeter sounds a flourish

Mr. Pundit, my ladies you mightily please,
By rightly and kindly protecting their Ees;
But the rest of your argument's feeble and vile,
For if Thumos makes Thyme, must not Thulè make Tile?

Second Knight loquitur.

His Trumpeter sounds another flourish.

And if Thule becomes Tooley, then Thyme should be Thym-ey,
Or your reason's inferior far to your Rhym-ey.

Britannia loquitur. Superbè.

Sounds Lord Nelson's Trumpet and crushes the Pundit.

My Nelson was christened at victory's font,
By a title which some people call *Duke of Bront :—*
Would you, my good Pundit, have ventured, I wonder,
To call my great Hero, *My Lord Dook of Tunder !*

An Oaten Pipe is heard playing a classic strain.

The Schoolmaster being abroad in the neighbourhood and hearing a row among the boys, thus addresses them :

Young folks let me teach you analogy fails
In matters of language and custom prevails:
So tho' Thulè be Thulè, yet Thyme may be Thyme ;
And tho' Brontè be Brontè, yet Rhyme may be Rhyme.

Poor Pundit, you're hit on all sides, I may say ;
But comfort your grief with this saying of Gay,—
" The men who in other men's frays interpose,
" Will oft have to wipe a sanguineous nose."

Sir Caledon Gilder, a splendid Knight in Gold Armour, takes part in the fray, and runs a-tilt wildly, trumpeting thus,—

If dealing in concrete objective reality,
I fear that Britannia's bump of locality
For once is creative and includes 'neath her rule,
A region of fictitious, the " Kingdom of Thule."

True " Mainland " of Scotland to the title laid claim,
But 'twas only in fancy and never by name ;
And Borva, where Black has enthroned his King,
Is of Hebridè, east-ward of Scotland's west wing.

We'll deem her in error, and not like her "Leader"
In greed territorial, that titular feeder,
Who thrusts before Europe his "Empress Bill Titles"
Conservative gnawing conservative vitals.

But the ancients made Thulè the end of creation,
At a time when Scotch thrift had caused little sensation,
And Britannia, mayhap, to their mercantile keenness,
Would accord them the Ultima Thulè of meanness.

But I, as I turn o'er each page of his fiction,
Alight on such rare vivid scenic description,
That I think, of this art, we might not unduly
Pronounce Mr. Black the true King of Thulè.

(C. G.)

Chorus of all the contending parties.

We bid you fair welcome, most valorous Knight,
Who have ventured the breaking a lance in our fight;
Your intentions were good and so far you deserve
Our praise, which we give with this only reserve,
That as for your verses, we've analized *them*,
And,—simply, Sir Gilder, they're "*nihil ad rem.*"

An Infantry Soldier appears on the scene.

Pedes, attracted by the warlike sounds, comes boldly forward and thus announces himself a combatant:

Oh! worthy Knights who high on horses ride,
I also in this fray would take a side;
I am no Knight, as my name doth imply,
On my own *understanding* I rely.
The name of Thulè given in times remote,
Doth signify the house of Johnny Groat,
A worthy Scot from whom I claim descent;

(The Scots full valiant are in argument);—
Now though in Scotland 'tis the constant rule
Not to pronounce the final *e* in *schule*,
Or *yule*, or *fule*, or any such like word,
In Thulè the last e *is* always heard.
'Tis known by those who prize old classic lore,
This name is used by one who wrote of yore.
And if you will but read his work sublime,
With Thulè only can you make a rhyme.
Therefore 'tis Thulè that alone is right.
Though Thule may be defended by a Knight:
And such I will maintain 'gainst any score,
Come they before me on two legs or four.

(J. F. W.)

A Benedictine Friar

Startled from hys bookes, looketh out from a windowe harde by, and thus discourseth.

Dilecti fratres, benedicite,—
What means this preparation for a fray?
These Knights in armour dight, with eyes aflame,
Girt for the onset?—And this armed dame
Wielding the glorious trident which of yore
Old Neptune gave to guard our native shore:
—A Pundit, too,—a wise and genial talker,—
A Pedes,—or in other words a Walker;—
And, last a Pædagogue;——What *is* the row?
Tell me, good people, what's the matter now?

Thulè or Thule. You tell me this alone is
Fons et origo disputationis;—
The cause of strife and subject of dispute
Lie in this word,—and whether we should view't
As made up of one syllable of two?

Hence all this clang of arms, and wild halloo,
Hence the air darkens, thunders roll, the ground
Quakes with a dull premonitory sound,
And fierce Bellona, from her dreadful car,
'Cries havoc and lets slip the dogs of war!

Thulè or Thule. When Pythias of Marseilles
(A traveller fond of telling wondrous tales)
Wrote of the far-famed Island in the north,
The extremest limit of the peopled earth,—
He called it Thulè; so, in later days,
Wrote the Cyrenian Eratosthenes;
So also Ptolemy th' Egyptian,
Procopius, another learned man,
And other Hellenists of ages gone,
All named in Facciolati's Lexicon.
Then for the Latins,—come now, tell me truly,
How can you make it otherwise than Tūlè,
When in old Maro's Georgicon divine
We find it as a spondee close the line?
And so with every other Roman poet
Adduced by Fatchy,—his quotations shew it.
On classic grounds then surely all agree
The true pronunciation is Thulè,
Or better, if Erasmus we obey
Rather then Reuchlin, then we have Thuley.

But here Britannia's Knight remarks again,
"The word is Celtic, and should so remain."
But how may this be proven?—Whence inferred?
What Celtic author uses such a word?
Is there a vocable in prose or verse
Like Thule, in Breton, Gaelic, or in Erse?
I know of none. I've wandered to and fro,

With Celts held frequent commune, and must go
Still unconvinced. Let him the fact declare,
If such their be:—I find none anywhere.

How came the word in use? Where all is dark,
Permit me here to hazard the remark,
That in the language of the ancient Finns,
Whose history terminates where ours begins,
Tuli means "Fire." In old primeval days,
Sailing far north, perhaps the sudden blaze
Of Hecla flashed upon their wondering sight
And tinged the sky with red volcanic light
And thus the weird mysterious island's name
Haply from these rude navigators came.
And so,--a mere conjecture,—pardon me,—
I finish with a Finnish theory.

Brothers farewell. I hear the vesper bell
That summons me to—Where I need not tell.
God ye good den. Sit Dominus tutamen.
Laus Deo semper in excelsis. Amen.

(E. T. F.)

The Queen of Beauty speaks and makes her award.

Now stop the strife;—let no more bones be broken,
The contest's ended when the Church hath spoken;
Her word is law;—for truth hath ever graced it.—
And victory's crown must rest where she hath placed it.
Yet a fair wreath shall grace the Celtic Knight,
Who against fearful odds maintained the fight,
And proved at least, Britannia *may* be right.
Cease then to deal each other stalwart blows;—
Wipe, learned Pundit, thy sanguineous nose:
Sir Gilder, if in verse you tilt again,

Do strive to put more purpose in your strain :
And, Pedes, learn that Virgil's work sublime,
Which you appeal to,—was *not* writ in *Rhyme.*

And now let every angry feeling cease,
Join hand in hand and kindly part in peace.
I grieve the learned Friar could not wait,
Lest he for Vespers should perhaps be late ;—
But I perceive without him we are *eight ;*
And were he here, that holy man would tell us,
"Nunc pede libero est pulsanda tellus."
Sound trumpets once again,—*this time* "the Lancers ;"
Britannia and myself will both be dancers.
And when that's done, I hold t'would not be bad,
We sought our homesteads in a Galopade !
But first,—march past my throne, and, as you pass,
Salute me in the words of Hudibras !

They march past, saluting the Queen with

"Madam, we do, as is our duty,
"Honour the shadow of your shoe-tie,"
And bow before the Queen of Beauty.

They dance the Lancers.—For want of Ladies the Pundit and Schoolmaster pair together,—and Pedes walks the figures with Sir Caledon. As they finally go off in the Gallop, the Friar looks at them from the window of his cell, and says : "BEATI PACIFICATORES. AMEN."

NOTE.—The several portions of this little Epic, to which *initials* are appended, were really written by gentlemen whose initials they bear, at Ottawa, Quebec, or Montreal, without any understanding, collusion, or communication, except only of the portions preceding theirs respectively.

IN MEMORIAM *TEMPORUM.*

Farewell dear *Times*, Bray's Vicar of the press,
But not, alas! with his renowned success.
He died a Vicar, *thou* by sad mishap,
Did'st die for lack of patronage and pap!—
Conservative, then Grit, and then again
Conservative, became thy pliant pen.—
But as thou died'st repentant of thy schism,
A very Magdalen of journalism,
We trust thou'st left non-paying work below,
For that good place where virtuous journals go.
I'd write thy *Requiescat*,—but I fear
That super-protestant religious sneer
Would call it "praying for the dead"—and hope
I had not *quite* gone over to the Pope;
And mix me up in that unseemly brawl,
Where Christian priests, unmindful of St. Paul
And of the poet's bitter couplet,* call
Each other ugly names, and each in turn
Inclines to think his brother priest *must* burn
Hereafter,—not remembering that of three
Great virtues, far the first is CHARITY.

How shall I miss thee at my morning meal,—
How at my noon-day lunch thine absence feel;
And how, when weary to my couch I creep,
Without thy *leaded leader* shall I sleep?

"Christians have burnt each other quite persuaded
"That all the Apostles would have done as they did."—BYRON.

RESURGAS;—may'st thou rise again and find
A larger patronage, more rich, more kind,
Perchance another name;—as Bytown died *
And rose as OTTAWA, the crown and pride
Of the DOMINION, so thy poet's rhymes
Vaticinate that thou as the "NEW TIMES,"
Shalt like a Phœnix rise, and by that name
Mount the very peak of wealth and fame!

W.

4th Session, 3rd Parliament, 40 Victoria, 1877.

SPECIAL NOTICES OF MOTIONS.

April 31st, 1877. | Mr. *Neutral Grey*—Leave to bring in the following Bill:—

An Act to amend some musty old laws,
Contained in some fusty old sayings and saws.

WHEREAS— Preamble. HANSARD, 9th April, 1877.

An ancient proverb, heretofore held right,
Declares *two* blacks can never make *one* white;
And as this saying has of late been spoiled
Of its old force, by party spirit's might;
As both sides handled pitch and were defiled,

* Being of a less diffusive turn than Ottawa's worthy Laureate, Mr. Lett, I, some time ago summed up the pre-Ottawaite history of the city in this brief and alliterative—

EPITAPH ON BYTOWN.

"Bytown was built by By—but by-and-by—
Both By and Bytown died, so bye-bye By."

And see Notes.

And the good Commons voted *one* was white,
The seventy-two rejoining, "Scriptures show — II. Kings, c. 5.
Who left a Prophet's presence *white as snow.*"
As none decide where parties disagree,
Committees sticking fast at C. A. V.;
As law and practice should agree in one,
And nothing be required that cann't be done;
Her Majesty, considering the facts,
With Senate and with Commons thus enacts:—

1. When either party does a deed of shame, — Mutual Whitewash.
The other side may rightly do the same.

2. The *stoning* rule's reversed, and he alone — Stoning rule reversed.
Who's black himself shall cast the foremost stone.

3. The Independence Act is so amended, — 31 V. c. 25 amended.
That these provisions shall be with it blended.

4. May briefly cite this Act, whoever will, — Short Title.
By its short title of "*The Whitewash Bill.*'

Mr. *Verdant Green* will move in amendment to strike out all the words after "enacts" to "blended" inclusive, and insert:—

All now offenders shall be pardoned when
This Act is law, and held as blameless men
And most Immaculate Commoners; but then,
With this proviso, "Don't do so again,"—

Mr. *Deep Black* will move in amendment to the amendment, to strike out " n't," in the last line.

" Who can come in and say that I mean him,
When such a one as he, such is his neighbour,
Thinking that I mean *him*, but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech.
—Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wronged him:—if it do him right,
Then he hath wronged himself;—if he be free,
Why then my taxing like a wild goose flees.
Unclaimed of any man."

SHAKESPEARE—*As You Like It; Act. II., Sce. VII.*

THIRD PARLIAMENT—FOURTH SESSION.

*Scene the Last—The Coup d'Etat.**

The members meet—the Speaker in the chair:
Æmilius holds a paper with the air
Of one who knows a thing or two; the House
Attentive sits; all quiet as a mouse:—
" Sir, our report on some election cases,"—
The members rise expectant in their places;
The Speaker takes it, hand it to the Clerk,
Who, standing up, reads half a line, when,—hark!
A knock! " Admit the messenger "—no more:
The mace is shouldered, and the session's o'er.
Sir John protesting, does not see the joke,
But his indignant protest ends in smoke,
When Monsieur Frenchman, smiling, cries " Ha! ha!
" *Cela s'appelle un fameux* COUP D'ÉTAT."

A. P.

OTTAWA CITIZEN of 4th May, 1887.

* *See Notes.*

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY, 1878.

Toast and National Anthem.

THE QUEEN.

The Queen,—this day around the world
As westward rolls the sun,
The British flag shall float unfurl'd,
The British cheer shall run,
To her,—the great, the wise, the good.
The Sovereign of the free,—
Each true heart warmed by British blood
Vows deep fidelity.

In Her,—our glory and delight,
We own a right divine:
We'd pour our blood for her in fight,
We pledge her in our wine.
Then fill the goblet high,—to shrink
Were ungallant and mean,
As men we to the Lady drink,—
As Britons to the Queen.

The Queen,—beneath her gentle sway,
With equal rights and laws,
May all her subjects truly say,
They own one common cause;
That cause the common good of all,
Who are and who have been
Ready alike to stand or fall
With England and the Queen.

THE GOVERNOR GENERAL.*

Our Governor General—long may he live.
From all and to all to receive and to give
All honor and pleasure, as here he hath given
To all, and from all hath received;—and tho' riven
The close tie that bound him to Canada,—yet
No time and no distance shall make us forget,
That the trust of his Sovereign was never abused,—
That his powers and his eloquence ever were used
For Canada's welfare,—her sons to unite
In love for their Country, their Queen,—and the right:—
When he goes, can we hope his successor will be
As able, as good and as genial as he?

THE COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN.

Our heart-winning Countess,—whose kindness and grace
We can never forget, nor can hope to replace;
Our Queen of the drama, encouraging still
Our timid beginners with critical skill:
Our pattern in useful and womanly life,
In benevolent enterprise foremost and chief,
And,—to sum up her gifts and her virtues in brief,—
The Lady Lord Dufferin chose for his wife.†

* In allusion to Lord Dufferin's expected departure the following may be sung with the National Anthem:

God bless the Chief we lose,
Who, were it ours to choose,
Ne'er should go hence;
Who by strict honor nerved,
Never from duty swerved,
But still unfailing served
Country and Queen.

† Portia pleading to be admitted to the full confidence of her husband, says,—

"I grant I am a woman, but withal
"*A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife.*"

As the best proof of her worth.

EPITAPH.

LUTHER H. HOLTON, M. P.

Here Holton lies, all earthly ties now riven
For him, his last speech made, his last vote given.
No more to rise to catch the Speaker's eye,
For timely motion or for keen reply;
With gentle words to calm the fierce debate,
Or check the virulence of party hate.—
He sleeps where party feuds and quarrels cease,
And even politicians rest in peace.
—Scorning with promise false the mob to bribe,
Or yield to influence of the lobbying tribe,
By no mean thought of private ends perplexed,
He served his country first,—his party next.
Remaining to the last as he began,
At once a statesman and an honest man;
To sum his sterling worth in one brief line,
And honest truth with well earned praise combine,
The Spartan epitaph reversed must be;—
His country had few worthier sons than he.

SOMETHING FOR ESTHER'S ALBUM.

There was an Esther who so won the love
Of Persia's King, that she was made his Queen:
To her he held his golden sceptre out,
Granted her prayer, recalled his hard decree,
And saved her people from impending death.
—It is not given to all to wear a crown,
Or save a people by one earnest prayer;
But God respects not persons,—all may win

His love by duty done in any sphere,
Lofty or lowly:—may our Esther strive
To do her duty so, and so to pray,
That *He* the golden sceptre of his love
May hold out to her and accept her prayer.

SOMETHING FOR MAUDE'S ALBUM.

Something original, dear Maude, you ask,
Something that's *new*,—for me a hopeless task.
Solomon thought that since the world begun
No new thing could be found beneath the Sun,
Though thousands of big volumes had been penned,
And of book making there appeared no end.
How then can I, a modest modern bard,
Attempt to do what David's son found hard;
When myriads more have plied the writing trade
And millions more of volumes have been made.
The thing's *too* hard, however you may view it,
For me a miracle, and I can't do it,
Tho' your good father might be equal to it.
So now, for honeyed rhymes a beau might write,
Or lines a learned pundit might indite,
Instead of Verse keen critics might applaud,
Take the best wishes of your old friend, Maude;
May all that's good conspire to make you blest,
The world give what it can and God the rest.

LEAP YEAR VALENTINE.

A YOUNG LADY TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN.*

Dear Bashful, it's leap-year you know,
  And a girl has a right to propose
To the man whom she likes as a Beau,
  And could love as a mate,—So here goes.

Will you love me till death do us part?
  Will you take me for better or worse?
Will you give me your hand and your heart?
—Not to speak of your house and your purse.

I should make you an excellent wife,—
  I have very few failings or faults;
In Charades I can act to the life,
  And am great at a Galop or Waltz.

I have solid accomplishments too,
  (I could tell you them better in prose)
But I'm good at a pudding or stew,
  And could care for the children and clothes.

I shall be at (*that*) party to-night;
  If you tip me a nod or a wink
Or whisper me softly "all right!"
  I shall know what to do and to think.

Don't be modest and silly or coy.—
  Don't be blushing and that sort of thing;
But say "yes" like a jolly good boy,
  And go for the license and ring.

* *See Notes.*

Then I'm yours my dear B. till I die;—
I may not trust my name to my pen,
But its first letter sounds like a sigh,
And its finishing letter's an N.
(*Or as the case may be.*)

14th Febr., 188—

SOMETHING ABOUT RAG MONEY.*

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR.

SIR—By a very clever little vignette and article in the *Grip*, I saw that the nurses in charge of the Rag Baby will not allow that their little bantling is dead, and that nurse Wynne slaps any one's face very hard who says it is even sick. And by another equally clever vignette and article. I saw that certain "unco' righteous" clericos have put the "Pinafore" into their *Index Expurgatorius* and under their *anathema majus*. I read these items after dinner, and pondering over them I got bewildered in that curious circular syllogism by which Baby's nurses prove to their own satisfaction that they remove all objections and endow the Baby with untold virtues, by making their *irredeemables* exchangeable for *Bonds* payable principal and interest in *like notes*, or to be "*sold*" (they do not say to whom or at what discount) for gold to pay any foreign creditor; and, being puzzled over the theological and financial problems growing out of Mr. Grip's two articles, I fell into an "after dinner sleep" in which things got considerably muddled. Burns whispered in my ear his version of Solomon;—

"The rigid righteous is ae fule,
"The rigid wise anither,"

and Tom Moore sang about the way in which the Regent was responsibly advised to supply the want of gold and silver fishes

* *See Notes*

in a mimic rivulet which was to run down the middle of the table at a right Royal *fête* :—

"Some sprats had been by Yarmouth's wish
Promoted into silver fish,
And *gudgeons*, so Vansittart told
The Regent, were as good as gold."

And then I fancied myself at a representation of the "Pinafore,"," and Little Buttercup "mixed up" the Rag Baby with the others, and she and Captain Corcoran sang the famous duet in which she mystifies him, as the R. B.'s nurses would the public, in this wise:

L. B.—"Things are seldom what they seem;
Some soft-headed members deem
Rags as good as sterling gold,
Being so by Wallace told."

CAPT. C.— "Very true,—so they do,"

L, B.—"Busts the bubble, stops the mill,
Rags go nearly down to *nil;*
Call the Baby what you will,
It is but a swindle still?"

CAPT. C.— "Yes, I know,—that is so"

The loud chord at the end of this verse woke me up, and thinking over my dreams, I came to the conclusion that Vansittart was perhaps right, and that for certain political, financial and theological purposes—

"Gudgeons *are* as good as gold."

But it occured also to me, that perhaps our bank-law reformers are for amending in the wrong place, when they make the security of the bank note their main object. There has been very little, if any, eventual loss on the notes of failing banks. The losses have fallen mainly on the shareholders, and have been occasioned by defaulting and unfaithful or negligent officers or directors, and for these, a higher standard of morality, a

sterner sense of duty, and a strong public opinion, are the best, if not the only remedies

"You yourself have said it,
And it's greatly to your credit,'

that you have done so.

Yours with profound respect.

Anti-Rag.

SIR GEORGE CARTIER AND THE CIVIL CODE.*

CANADA LAW JOURNAL, 1 April, 1885.

WE have been reminded pleasantly, but a little reproachfully, that our columns have never contained a tribute to the memory of the late Sir George Cartier, an eminent statesman and lawyer, under whose auspices, as Attorney-General for Lower Canada, the Civil Code of that Province—the first work of the kind ever attempted in Canada—was projected, drafted, and brought into force as law in 1866. A lawyer who loved his profession and its professors, and its supporters too, for his favourite toast at a Bar dinner was "The Client," adding a few words in praise of that always welcome personnage. We are going to try to remedy this omission in our present number by the insertion of two articles, the first by a hand which will not be supected of flattery, and the other by an old and valued contributor of ours, a lover of our deceased brother in the law, the most English of French Canadians, —an Englishman speaking French.

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* *See Notes.*

The first extract, taken from a recent issue of *The Week*, is as follows :—

Sir George Cartier, whose statute was unveiled the other day by his old friend and colleague, Sir John Macdonald, may be classed among the best representatives of French Canadians. More perhaps than any other of our public men he combined in his own person the theoretical and the practical Reformer. In his career were seen strong marks of the rude transition from the oligarchical to the constitutional system. Against the former, at an age when the blood is hot and wisdom young, he fought at St. Denis, where discipline prevailed over ill-armed enthusiasm; and he found refuge in exile with a price upon his head. The belief was for some time general, that in his attempt to escape he had perished miserably in the woods. Exile did not sour his temper, and when, the storm having blown over, he returned, no one was jealous of the distinguished young advocate, who was only known for the hair-brained adventure in which he had taken part, and in which nothing but defeat had ever been possible; and no one in his wildest dreams saw in the returned exile the future Premier, no one had any interest in curbing his ambition and holding him back. Cartier did not, like Papineau, in 1848, look to France for a model; he accepted in good faith the new Constitution, and determined to make the best of it. The redeeming point in the Conquest of 1760 was, in his estimation, that it saved Canada from the misery and the infamies of the French Revolution. Though he bore his part in carrying the leading measures of his time, Cartier's best monument is to be found in the Code of Civil Law and the Code of Procedure: a code common to the whole country was an achievement impossible to our public men. In the first he saw the individuality and the nationality of his race and his Province. He used to say, half in jest and half in earnest, though he could not seriously have believed the prediction, that Ontario would one day borrow the civil code from her French neighbour. A French-speaking Englishman, as he would on occasion call himself, he settled in favour of his race the long-contested question of which law should prevail in the Eastern Townships, French or English, with the result that the French population which was before gaining ground, bids fair entirely to swamp the English in a region where Lord John Russell thought it desirable to build up a rampart of English colonists between the French settlements and the American frontier: a project founded on a state of things which has entirely passed away. Judicial decentralization in Quebec was one of Cartier's most difficult achievements; the local opposition aroused by divi-

ding the Province into nineteen new judicial districts being of the most formidable nature. When in 1857 he succeeded Dr. Taché as leader of the Conservatives of Lower Canada, Cartier breaking through the narrow limits of party, took two Liberals, M. Sicotte and M. Belleau, into the Cabinet, and made overtures to M. Dorion which the Liberal Chief was not able to accept. On the Lysons Militia Bill his immediate followers, yielding to vague fears among their constituents of the conscription, not less than the great increase of expense, deserted in numbers, leaving him with only a small minority at his back. A good Catholic, he had yet the courage to defend the rights of the State against the encroachments of Bishop Bourget, at a time when the Bishop's influence was omnipotent; an act of duty which cost him his seat for Montreal. He saw the beginning and the end of the Legislative Union which he cordially accepted and assisted in working, and which when it had served its purpose he was among the first to assist in superseding by the Confederation. Whatever success he attained was due in a large measure to hard labour and perseverance; for the first fifteen years of his public life he was, when not disturbed, as he was often, chained to his desk fifteen hours a day; and for thirty years fancied that to get through his task he must labour seven days a week.

The other article appeared as a letter in an Ottawa paper some weeks since:—

Two Ministers, who had been his colleagues and knew him well, spoke at the unveiling of the statute of the late Sir George Cartier, and eloquently and lovingly eulogized his qualities as a statesman and the great services he rendered to our country; and he deserved their praise, for no man ever worked more earnestly and impartially for the welfare of Canada and of Canadians of every race and creed. Here in Ottawa he will be long remembered for his kindly geniality; and very many of our citizens and visitors will recollect the pleasant evenings at his house on Metcalfe street, when arranging his guests in make-believe canoes, with make-believe paddles in their hands, he would sing and make them join in his favourite boat song, with the *refrain* of which Sir John, in concluding his speech, so happily apostrophised his old friend and colleague. I feel sure that they, and all who knew Sir George, will join Sir John in saying from their hearts as I do—

"Il a longtemps que je t'aime,
Jamais je ne t'oublierai."

Not through the statue which his country's love
Hath to his honour raised, but through the deeds
And qualities which won that love, shall he,
The patriot whom we mourn, forever live
In true Canadian hearts of every race.
And chiefly through his strong and steadfast will
That difference of race, or creed or tongue,
Should not divide Canadians, but that all
Should be one people striving for one end,
The common good of all. His country stretched
From Louisbourg to far Vancouver's Isle,
And claimed and had his patriot love and care.
And thus he won a high and honoured place
Among the worthiest of his name and race.

G. W. W.

LA STATUE DE CARTIER.

Voyez, dans ce bronze fidèle,
Fait pour triompher des autans,
Celui qui servait de modèle
Aux patriotes de son temps!
Il reparait, superbe dans sa force,
Dressant un front qui n'a jamais plié.
Cœur généreux, "chêne à la rude écorce."
Le Canadien ne l'a pas oublié,
Ne l'a pas oublié!

Venu de l'époque lointaine
Où l'intrigue opprimait le droit,
Cet héritier de Lafontaine
Nous affranchit d'un joug étroit.
Grand ouvrier dans la tâche commune,
Avec ardeur il a sacrifié
Santé, repos, et bonheur et fortune.
Le Canadien ne l'a pas oublié.
Ne l'a pas oublié!

Le souci de la politique
N'altèra jamais sa gaîté,
Souvent la verve poétique
Chez lui brillait en liberté.
Et, bout en train, type de Jean-Baptiste,
Comme il chantait l'amour et l'amitié!
L'humble couplet nous révèle un artiste.
Le Canadien ne l'a pas oublié,
Ne l'a pas oublié!

CARTIER'S STATUE.

Here in enduring bronze
Proof against time and storm,
Stands he, "the mark and glass"
Of patriots of his time!
A head to frame his country's laws,
A brow that never blanched with fear,
A generous man,—a "rough barked oak."
Whom Canada has not forgot,
Will not forget!

Born in that long past time
When intrigue baffled right;
True heir of Lafontaine
He broke our galling yoke.
Brave toiler for the common good,
Without regret he sacrificed
Health, pleasure, fortune, rest.
Him Canada has not forgot,
Will not forget!

The wearing cares of state
Checked not his gaiety;
His pleasant strains of verse
Flowed often bright and free.
And once set off, true type of Jean-Baptiste,
How well he sang of love and friendship's charm;
His modest rhymes the artist's skill reveal,
Whom Canada has not forgot,
Will not forget!

Près des souvenirs que j'honore,
Son image est dans ma maison ;
Il convient d'applaudir encore
Son esprit ferme et sa raison.
A la jeunesse il enseigne l'histoire,
Car son destin fut le plus envié.
Nous l'avons mis au temple de mémoire.
Le Canadien ne l'a pas oublié
Ne l'a pas oublié !

BENJAMIN SULTE.

OTTAWA, Janvier 1885.

'Mid treasures highest prized,
His portrait decks my home;
Good is it that we love to praise
His steadfast will, by reason ruled.
His story teaches virtue to our youth,
For his the path that all should strive to tread:
In memory's temple still he lives enshrined.
Him Canada has not forgot,
Will not forget!

G. W. W.

FORS L'HONNEUR.*

C'est par un soir humide et triste de l'automne.
Dans les plis du brouillard, la plainte monotone
Du St.-Laurent se mêle aux murmures confus
Des chênes et des pins dont les dômes touffus
Couronnent les hauteurs de l'ile Sainte-Hélène.
Au loin tout est lugubre ; on sent comme une haleine
De mort flotter partout dans l'air froid de la nuit.
Au zénith nuageux pas un astre ne luit.
Tout devrait reposer ; pourtant, sur l'ile sombre,
A certaines lueurs qui se meuvent dans l'ombre,
On croirait entrevoir, vaguement dessinés,
—Groupes mystérieux partout disséminés,
Et se serrant la main avec des airs funèbres,
Comme des spectres noirs rôder dans les ténèbres.

Tout à coup, sur le fond estompé des massifs,
Et teignant d'or le fût des vieux ormes pensifs,
Dans les pétillements attisés par la brise,
Et les craquements sourds du bois sec qui se brise,
Eclatent les rougeurs d'un immense brasier
Prenant pour piédestal l'affut d'un obusier ;
Un homme, au même instant, domine la clairière :
A son aspect, un bruit de fanfare guerrière
Retentit ; du tambour les lointains roulements
Se confondent avec les brefs commandements
Qui prompts et saccadés, se croisent dans l'espace.
Place ! c'est la rumeur d'un bataillon qui passe.
Un autre bataillon le suit, et, tour à tour,
On voit les régiments former leurs rangs autour
Du rougeoyant brasier dont les lueurs troublantes
Eclairent vaguement ces masses ambulantes,
A chaque baïonnette allumant un éclair.

* *See Notes.*

ALL LOST BUT HONOUR.

Wet, dark and sad comes on the autumn night;
Through the thick mist the river's murmuring sound
Blends with the rustling of the oaks and pines
Crowning St. Helen's Isle; and far and near
The landscape saddens, and the heavy air
In the chill night feels as if charged with death.
No star the zenith brightens, and o'er all
Quiet should reign: but on the sombre Isle
Faint, wavering lights that flicker in the dark,
Make dimly visible mysterious groups
Scattered around with clasped hands as if
Black spectres moved about in darkness there.

Sudden against the back ground of thick woods,
And tipping as with gold the pendent elms,
Amid the rustling sound of rising wind
And crackling as of dry wood breaking up,
Burst forth bright flames as from a furnace based
Upon the broad black carriage of a gun:
A man stands forth and dominates the scene,
On whose appearing warlike sounds are heard;
The distant roll of drums blends with the brief
Prompt, sharp command;—Make room!—They come,
Battalions followed by battalions pass;
Each following each the regiments surround
The glowing furnace whose bright flames illume
The moving mass, until each bayonet seems
To bear the lightning's flash upon its point.

Alors, couvrant le bruit, un timbre mâle et clair,
Où vibre je ne sais quel tremblement farouche,
Résonne, et répétés tout bas de bouche en bouche,
Parmi les cliquetis, les clameurs et le vent,
Laisse tomber ces mots :—.

—Les drapeaux en avant !

Arrêtons-nous devant cette page d'histoire.

*

Nos conquérants étaient maîtres du territoire.
Cerné dans Montréal, le marqnis de Vaudreuil,
Après plus de sept ans de luttes et de deuil,
Après plus de sept ans de gloire et de souffrance,
Ne voyant arriver aucun secours de France.
Le désespoir au cœur, avait capitulé.
L'orgueilleux ennemi même avait stipulé,
—La rougeur à ma joue, hélas ! en monte encore,—
Que le lendemain même, au lever de l'aurore,
Nos défenseurs, parqués comme de vils troupeaux,
Au général anglais remettraient leurs drapeaux.
Leurs drapeaux !...

Ces drapeaux dont le pli fier et libre
Durant un siècle avait soutenu l'équilibre
Contre le monde entier, sur tout un continent !
Ces drapeaux dont le vol encore tout frissonnant
Du choc prodigieux des grands tournois épiques,
Cent ans avait jeté, des pôles aux tropiques,
Son ombre glorieuse au front des bataillons !
Ces drapeaux dont chacun des sublimes haillons,
Noir de poudre, rougi de sang, couvert de gloire,
Cachait dans ses lambeaux quelque nom de victoire !
Ces étandards poudreux qui naguère, là-bas,
Sous les murs de Québec, avaient de cent combats
Couronné le dernier d'un triomphe suprême !
Ces insignes sacrés, il fallait, le soir même,

Then rises o'er the tumult clear and stern
A voice that all obey, and the command
From mouth to mouth repeated, sounds above
The clamour of the crowd and roar of wind:—

"The colours to the Front!"—

Here let us pause

And briefly scan a page of history.

*

Our conquerors were masters of the ground;—
Close pent in Montreal, the brave Vaudreuil,
After seven years of glory and of suffering,
Seeing no hope of succour sent by France.
Heart-broken by despair, capitulated;
And the proud enemy had stipulated,
(Shame makes my cheek burn while I mention it)
That on the following morn. at break of day,
Our brave defenders, penned like timid sheep,
Should into English hands deliver up
Their colours—colours whose folds proud and free,
Had for a century held their own against
A world in arms, throughout a continent!
Whose onward sweep, still bearing the impress
Of the great epic contests of the past,
During a hundred years, from pole to line,
Bore them in front of conquering battalions;
And upon every glorious rag of which,
Blackened by powder, red with blood, was stamped
The proud memorial of some victory!
Those colours, battle-stained, which at Quebec
Had left the latest of a hundred fights
Triumphantly,—to them there must be said

Leur faire pour toujours d'humiliants adieux !
Indigné, révolté par ce pacte odieux,
Lévis, ce dernier preux de la grande épopée,
Le regard menaçant, la main sur son épée,
S'était levé soudain, et sans long argument,
Contre l'insulte avait protesté fièrement.
Vingt mille Anglais sont là qui campent dans la plaine,
Lui n'a plus qu'un débris d'armée à Sainte Hélène :
N'importe ! les soldats français ont su jadis
Plus d'une fois combattre et vaincre un contre dix !
La France, indifférente, au sort nous abandonne :
N'importe encore ! on meurt quand le devoir l'ordonne !
Il veut, sans compromis, résister jusqu'au bout.
Il se retirera dans l'île, et là, debout
A son poste, en héros luttera sans relâche.

—Dans mes rangs, disait-il, il n'est pas un seul lâche !
Ne prêtez pas la main à ce honteux marché ;
Je puis, huit jours au moins, dans mon camp retranché,
Avec mes bataillons tenir tête à l'orage ;
Et si la France encor, trompant notre courage,
Refuse d'ici là le secours imploré,
Dans un combat fatal, sanglant, désespéré,
Tragique dénoûment d'une antique querelle,
Nous saurons lui montrer comment on meurt pour elle !

Vaudreuil signa pourtant. Refuser d'obéir,
C'était plus que de braver la mort, c'était trahir.
—Trahir ! avait pensé le guerrier sans reproche...

Et c'est lui, qui dans l'ombre, avant que l'aube approche,
A ses soldats émus, dans la nuit se mouvant,
Avait jeté ce cri ;—Les drapeaux en avant !
Allait-il les livrer ? Allait-il, à la face

That night, with shame and grief a last adieu!
Indignant at the odious compromise,
Lévis, the truest knight of that dark time,
Fire in his eyes, his hand upon his sword,
Rose sudden, and without long argument
Against the insult proudly made protest.
Upon the plain were twenty thousand foes
Encamped;—the ruins of an army all
He had upon St. Helen's Isle;—no matter,—
Soldiers of France had often fought before
With ten to one against them,—and had won.
If France uncaring leaves us to our fate,
No matter still,—We die when duty calls.
His voice was for resistance to the death:
Withdrawing to the Island, there would he
Stand firm and fight, a hero to the last.

"Within my ranks no coward can be found!
"Yield not one jot to this contract of shame.
"I can, eight days at least, in camp entrenched
"With my brave comrades stand against the storm;
"And then, if France deceiving our fond hope,
"Still fails to send the succour we implore,
"In one great battle, bloody, desperate,
"The tragic closing of an ancient feud,
"We'll show her we know how to die for her."

Yet Vaudreuil signed. Refusal to obey
Were worse than death—were treason to his chief;
So thought our warrior irreproachable,—

And in the dark hours that precede the dawn,
He to his soldiers stirring in the night
Gave that command,—"The colours to the front!"
To give them up? Would he before the eyes

De ses vieux compagnons—honte que rien n'efface—
Souiller son écusson d'un opprobre éternel ?
On attendait navré le moment solennel.
Lévis s'avance alors. Dans son œil énergique,
Où le feu du brasier met un reflet tragique,
Malgré son calme, on sent trembler un pleur brûlant.
Vers les drapeaux en deuil l'homme marche à pas lent,
Et, pendant que la main de l'histoire burine,
Lui, les deux bras croisés sur sa vaste poitrine,
Devant ces fiers lambeaux où tant de gloire a lui,
Longtemps et fixement regarde devant lui.
Dans le fond de son cœur il évoquait sans doute,
Tous les morts généreux oubliés sur la route,
Où, le pli tout baigné de reflets éclatants,
Ces guidons glorieux marchaient depuis cent ans.
Enfin, comme s'il eut entendu leur réponse,
Pendant que son genou dans le gazon s'enfonce,
Refoulant ses sanglots, dévorant son affront,
Sur les fleurs de lys d'or il incline son front,
Et dans l'émotion d'une étreinte dernière,
De longs baisers d'adieu couvre chaque bannière...

—Et maintenant, dit-il, mes enfants, brûlez-les,
Avant qu'une autre main ne les livre aux Anglais!

Alors, spectacle étrange et sublime, la foule,
Ondulant tout à coup comme une vaste houle,
S'agenouille en silence ; et solennellement,
Dans le bucher sacré, qui sur le firmament,
Avec des sifflements rauques comme des râles,
Détache en tourbillons ses sanglantes spirales,
Parmi les flamboiements d'étincelles, parmi
Un flot de cendre en feu par la braise vomi,
Sous les yeux du héros grave comme un apôtre,

Of his old comrades, work such deed of shame?
Soil his escutcheon with so foul a blot?
Heart-broken they awaited the dreaded word.
Lévis comes forward; in his kindling eye
Reflecting the fierce blaze, his soldiers see,
Despite his calm, a scalding tear;—towards
The colours draped in black, with a slow step
He marches, and while History's muse records
His act, he with his arms crossed on his breast,
Fronting the colours with such glory crown'd,
Stands looking on them long and fixedly.
His thought, no doubt, invokes th' heroic dead
Left on the fields, where, throwing back the light
From off their ample folds, these glorious guides
Were borne before them for a hundred years.
And then, as if their answer he had heard,—
Kneeling upon the turf, stifling his sobs,
And striving to control his mighty grief,
He bows upon the golden fleurs de lys,
And in the agony of a last embrace
Covers each flag with kisses of farewell.

"Now burn them, boys, before another hand
Can give them up unto our English foes."

Then, sight sublime and strange, like a vast wave
Sinking in silence, knelt that warrior band,
And solemnly into the sacred fire,
Which, amid sounds as of death rattle, shot
Spirals of blood-red flame in eddying whirls
Into the firmament,—amid the rush
Of glowing ashes, one by one were thrown,
Under the hero's eye, grave as a saint's,

Chaque drapeau français tomba l'un après l'autre !

Quelques crépitements de plus, et ce fut tout.

Alors, de Montréal, de Longueuil, de partout,
Les postes ennemis crurent, dans la rafale,
Entendre une clameur immense et triomphale :
C'étaient les fiers vaincus qui, tout espoir détruit,
Criaient : *Vive la France !* aux échos de la nuit.

O Lévis ! ô soldats de cette sombre guerre !
Si vous avez pu voir les hontes de naguère,
Que n'êtes vous soudain sortis de vos tombeaux,
Et, vengeurs, secouant les augustes lambeaux
De vos drapeaux en feu, dans votre sainte haine,
Venus en cravacher la face de Bazaine !

LOUIS FRÉCHETTE.

Montreal, avril 1884.

La Patrie, 24 juin 1884.

The colours he had loved so long and well!

Some few slight cracklings more, and all was done!

From Montreal, Longueuil, and every point
The hostile posts believed that in the storm
They heard loud sounds of Triumph; 'twas the shout
Of the proud vanquished, who in their despair
Cried to night's answering echoes, "Vive la France!"

O Lévis! O brave men of that sad war!
If you beheld the shame of later days,
Why did you not, arising from your tombs
And wielding vengefully the sacred shreds
Of burning flags, in consecrated hate,
Smite the dishonoured face of false Bazaine!

G. W. Wicksteed.

Ottawa, June, 1884.

Montreal Gazette, 19 July, 1884.

VICTORIA, R.

1837. JUBILATE.* 1887.

God save the Queen!—From millions of true hearts
And loyal lips rings out the patriot hymn,
Throughout the widest Empire earth has known:—
For she, descendant of a Royal line,
Holding her crown by strictest rule of law,
Hath yet a better title,—royal worth,
And that divinest right— her people's love.—

And God hath heard the prayer:—no fifty years
In England's story match this peerless reign:
Her laws, her language, her true liberty,
Spurning the tyranny of king or mob,
Helping the right and battling with the wrong,
Her hardy sons have planted in far lands
Savage and wild and waste before, and there
Have founded colonies which shall become
The seats of mighty Empire yet to be;—
In the unbounded West of Canada,
Where the red Indian roamed the prairie wide,
Or dense and pathless woods, and tribe with tribe
Waged savage, unrelenting murderous war;—
Or in Australia's semi-continent;
Or in dark Africa by Congo's stream
Or new found sources of the ancient Nile,—
Or whereso'er adventurous daring led,
Or tempting prospect of extended trade,
Or Christian love could hope to plant the cross.

The "gorgeous East" has bowed to British rule,
And her barbaric kings and potentates
Have hailed Victoria's benignant sway

* *See Notes.*

And crowned her India's Empress—British men
With gentle art have taught the dusky race
By bright example how our juster laws
And kindlier customs, raise the human soul
To loftier virtue and a nobler life.

Science and art and careful statesmanship
Have joined to glorify Victoria's reign,
And spread her Empire. Britain's pioneer
In his lone hut amid the wildest scenes
Of Asia or Africa, feels his lot
Softened and smoothed by rapid intercourse
With loved and loving friends in distant home,
By letter or by message lightning borne,
Putting "a girdle round about the world,"
Swifter than Ariel's flight could compass it;—
Or picture traced without a painter's hand
And true as painter's skill hath ever made:
And yet within the exile's slender means,
And travelling safely in a letter's folds;
Drawn by God's purest agent holy light,
Which to the eye of science hath unveiled
The mystery of the universe,—one law
Prevading all creation, yet combined
With infinite diversity of form,
Beauty and life and happiness, and all
The infinite variety of good.—

These are the triumphs of her reign, to these
She gave all kind encouragement and aid,
Assisting and assisted by the man
"Bearing the white flower of a blameless life"
She chose as consort of her life and throne.
The glory of a virtuous life, is hers,—
Her duty done as daughter, wife and mother,—

Her court, the home of purity and honour,
Her faithful truth to him she loved and lost,
Her life devotion to her people's good.
And true observance of her sacred vow
To rule in strict conformity to law.—
Defender of the faith, she held it right
To act as Christian faith enjoined,—and kept
Her coronation oath inviolate.

And therefore,—Canada, which from her hand
Received self government in freest form,
And Ottawa to which she gave the palm,
As the Queen city of this fair Dominion;—
With Loyal hearts of every race or creed,
Within her Empire's wide circumference,
Join in the patriot prayer,—God save the Queen.

G. W. WICKSTEED.

OTTAWA, 21 June, 1887.

A NATIONAL ANTHEM.

Editor of THE CITIZEN,

SIR—When I was a young man (in 1878) I ventured to write a National Anthem for Canada. Though there were plenty of very pretty songs about "Canada First" and woods and lakes and maple leaves and beavers, I thought, they wanted concentration, and were not *singable* to any tune the people knew. Lord Dufferin was pleased to call my anthem "excellent": Sir John said he wished it could be sung in every Canadian home; and Lord Lorne and Sir George thoroughly shared my wish for cordial amity among Canadians of every race and creed. I should be glad to see it, with its little addendum, in THE CITIZEN when our city keeps its double holiday in honour of the Queen's Jubilee and the Birthday of our Dominion. If I were an M. P. and an orator, I would conjure Canadians of all our nationalities.—

By Erin's Harp and Shamrock green,—
By bonnie Scotland's Tartan sheen,—
By England's Rose—by Britain's Queen,—
By the red cross their fathers bore
To victory on every shore.—
By Gallia's glorious tricolor;—

to join heartily in the prayer with which I conclude. There must be parties, I suppose, and they must fight over the loaves and fishes; and when the fight is done,

"And they who win at length divide the prey," (*Corsair.*)

there may be some mild differences of opinion among the winners as to their respective shares, and the manner in which the said prey can be best divided—for the advantage of the country. But all parties agree that the Yankees must not have the "fishes," without a fair compensation, in which all Canadians shall have an equal share.

THE ANTHEM.

1867 JUBILATE ET AMATE CANADENSES. 1887

God save the land we love,
Shower blessings from above
On Canada:

Let her fair fame extend,
Her progress never end,
In her two nations blend,
Britain and France.

Each has a glorious name
High on the roll of Fame:—
NOBLESSE OBLIGE:—

May we be noble too,
Nobly to think and do,
All to each other true,
And to our Queen.

Fast joined in heart and hand,
Proud of their goodly land,
And of their Sires,—

Let all Canadians then,
Gaul, Gael, or British men
Sing, with a loud Amen,

"Shall not thou and I, Kate, between St. Denis and St. George, compound a boy half French half English, that shall go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard?—"

"That Englishmen may French, French Englishmen,
"Receive as brethren,—God speak this Amen.
Shakespeare, Henry V., Act 5.

God save the Queen.
Vive la Reine.
Dhia sabhoil a Banrigh.
AMEN.

"And thus shall Canada, which from her hand
Received self government in freest form,
And Ottawa to which she gave the palm,
As the Queen city of this fair Dominion;—
With loyal hearts of every race or creed,
Within her Empire's wide circumference,
Join in the patriot prayer,—God save the Queen."

OTTAWA, 1st July, 1887.

G. W. WICKSTEED.

NOTE.—"I do not want the walls of separation between different orders of Christians, *or Nationalities*, to be destroyed, but only lowered, that we may shake hands a little easier over them."

The words in Italics are mine, the rest are those of the Revd. Rowland Hill; and very good words they are.

NOTES TO THE FOREGOING WAIFS.

These notes are repeated without alteration from the copy of the WAIFS printed in Nov., 1887, and must therefore be read as written and speaking at that date, and not at that of the present Reprint.

APOLOGY.—Page viii.

Some of my readers may not know the short poem in question or its tragic sequel:—The words are

"When taken, to be well shaken."

The attendant, not having graduated under Miss Nightingale, applies them to the patient instead of to the physic. The Doctor inquires after the effect of his prescription and learns the fact; the consequence is dramatically told in the following dialogue:

What! shake a patient, man;—a shake won't do.
—No, Sir, and so we gave him two.—
Two shakes,—Odd's curse.
'Twould make a patient worse!
It did so, Sir, and so a third we tried.
Well, and what then?—Then, Sir, my master died.

The poem was short and clear; but the clearest and best writings are liable to misinterpretation. Think of Galileo, and of the authority adduced for bishop-burning and the Inquisition. Even my Waifs might be misinterpreted, but for the great intelligence and kindness of my readers.

"THOU ENGLAND ART MY COUNTRY AND MY HOME."—Page 10.

This was written fifty-seven years ago. Since then I have been constantly resident in this Country, and have learned "not to love England less, but to love Canada more." I married in Canada, and my children are Canadians by birth. I was born at Liverpool, in December, 1799, My father was a member of the Cheshire and Shropshire family of our name. My mother of a Lancashire family, by name Tatlock. I came to Canada, in 1821, on the invitation of my uncle, Mr. Fletcher, who was soon afterwards appointed Judge of the then new District of

St. Francis, and remained so for 22 years, until his decease in 1844. I had studied mechanlcal engineering in England, and was for some time employed in work connected with that profession. The *gout du premier métier* is not quite extinguished in me, and I still take great interest in engineering matters. But in 1825 I commenced the study of the law under the late Col. Gugy, to whose family I had been introduced in 1821, by the late Mr. Andrew Stuart. In the fall of 1828, I entered the service of the Legislative Assembly of L. C. as Assistant Law Clerk, Mr. Willan, Col. Gugy's brother-in-law, being my principal. He was afterwards made Clerk ot the Crown and Peace, and Mr. William Green became my chief; he died of cholera in 1832, and was succeeded by the Honble. Hugues Heney, who eventually got into trouble with the House, *by becoming an Executive Councillor*, and was removed; the late Mr. Etienne Parent was appointed in his stead, but never acted;—the times of trouble came on, the Constitution was suspended, and the Special Council for L. C. constituted: and after some time I became one of its officers under the Attorney-General, Mr. Ogden. In 1841, on motion of Mr. John Neilson, I was appointed Law Clerk and Chief English Translator to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Canada :—and in 1867 to the same office in the House of Commons of Canada, and I hold it still. In 1841 I was appointed, with the Honble. Mr. Heney and Mr. A. Buchanan, a Commissioner for revising the Statutes and Ordinances of Lower Canada, with the present Mr. Justice Johnson for our Secretary. In 1854 His Excellency the Earl of Elgin gave me my silk gown. In 1856 I was appointed with Sir J. B. Macaulay, Ex. C. J., and five other gentlemen from Upper Canada, and Messrs. A. Polette, R. MacKay, A. Stuart and T. J. J. Loranger, (all now Judges,) and Mr. Geo. De Boucherville, (now Clerk of the Legislative Council,) from Lower Canada, a Commissioner to "examine, revise, consolidate and classify" the Public General Statutes of Canada. The Upper Canada Commissioners undertook the Statutes affecting their Province, and the Lower Canada those affecting theirs, all the Commissioners undertakinc those affecting the whole of Canada. The three Volumes were reported to the Legislature in 1859 and 1860, examined and passed, the Governor being authorized to cause the Statutes of the Session to be incorporated with the work of the Commissioners; which was done for Upper Canada by the Hon. Sir James Macaulay, one of the Commissioners,—for Lower Canada by me,—and for all Canada by Sir James and me jointly. In 1864-5 I was a Commissioner with Ex-Chancellor Blake and Mr. Justice Day for fixing the remuneration to be paid by the Government to the several Railway Companies for the carriage of the Mails. These Commissions were official or professional. In Lower Canada I had been one of the Commissioners for building the Parliament House at Quebec, and for divers other public works. On the death of Mr. Lindsay, Senior, Sir Geo. Cartier offered me the Clerkship of the Legislative

Assembly, but told me the Government would prefer my remaining in my then position, which he considered at least as important. He promised that it should be made equally good in rank and emolument; and it was made so accordingly. I have been twice married in Canada, first to the second daughter of John Gray, first President of the Bank of Montreal, and secondly to the eldest daughter of Captain John Fletcher of H. M. 72nd Regiment, then an officer of H. M. Imperial Customs at Quebec: and I have been a householder in each of the five Cities which have been the Seats of Government. I think, therefore, that I may now fairly call myself a Canadian, without ceasing to remember that I am English born. I write this brief memoir for the information of my children and my younger or newer friends.

The Fancy Ball at Rideau.—Page 48.

The little article on Lord Dufferin's Ball is out of place as to date, but its subject is so cognate to the *Fancy* Ball in the Parliament House at Quebec that the anachronism may be pardoned. The *Fancy* singers at the Quebec Ball were all officers of the Lower Town Volunteers. Lord Gosford was himself the most good-natured and jolliest of Governors and of hosts.

The "Inconstants."

H. M. S. "*Inconstant*" was really the loveliest vessel of the twelve; and though the officers of all the ships were, as sailor officers always are, high in favor with the ladies, yet somehow the "Inconstants" stood first. Possibly there was a charm in the name.

Quebec Transcript.—Pages 69 and 76.

The Transcript was a very nice little literary paper edited by my friend Mrs. Grant, of the "Stray Leaves," and her sister, (the M. K. of page 78,) and printed by Mr. T Donoghue, their brother; but it was before the age and died young, as things fair and fragile will do.

Page 74.

"The Lord of high pretence" was of course Lord Durham, who kindly commuted the sentence of some of the rebels, and sent them to Bermuda, where of course they were released on *habeas corpus*, and the Lord was called over the coals in Parliament. "Good Sir John" was Sir John Colborne who put down the rebellion with a firm but merciful hand.

Page 93.

The Hon. John Neilson, to whose memory I have here paid the tribute of a few lines, was the first Editor of a Canadian newspaper in English, dating I think from 1769. He enjoyed the perfect confidence of the French Canadians, and represented the County of Quebec in the Legislative Assembly until he opposed the 92 resolutions and the violent measures then resorted to, and lost his election; but he was again restored to favor and elected to the Parliament of United Canada in 1841, a sobered man as to some of his former opinions, but a true patriot and a firm supporter of free institutions. He was ever my good friend. I have put into the mouths of others what I myself felt on losing him, but I know that they felt as I did.

"Her sons have abandoned their errors and shame." —Page 98.

After Lord Elgin gave the Royal Assent to the *Rebellion Losses Bill*, and the consequent burning of the Parliament House, the annexation feeling became very strong in Montreal, even among the formerly most loyal citizens, and the removal of the Seat of Government did not tend to allay it. It died out gradually, and is now extinct in Montreal as in the rest of Canada.

Page 100.

I have referred to this little squib in my "Apology." The Seigniorial Act was passed in 1854. Mr. Drummond brought it in and very ingeniously contrived the Seigniorial Court, which finally settled the disputed points relative to the tenure. Mr. Dunkin most ably and zealously explained and defended the rights of the Seigniors, and I, with the potent aid of Mr. Hincks, succeeded in getting the *lods et ventes* abolished, the Seigniors being compensated on equitable terms

out of provincial funds. Mr. Drummond and his friends wished to apply the government aid to the reduction of the heavy rents exacted by some Seigniors, but these, if unlawful, could be reduced by the Court: the *lods et ventes*, a fine of one-twelfth of the value, *not of the land alone* but of *all buildings and improvements on it*, were perfectly lawful, but a hindrance to all improvement and to all free dealing with the land, while they were a constant source of attempted fraud on the Seignior and of vexation to tenants: and no fair terms of compensation by the tenants for their abolition could be contrived, because while they bore so heavily on those who wished to improve or were willing or compelled to sell their lands, they were not felt by others who had their lands from their fathers and meant to leave them to their children. Mr. Drummond for some time opposed the amendment but eventually acceded to it. The Act went into force and was perfectly successful; so completely was every difficulty removed under its operation, that in the Act passed in 1856 for codifying the Laws of Lower Canada, the Commissioners were forbidden to say anything of the Seigniorial Tenure.

"The great ten thousand pounder Hincks."—Page 105.

It is, I hope, unnecessary to say, that this has no reference whatever to Mr. Hincks' income or fortune, but simply to the tremendous weight of metal he carried, and the great initial velocity he could give it. Sir John Macdonald brought in the Clergy Reserves Bill and carried it, with the very efficient aid of Mr. Hincks, then an independent member and not in the coalition administration. "Let both divide the Crown," for both deserve it.—The whole Civil Service of Canada owes a deep debt of gratitude to Sir Francis Hincks for the Superannuation Act, an invaluable boon to every member of the service, and not the less so to the Government when wisely used,—as of course it will always be. I never assisted with greater pleasure in preparing any Bill than this.

H. M. Ephemeral Government.—Page 108.

This was a Conservative *Coup d'Etat*. In his late Pamphlet "A Constitutional Governor" Mr. Todd records it thus:

"In 1858, upon the defeat of Mr. John A. Macdonald's ministry by an adverse vote in the Legislative Assembly upon the question of the Seat of

Government, the Governor General (Sir Edmund Head) appointed the Brown-Dorion Administration. Before the new Ministers had taken their seats, or announced their policy, the Legislative Assembly passed a Vote declaring a Want of Confidence in them. They requested the Governor to dissolve Parliament. His Excellency acknowledged his obligation 'to deal fairly with all political parties: but (he considered that) he had also a duty to perform to the Queen and the people of Canada, paramount to that which he owed to any one party; or to all parties whatsoever.' He therefore declined to dissolve Parliament at this juncture, for stated reasons, and especially because a General Election had already taken place within a year. Upon which Mr. Brown, on behalf of himself and his colleagues, resigned office, and the late administration was recalled."

But he does not give the picturesque movement from which the incident received (from its opponents) the name of "*The Double Shuffle.*"—The law which required that a member accepting office should resign and go to his constituents for re-election, had a proviso that this should not apply to Ministers resigning one office and accepting *another*, also ministerial, *within one month;* so while the game of "Fox and Geese" was in progress, a little game of "Puss in the Corner" was played on the other side;—each of the old ministers accepted another office than that he had before held, and then resigned *that* and accepted his old one again. And lo! each appeared in his old place in about a week: and there is no doubt that they were within the law. The question was mooted in the House (in the case of Mr. Sidney Smith) on the 7th July and decided in their favor. The same proviso is repeated in the Dominion Act 31 V. c. 25; but in the Bill of this Session (1878) words are added excepting the case of a change of Administration.

"Ninety Groats."—Page 109.

Equal to thirty shillings or six dollars, the daily pay of a member in those times,—expressed in terms cognate to the subject.

"Fellowes' Voters or a Feed, &c."—Page 111.

The Voters were of the *fancy* kind: the feeds, if not *quite* so, had at least the angelic quality of infrequency.

Old Christ Church.—Page 112.

A copy of this little poem lies in the hollow of the corner stone of the new Church. Archdeacon Lauder saw it in the *Times*, and liked it. Without knowing whose it was, he printed it at the end of his last sermon in the old Church, and the sermon and poem lie buried together in that stone.

Epitaph on By-Town.—Page 132.

Mr. Lett and I cannot be jealous of each other.—I don't know whether he likes my brevity, but I delight in his powers of amplification. His force and fire almost make one imagine he writes by steam, his engine being of course high pressure and *non-condensing*. But his sentiments are noble and patriotic, and his style earnest, vigorous and manly. *Magis magisque floreat.*

The White-Wash Bill and Amendments.—Page 132.

The House eventually passed the Bill, substantially in the form suggested by Mr. Verdant Green, without the Preamble, but with the Proviso "don't do so again"—Mr. Deep Black's amendment finding no seconder. Many members have since resigned under its provisions, and almost all of them have been re-elected. The Act says nothing about profits (if any) obtained by the violation of the law, leaving the question open, as a matter of conscience on which Honorable Members could scarcely have any doubt. Hamlet's Uncle had a very strong opinion on the point:—

> "Then I'll look up,—
> My fault is past—But oh what form of prayer
> Can serve my turn:—Forgive me my foul murder,—
> That cannot be, since still I am possessed
> Of those effects for which I did the murder,
> My Crown, mine own ambition and my Queen:—
> May one be pardoned and retain the offence?"
>
> Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 2.

C. A. V.—Page 133.

For the benefit of unprofessional gentlemen I explain, and for that of non-cerulean ladies I translate. The letters stand for *Curia Advisare Vult*, the court wishes to deliberate: and mean, that the judges are puzzled and don't exactly know what to say.

The Coup d'Etat—Page 132.

This was a Reform Coup d'Etat and a very clever one. It would never have done to allow Mr. Irving to make his report. Like the Conservative one immortalized on page 108 et sequ. it was perfectly within the law, and saved a wonderful amount of trouble and confusion.

Ottawa, St. George's Day, 23rd April, 1878.

Leap Year Valentine.—Page 139.

This may be useful in the present or any future *Leap Year*. it is very straightforward and effective, but requires to be used with caution, as it would certainly support an action for breach, if the lady should change her mind. The Queen or the heiress apparent has a perpetual Leap year, and proposes to whom she pleases, and in the latest case on record was gratefully accepted.

Something about Rag-money.—Page 140.

I have always had a horror of irredeemable paper, and helped, with pleasure, to demolish any little bill or scheme tending that way: and I have known M. P.'s with a leaning towards it. I must have had some attempt of the sort in my mind when I dreamt the dream I have recorded. Mr. Wallace was a ring leader in favor of the Rag.

In Memoriam—Sir George Etienne Cartier.—Page 142.

This Tribute to Sir George Cartier came warm from my heart.

"He was my friend, faithful and just to me."

The article from the "*Week*" is not mine, but is good, and I know it to be true. The French verses are from the graceful pen of Mr. Benjamin Sulte, of the Militia Department, an intimate friend of Sir George and a sincere mourner for his loss. The Ministers who spoke at the unveiling of the statue, were Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir Hector Langevin.

In Memoriam, Sept., 1760.—Page 150.

I read the original of this in the St. Jean Baptiste day's No. of *La Patrie* and thought it very good. And remembering Lord Byron's lines about Marceau,

"Our Enemy, but let not that forbid
"Honour to Marceau.—He kept,
"The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept."

I translated Dr. Frechette's tribute to our brave enemy, Lévis, and sent it to the author, who liked it and got it printed in *The Montreal Gazette*, and at the same time wrote and printed in *La Patrie* the following very kind and elegant notice of my "Waifs"—

Bibliographie.

Waifs in verse *by G. W. Wicksteed, Q. C. à Montréal, chez Lovell, 1878.*—Comme on le voit ce volume de vers n'est pas tout ce qu'il y a de plus récent. Mais l'auteur ne date pas d'hier non plus, puisqu'il a aujourd'hui plus de 84 ans.

Pour faire de la poésie jusqu'à cet âge, tout en s'occupant de compiler des statuts; (M. Wicksteed est ce qu'on appelle ici greffier en loi de la chambre des communes,) il faut avoir bien conservé la fraîcheur de ses illusions, et surtout avoir, comme lui, un talent très remarquable servi par un grand amour du travail.

M. Wicksteed a été attaché depuis plus de cinquante ans à notre Législature, à Québec, à Montréal, à Kingston, à Toronto, et à Ottawa. Toute notre histoire si accidentée, si dramatique, depuis 1830, s'est déroulée sous ses yeux.

Il fut l'ami de Papineau, de Viger, de Vallières et de Lafontaine. C'est lui qui traduisit les fameuses 92 *Résolutions*. Dans sa préface il rend ce témoignage aux patriotes de 1837: "Ils n'auraient pas dû se révolter, dit il; mais après tout ils luttaient pour obtenir ce que nous nous battrions tous aujourd'hui pour conserver." Ce mot peint admirablement l'esprit qui règne dans ce fin recueil de poésies détachées, où l'enthousiasme du patriote se mêle à la verve caustique du chansonnier, la note légèrement sentimentale avec la petite pointe du satiriste de bonne humeur. C'est là un petit volume fort intéressant sous bien des rapports, et pour lequel nous offrons nos plus sincères remerciements à l'auteur.—*La Patrie, 15 July, 1884.*

Dr. Frechette, is our best French Canadian Poet, tho' others are very good, and has been crowned as such in France. I was pleased at being "*laudatus à laudato*,"—and I may say, I hope without vanity, that I think his Poem and my translation, very fair contributions to French and English Canadian literature.

The Queen's Jubilee, 1837–87.—Page 160.

By the kind assistance of Mr. Johnson, of the *Ottawa Citizen*, my "Jubilate" appeared in it, on the morning of the 21st of June, the appointed day of Jubilee; and on that day, immediately after the morning Service in Christ Church, I had the pleasure of receiving the most kind congratulations of a great number of my friends, the very foremost of whom was the Honble. Sir Alexander Campbell, now

Lieut. Governor of Ontario; a circumstance which for many reasons highly gratified me. There was no "damning with faint praise,"—the congratulations were hearty and appreciative, and I was and am very thankful for them. His Excellency the Governor General very kindly sent the *Jubilate* home to be laid before the Queen; and subsequently wrote me word that he had been instructed by Her Majesty to convey Her thanks to me. The National Anthem and introductory letter appeared in the *Citizen* on *Dominion Day* the 1st of July, 1887.

APPENDIX.

STANDARD TIME.

EDITOR LAW JOURNAL,

SIR,

The difference of local time according to longitude having been found very inconvenient by the managers of railways in Canada and the United States, especially as to their time of tables, a conference of these gentlemen was held in 1883, at which it was decided to recommend for adoption a system of *standard time* by which railways should be run, each 15° of longitude (one hour in time) to form a time zone, within which all railways should be run by it; the time of the centre meridian of each zone being taken as the standard for the seven and a-half degrees on each side of it, and that of 75° of west longitude from Greenwich being chosen as the standard to be used by railways within the territory bounded by the meridians of 67½° and 82½°, including the Atlantic States and a large part of Canada. The same rule was to be observed for the whole distance across our continent. This system was nominally adopted by a very large majority of the American and Canadian railways. But it was found difficult to abide by it in some cases, in consequence of the sudden jump of an hour in time in passing from one time zone to another, as many railways in both countries must do; and it seems the Grand Trunk, Great Western and Canadian Pacific are each run into two time zones within Ontario, and the Intercolonial into two such zones in Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. There must be many railways in the United States which violate the conference rule in like manner, and this is a very great imperfection in the rule itself. But this is a matter for the consideration of the railway magnates themselves. The matter to which I desire to call your attention is the legal aspect of the case.

Many people (not lawyers, of course) seem to suppose that standard time has become *legal* time, and seem inclined to govern themselves and their doings by it, thus putting the railway managers in the place of the Legislature. Now, looking for the moment at Ontario alone, standard time at London is about twenty-four minutes earlier than legal time; and there are places in Essex where the jump occurs from one time zone to another, and by which standard time is an hour earlier on one side of an invisible line than on the other. Now our Act 32-33 V., c. 21, § 1,

defines "night" for the purposes of that Act as commencing at "nine o'clock in the evening of each day and ending at six o'clock in the morning of the next succeeding day," so that by standard time it would be night on one side of the line when it was day on the other; and by sec. 50, *burglary* is defined to be the commission of certain offences in the *night* only, so that the same offence would be burglary on one side of the line and not on the other. Mr. Robertson, of Hamilton, has now a Bill before the House of Commons making burglary punishable by imprisonment in the penitentiary for life. Fancy a man tried for burglary in the neighbourhood of that line, and a question arising as to the hour when the offence was committed. But, even in London, the offence would be burglary twenty-four minutes earlier in the evening by standard than by legal time, and the offender, if he did not break in, would have twenty-four minutes longer to break out. Then, again, the Ontario Revised Statute, c. 111, § 22, provides that no Registrar shall receive any instrument for registration except within the hours of ten in the forenoon and four in the afternoon, and he is to endorse on the instrument registered not only the year, month and day, but the hour and *minute* of registration. Now, suppose him to shut and open his office in London by standard time; he would shut it twenty-four minutes before and open it twenty-four minutes before legal time. Might he not do serious wrong to a person whose mortgage or other claim he received or refused illegally? And might he not be liable in heavy damages for doing so? Or suppose a Returning Officer closing or opening his poll twenty-four minutes before or after the legal time; or a tavern-keeper doing the same by his bar; or a case of insurance with a policy expiring at noon, and a loss occurring after *standard* but before *legal* noon or vice versâ. And so of an infinite variety of cases, where time is the essence of the act done and its effect.

In England, where they look closely into the consequences of such things, difficulties of this kind were foreseen when Greenwich time was adopted for all England in 1880, and an Act, 43-44 V. c. 9, was passed making it *legal time*, which, of course, they knew it would not otherwise be. I can believe that the advantages of the change may there have been greater than the disadvantages; for England is comparatively small, and the greatest difference between standard and the old legal time is only about twenty-two minutes, and there is no jump of an hour; the sea bounds the time zone, so that no one can mistake it; and they have taken care to leave Dublin time for Ireland. Our case, and that of the United States, is different. We have five jumps of one hour each; and with all due respect for the railway authorities, I think it would have been better if they had adopted or would adopt the time of 90° west longitude as the standard for the United States and Canada right across the continent—one railway time without jumps or breaks, and the two oceans for the limits of the time zone: leaving local

time for the ordinary purposes of life. A clock with two hour and minute hands, or hands with two points, would show legal and standard time at once; and there would be no places with two standard times, as there are now at the boundary of each time zone. I am informed that the authorities of the Naval Observatory at Washington hold the same opinion.—If any but the present legal time is used as such the change *should be made by law*, as it was in England. In the United States, it appears that every State has power to fix its own legal time; Congress has it only for the District of Columbia (ten miles square, I believe), and has exercised the power by an Act adopting standard time of 75° west longitude. But the said district is smaller than England, and there could hardly be a minute of time difference between any two places in it. In Canada, I think the power rests with the Dominion Government. I am of opinion that there should be no change in the legal time; that Canada is too big to adopt one *legal* time for its sixty or seventy degrees of longitude, and that no jump system could be made rational and workable in law. I hold that the Dominion Government and the Governments of the several Provinces should state authoritatively that the mean solar time of each place remains as hitherto the legal time thereat, and that all officers and functionaries must so consider it, and open and close their offices and be governed in the performance of their duties by it and by no other.

At the International Conference for the purpose of fixing a prime meridian and universal day, held at Washington in October last, such Universal Day to begin and end at the same moment all over the world as it does at Greenwich, was adopted "for all the purposes for which it may be found convenient, and which shall not interfere with the use of local or other standard time where desirable." It would have made the day at Toronto begin at seventeen and a-half minutes before what we now call seven p.m. and Sunday would begin at that time on Saturday. I think this would not be "found convenient," and that we in Canada shall not adopt it. It has always been used at Greenwich, I believe, for astronomical purposes, except that the day began at noon, and is to begin at midnight. It is excellent for scientific purposes; and, for the adoption of Greenwich as the first meridian, England, and all men of English blood and tongue owe a debt of gratitude to the Conference and to Sandford Fleming.

I am, dear Sir, very truly yours,

W.

This was written on the adoption of the (so called) Standard Time by the railway authorities, and when many people fancied that it had become *legal time;* a fancy which might have led to very serious consequences. I had asked some questions of the authorities of the Observatory at Washington and of the Astronomer Royal, and received very courteous answers. The gentlemen at Washing-

ton thought with me, that the better plan would be, one railway time, (that of 90° West,) across the continent, and the Astronomer Royal seemed to incline the same way, as it would agree better with that adopted in England and with his grander plan hereinafter mentioned. The Railway gentlemen preferred their own plan, as for railway purposes they had a perfect right to do. I have mentioned some of the objections to its adoption for general purposes. To these the Astronomer Royal assented, but answered that they could be overcome by legislation as in England, and the District of Columbia, and as I had suggested. I called the attention of the Minister of Justice to the matter, and he agreed with us, but thought it would be wise to pause before adopting *any* new scheme, saying there could be no doubt that the old mode of reckoning time is and would remain the legal one until altered by law. I hope that Registrars, Returning Officers, and other public functionaries, have seen that it is so, and governed themselves accordingly. Even for railway purposes the *Zone* scheme in imperfect; the Zones have never been defined, and meridian lines which no body can find will not do for bounding them; if made legal they must be defined by known metes and bounds.

The Astronomer Royal, Mr. Fleming, and the Longitude Conference have propounded a grand scheme for a Universal Day and one Time for the whole world. It is admirable for scientific purposes, tho' perhaps, for the reason I have mentioned, not quite convenient for every day purposes; And is it quite consistent with the Conference decision to reckon Longitude East and West 180° each way; and may not the several nations of the world possibly object to be ruled by England, which would alone have a natural and naturally divided day, in domestic time reckoning, tho' they may consent to be so as to the nautical matter of longitude: the plan may however come into general use before *Volapuk*, the Scientific Universal language.*

The 24 hours day is excellent, and for Time tables especially so, and has been long used in Italy and elsewhere; but its use must be optional with A.M. and P.M.'s, and ladies must have five o'clock or seventeen o'clock tea at their pleasure.

* *What we want our clocks and watches to tell us, is—the time of day where we are.*

SOCIALISM.

What is Socialism? What do Socialists want, and believe they have a right to insist upon? The fullest and most direct answers to these questions seem to be those contained in an article by Annie Besant, in the July number, 1886, of the *Westminster Review*. She begins by quoting the saying of Professor Huxley, "that he would rather have been born a savage in one of the Fiji Islands than in a London slum,"—declares the Professor right, and gives reasons, not easily disputable by those who know what a London slum is, for the declaration. She then states the growth of the doctrine she expounds: the decay of religious belief among the classes interested, the influence of foreign writers, more especially the German, and the modification of their doctrine by the habits of English life and their Democratic tendency, and says that "no mere abuse can shake the Socialist; no mere calling of names can move him; he holds a definite economic theory which should neither be rejected without examination, nor accepted without study." She maintains that Socialists assent to all the sound doctrines of political economy, and more especially that capital is the unconsumed result of past and present labor; but they hold,—that individual property in land must disappear, that the soil on which a nation is born and lives ought to belong to the nation as a whole and be cultivated by individuals and co-operative groups holding directly under the State; that capital always has been, and must be, obtained from the partial confiscation of the results of the labor of others, and is not found in the hands of the laborious and industrious, but of the idlers who have profited by such confiscation. She says,—the laborer is not free; nominally he may be, but in reality he is no more free than the slave. The slave is free to refuse to work, and take in exchange the lash, the prison, and the grave, and such freedom only has the laborer; if he refuses to work he must take the lash of hunger, the prison of the workhouse, or, for continued refusal, the gaol The remedy is the abolition of the landlord and the capitalist. Interest on capital has no place in Socialism, strongly as it protests against the whole system of which landlords and capitalists form an integral part, it reserves its uttermost reprobation for the theory which justifies a class of the latter in living solely on money drawn as interest on investments. So long as capital remains in private hands interest will be demanded and paid perforce for its use, and so long there will be an idle class, a burden on the industrious who may labor for their support. Socialism aims at rendering the existence of an idle class impossible Healthy adults will have to work for things they require. The very young, the old, the sick, will be free from labor; but for the strong and mature no bread of idleness, no sponging upon the people. In thus condemning an idle class, socialism does not assail the

individuals who now compose it; they are not to blame for the social conditions in which they were born; it is one of the most hopeful signs for the Socialistic movement that many who are working in it belong to the very classes that will be abolished by it; they can do no good by throwing their fortunes away, and plunging into the present competitive struggle; all they can do is to live simply, and use their position as a pedestal on which to place their advocacy of Socialist propaganda. There is no fear that individualism will be crushed. Exhausting toil and growing anxiety, these crush out individuality and stifle genius. Socialism will give leisure as well as work to all, lift the burden of care from all shoulders, and allow time to think and to endeavour. She adopts the doctrine of Malthus, except his objection to early marriages, for which she would substitute prudential restraint, and twits him quietly with having eleven children, thinks the doctrine is essential to the success of Socialism, and that highly educated women, full of interest in public work, and taking their share of public duty, will not consent to spend year after year of their prime in nothing but expecting, bearing, and suckling babies, and she concludes with the following emphatic passage:

"A glance backward over the history of our own country since the Reform Bill of 1832 opened the gate of political power, to those outside the sacred circle of the aristocracy, will tell how an unconscious movement towards Socialism has been steadily growing in strength. Our Factory Acts, our Mine Regulation Acts, our Land Acts, all show the set of the current. The idea of the State as an outside power is fading, and the idea of the State as an organized community is coming into prominence. In the womb of time the new organism is growing; shall the new birth come in peace or in revolution, heralded by patient endeavour, or by the roar of cannon! This one thing I know, that come it will, whether men work for it or hinder; for all the mighty forces of evolution make for Socialism, for the establishment of the brotherhood of man."

The article, of which I have endeavoured to give the substance in a condensed form, is inserted in the "independent section" of the *Review*, set apart "for the reception of able articles which, though harmonizing with the general spirit, may contain opinions at variance with the particular ideas or measures it advocates." Very able indeed the writer shows herself in the statement of the views and intentions of Socialism, and it is well that these should be widely known, for they concern us all. Forewarned is forearmed, and knowing what they are we shall be better prepared to deal with them, and they strike at the very root of civilization and progress, in abolishing the right of property, and forbidding a man's enjoying or leaving to his children the enjoyment of the fruit of his labour, which is the great motive of exertion, bodily or mental.

To all fair means of promoting the more general distribution of wealth, and diminishing the hardships of poverty,—by representation, by the association of

workers, and by laws such as the writer refers to as passed by the British Parliament, there is no objection, and I rejoice with her at the spirit which led to their enactment. The writer has told us what she wishes for, but she has not told us by what means her wishes are to be carried into effect, or what are the enactments by which she would provide for the division of all existing wealth equally among all, furnishing all with work equally well paid, and compelling them to perform it. The raising of the common fund, and the division of it equally among all would be no easy matter, and requires explanation. The scheme of general confiscation would probably be resisted. There must be government of some kind to enforce it, and we have a right to know how such government is to be constituted and maintained. The proper carrying out of the Malthusian doctrine which the writer declares (very truly) to be essential to the success of Socialism, would require some rather difficult and delicate legislation. With every wish to believe in her good intentions, I can hardly think the writer expects to induce the millionaire to divide his millions with the labourers by moral suasion; and indeed her last paragraph would seem to imply—"quietly if possible, forcibly if we must." There may be a gentle touch of dynamite in her "come it will." To me her scheme seems absurd as it is dangerous, and to be possible only if and when it shall please heaven to endow all of us with equal strength of arm and brain, with the same powers, wants, and wishes, and with such perfect faith in the Socialist dispensation as will preclude all desire of progress or improvement of condition.—What may come to pass in Europe, with its ever increasing population and apparent want of useful employment for it, I do not know: the prospect is not bright, and even *Punch* speaks anxiously in words and cartoon, and the Laureate denounces it in patriotic and prophetic verse. But "there's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may," and that shaping will be for good. In America there is less reason for anxiety. The Knights of Labor do not adopt Socialism or Anarchy; and in *Harper's Weekly* of 6th November last there is an excellent article by P. M. Arthur, Grand Chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, in which he maintains there is no antagonism between labor and capital which cannot be easily overcome.—He says, "Every man of industrious habits may hope to become a capitalist; indeed, the desire to accumulate is one of the most powerful instruments for the regeneration of society, it supplies the basis for individual energy and activity. I have no sympathy with men who claim that might is right, and that the rich owe the poor a living." Let us try to diminish the amount of poverty, and to mitigate its evils by legislation in the spirit of that referred to with approval by Annie Besant, and by all other means that wisdom may suggest; there is the highest authority for doing this, by the exercise of brotherly love and christian charity in the highest sense of the words, but none for confiscation, robbery, or violence. Poverty has its hardships, and we must

strive earnestly to remove or diminish them; but difference of wealth or station has but a limited influence on human happiness, and is a far less evil than what Socialism proposes to substitute for it:

> Order is heaven's first law, and this confessed
> Some are—nay, must be greater than the rest;
> More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
> That such are happier, shocks all common sense.

W.

THE WEEK, 1887.

WAIFS IN PROSE, &c.

Having been at my own request, placed on the superannuation list at the beginning of 1888, when my age was rather over eighty-seven, but being still kindly allowed to use the seat I had occupied for more than twenty years in the room assigned for my office as Law Clerk in the House of Commons when the plan of the Parliament Building was made, I could not help still taking a deep interest in public, and especially in Parliamentary affairs; nor could I abstain from now and then writing quiet little articles(never touching party politics) which Editors were kind enough to like and print; and some of which I have had the vanity to collect and get printed together in the following pages, for my own use, or that of any of my friends who might like to have them as a memento of their old acquaintance, W. And a few of these relate to important decisions and considerations touching public matters.

G. W. WICKSTEED,

Ottawa, 11 July, 1890.

THE RAILWAY CASE.

MANITOBA VS. C. P. R.

Editor of THE CITIZEN :

SIR,—The great case has been heard, and the grand tournament of the Knights of the Bar and Railway has been held. On the 14th proximo we are to hear the result, and the Chief Justice, as the Queen of Beauty presiding at the contest, will award the laurel wreath to the victors. The Knights of the Bar and their Esquires did not break the record of their prowess. Mr. Blake, clad in the panoply of the strict letter of the law, stoutly maintained that under two clauses of our Canadian Constitution, a Provincial railway declared by our Parliament to be a work "for the general advantage of Canada," is withdrawn absolutely from Provincial legislative authority and control, and placed exclusively under that of the Dominion Parliament, and that the railway in question had been so declared. And Mr. Mowat, opposing to the letter of the law which killeth, the spirit which giveth life, contended resolutely that the said clauses and declaration merely gave the Dominion Parliament power to make the railway, if it chose, though entirely within a Province, or to assume the control of it if made, and not that of saying, *à la* dog in the manger, "We won't make it and you shan t; ' and to argue that the Imperial Parliament intended that a Province would lose its right to make a railway because it would be for the general advantage of Canada, was giving a very severe twist, not to the British Lion's tail, but to his parliamentary clause

W.

November 27th, 1888.

Referring to the case now before the Supreme Court *in re* the Province of Manitoba and the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, we gather from the reports in the papers, that Mr. Blake contended, that the Manitoba railway in question came within the description of those which had been declared by the Dominion Parliament to be "for the general advantage of Canada," and was, therefore, by the provision of the Constitutional Act in such case, withdrawn from the legislative authority of the Provincial Legislature, and exclusively placed under that of the Dominion Parliament, and was therefore, unlawfully made under the Manitoba Act, contrary to the said provision of the Constitutional Act, and was not entitled, under the Railway Act of 1888, to the benefit of the provisions therein made respecting railway crossings. Mr. Mowat on behalf of the Province, maintaining that the provision of the Constitutional Act did not prohibit the making of a railway declared to be "for the general advantage of Canada," but made it subject thereafter to the legislative authority of the Dominion Parliament, and placed it, when made, and until the said Parliament should otherwise direct, under the laws governing railways under its authority; that the Dominion Parliament had made no special provision as to the said railway, which was, therefore entitled to the benefit of the provisions of the Railway Act of 1888, including those respecting railway companies and others, which by section 4 are declared to be applicable "to all railway, whether otherwise under the authority of Parliament or not;" and that this construction of the Imperial Act seemed more consistent with common sense, and with the allowance by the Dominion Government, acting of course under the opinion of the Attorney-General, of the Provincial Railway Acts cited by him (Mr. Mowat) and more consistent with the intention of the Dominion Parliament, than the view which supposes it to have been intended to prevent the construction by a Province of a

work entirely within its boundaries, because it was declared to be "for the general advantage of Canada."

The Imperial provision has been frequently extended to Provincial railways, but always for the purpose, not of prohibiting them, but of extending them. so that they should be for the greater advantage of Canada. It is difficult to believe that a Parliament which, in the then last session, had repealed the enactments establishing railway monoply in Manitoba under one form, intended to re-establish it in another, which Mr. Blake's construction of the Imperial enactment would certainly do.

W.

"Canada Law Journal," 1st December, 1888.

In a very strong editorial of THE WEEK for 29th November, the Government and Parliament were severely handled with respect to this matter, under the supposition that Mr. Blake's interpretation of the Imperial provision was the correct one; and W., believing that the Editor was mistaken in this view, wrote, and THE WEEK published in its then next number, the following letter:—

Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Referring to the article in your number of November 29th, respecting the case now pending in the Supreme Court between the Canadian Pacific Railway Company and the Province of Manitoba, I think you should acquit the Dominion Government and Parliament of any intention to re-establish, under the provision in the Railway Act, the monopoly they had abolished in the preceding session. It is only reasonable to believe, that the Government and Parliament held that the provision of the Constitutional Act, respecting the effect of a

declaration that any Provincial work was one "for the general advantage of Canada," was not intended to prevent a Province from constructing a railway wholly within such Province, but to enable the Dominion Parliament to make such railway, or to subject it, when made by a Province, to such provisions as might be established for the government of railways generally, as the Railway Act does; and under this interpretation of the Imperial clause the Government, acting of course under the opinion of their Attorney-General, must have acted in allowing the Provincial Acts cited by Mr. Mowat in his address to the Court. The Dominion Parliament never claimed the power of preventing the construction by a Province of a railway within its limits: and when the Government desired to prevent the construction of certain railways, as *not* consistent with the general advantage of Canada, the Act passed for the purpose only declared that such construction would not be sanctioned; and this declaration was acted upon by the exercise of the power of disallowance.

The Railway Act does not forbid such construction or require such disallowance, and therefore does not re-establish the monopoly you so justly denounce as inconsistent with good faith and equity. Abiding by their consistent interpretation of the Imperial provision, the Government was not bound to call the attention of members to the possibility of a pretention on the part of the C. P. R. Company, invalid in law, and which seems only to have been raised for the sake of profitable delay. How far the managers of the Company are justified in not having called attention to the point when the Railway Act was under discussion, is for them to show. The Company, and not the Government, is contesting the right of the Province to make a railway declared to be for the general advantage of Canada.

W.

Ottawa, 4th December, 1888.

And on Saturday, the 22nd of December, the Supreme Court unanimously declared its opinion, that the Manitoba Act is valid and the railway constructed under it entitled to cross the C. P. R., subject to the approval of the Railway Committee, as provided by the Railway Act.

NOTE.—The two letters appeared in the issues of the papers mentioned, next after their respective dates, and the article from the Law Journal, in its No. for 1st December, and they have therefore been largely circulated separately. The writer hopes that he may be pardoned for reprinting them together for the perusal of some of his friends, now that the Supreme Court has sanctioned the opinion they express, as to the true intent and effect of a provision of the Constitutional Act affecting the statutory powers of all the Provinces and of the Dominion, respectively. W.

JESUITS' ESTATES ACT.

With reference to the articles in the LAW JOURNAL of the 15th February, 1889, the purport of which seems to be that the Jesuits' Estates Act, passed by the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, ought to have been disallowed, permit me modestly to express my opinion that the Dominion Ministry could not properly have advised its disallowance;—not because it was within the constitutional powers of the Quebec Legislature, for, if that alone were a sufficient reason, the *Veto* power would be useless, as an Act *ultra vires* would be *ipso facto*, null and void, although not disallowed;—but because, being perfectly within the powers of the Legislature, it was passed without opposition or remonstrance by any party, and is a fair and amicable settlement of a long standing difficulty and the expression of the

will of the people of the Province. It does not violate the principle of the separation of Church and State more than the Clergy Reserves Act: both authorize the sale of property given for church purposes and education, and divide a certain proportion of the proceeds of the sale among the parties who appear justly entitled thereto, once for all, and so avoid any further interference of the Government which can neither add to nor diminish the share assigned to each, and such share, in the case before us, will be moderate enough, for it seems likely that the principle sum, $400,000, will be divided among several educational institutions, and the interest of each share, at four per cent., will be a very modest contribution towards the support of an institution for superior education. The main objection made to the grant is that it is made to the Jesuits; but the Act does not give them the whole or any definite part of it, but allows the Pope to divide it among institutions, who must use it within the Province, for the purposes mentioned within the preamble; and from the latest reports it seems probable that the Jesuits' share will not be exorbitant. The articles in question treat the work done by the Order rather slightingly, but in Canada at least, their work compares favorably with that done by any other missionary body, and the martyr spirit in which it has been done is denied by none. They have shown themselves good teachers, and have several educational institutions against which I have heard of no complaint. St. Mary's College at Montreal, was incorporated by Act of Parliament of United Canada (Upper and Lower) in 1852, the corporators being the Roman Catholic Bishop of Montreal and six members of the Order;—it has I believe been very successful. Has any complaint been made against it during the 37 years it has existed? In 1887 the Jesuits were incorporated by the Quebec Act 50 Vic, c. 28, which was not disallowed, nor was its allowance made a matter of reproach to the Dominion Ministry.—It has been made a subject of reproach to the Jesuits and to the Pope, that he

suppressed them in 1763 and restored them in 1814; but may not the Pope have been right in both cases, may not the Jesuits have shown him that they had seen the error of the practices by which they had offended, and reformed them? A hundred years have made great changes in men's ideas of morality and right. The Roman Catholic clergy do not now complain of the Jesuits, though they did in 1763. They have the virtues of obedience, self-denial, industry and temperance. They opposed the sale of intoxicating liquor to the Indians when the French Governor for profits' sake allowed it. They are accused of holding doctrines contrary to morality; but they deny the charge, and challenge proof. Their constitution and rules were printed in Latin and French at Paris in 1845, and there is a copy in our Parliamentary Library—why is it not cited to justify the accusation? They preach regularly in the church attached to St. Mary's College at Montreal;—is their preaching complained of? I am a Protestant and wish earnestly that all Jesuits and Roman Catholics were of my persuasion; but I do not think Protestants alone are Christians. The vast majority of our fellow subjects in Quebec are Roman Catholics, and acknowledge the Pope as the Head of their Church, and I do not think a more faithful, devoted, or well beloved and respected body of men can be found anywhere than the Roman Catholic clergy of Lower Canada. Tennyson has written,—

> "Love your enemies, bless your haters," said the Greatest of the Great;
> "Christian love among the Churches seems the twin of heathen hate."

Ought not the members of every Christian church, while obeying the commandment cited in the Laureate's first line, to do their best to prove the bitter taunt in the second to be undeserved?

And as respects the article questioning the constitutionality of the said Act,—it does not seem to me that the English Acts

cited in it can apply to Canada, which when they were passed was no part of the realm of England, and the inhabitants of which are by subsequent Acts of the Imperial Parliament guaranteed the free exercise of the Roman Catholic religion, of which the Pope is the head, and his supremacy as such part of its very essence. The later law derogates from and virtually repeals any former provision contrary to it. The English laws disqualifying Roman Catholics from holding certain offices were never in force in Canada. The money appropriated belonged to the Province, and is granted by its Legislature for the purposes for which the property from which it arises was given by the French King, and the Act of appropriation is sanctioned by the assent of the Queen, who may, without impropriety, avail herself, in dealing with it, of the advice and assistance of the Head of the Church and of an ecclesiastical and educational corporation, which, if not legally the same, is morally the representative and successor of that to which the original grant was made, and which, with the Pope, will be bound to use the money in accordance with and solely by virtue of the powers given them by the Act. I cannot see that any law is violated or anything but right done by this provision.

W.

NOTE.—The above article was written for the LAW JOURNAL, but the March number was ready earlier than I expected and I was too late, and did not like to wait for the next number.

W.

Ottawa Citizen, 9th March, 1889.

LES EXCOMMUNIÉS.

Voyez-vous, sur le bord de ce chemin bourbeux,
Cet enclos en ruine où broutent les grands bœufs ?
Ici, cinq paysans—trois hommes et deux femmes—
Eurent la sépulture ignoble des infâmes !

Cette histoire est bien triste, et date de bien loin.

Comme un soldat mourant la carabine au poing,
Québec était tombé. Sans honte et sans mystère,
Un bourbon nous avait livrés à l'Angleterre !

Ce fut un coup mortel, un long déchirement,
Quand ce peuple entendit avec effarement,
—Lui qui tenait enfin la victoire suprême,—
Par un nouveau forfait souillant son diadème,
Le roi de France dire aux Saxons : Prenez-les !
Ma gloire n'en a plus besoin ; qu'ils soient Anglais !

O Lorraine ! ô Strasbourg ! si belles et si grandes,
Vous, c'est le sort au moins qui vous fit allemandes !

Des bords du Saint-Laurent, scène de tant d'exploits,
On entendit alors soixante mille voix
Jeter au ciel ce cris d'amour et de souffrance :
—Eh bien, soit ! nous serons français malgré la France !

Or chacun a tenu sa parole. Aujourd'hui,
Sur ce lâche abandon plus de cent ans ont lui :
Et, sous le sceptre anglais, cette fière phalange
Conserve encore aux yeux de tous et sans mélange,
Son culte pour la France, et son cachet sacré.

THE EXCOMMUNICATED.

In yon rough plot beside muddy road,
Where on wild herbage heavy cattle browse,
Five peasants lie—two women and three men—
Whose burial rites were such as felons have.

The tale is sad and dates from long ago.

Like soldier dying with his arms in hand,
Quebec had fallen. Without disguise or shame,
A Bourbon sold us to our English foes!

Mortal the blow and long the agony
Felt when our people heard with wild dismay,—
—They who had gained the last great victory,—
The King of France—(soiling with new disgrace
His diadem)—say to the Saxon,—Take them!
My glory needs them not; let them be English!

O Strasbourg! O Lorraine, so fair, so great,
'Twas fate at least that made you German land!

Along St. Lawrence, scene of gallant deeds,
The voice of sixty thousand souls was heard
Raising to Heaven their cry of love and grief;
—So be it! We'll be French despite of France!

And each has kept his word. And now to-day,
A century since this base abandonment,
And under English rule, this faithful band,
Still cherish openly and unalloyed,
Their sacred love for France, and her impress.

Mais d'autres repoussant tout servage exécré,
Après avoir brûlé leur dernière cartouche,
Renfermés désormais dans un orgueuil farouche,
Révoltés impuissants, sans crainte et sans remord,
Voulurent, libres même en face de la mort,
Emporter au tombeau leur éternelle haine...

En vain l'on invoqua l'autorité romaine ;
En vain, sous les regards de ces naïfs croyants,
Le prêtre déroula les tableaux effrayants
Des châtiments que Dieu garde pour les superbes ;
En vain l'on épuisa les menaces acerbes ;
Menaces et sermons restèrent sans succès !
—Non ! disaient ces vaincus ; nous sommes des Français ;
Et nul n'a le pouvoir de nous vendre à l'enchère !

La foudre un jour sur eux descendit de la chaire :
L'Eglise pour forcer ses enfants au devoir,
A regret avait dû frapper sans s'émouvoir.

Il n'en resta que cinq :

Ceux-là furent semblables,

Dans leur folie altière, aux rocs inébranlables :
Ils laissèrent gronder la foudre sur leurs fronts,
Et malgré les frayeurs, et malgré les affronts,
Sublimes égarés, dans leur sainte ignorance,
Ne voulurent servir d'autre Dieu que la France !

La vieillesse arriva ; la mort vint à son tour.
Et, sans prêtre, sans croix, dans un champ, au détour
D'une route fangeuse où la brute se vautre,
Chaque rebelle alla dormir l'un après l'autre.

But some who spurned all hateful servitude.—
When their last cartridge had been spent in vain.
Nursing their wrath in gloomy, savage pride,
Impotent rebels, without fear or shame,—
Determined, free and in the face of death,
To carry to the grave their deathless hate.

And vainly was the power of Rome invoked;
And vainly in her simple followers' ears,
The priest read out the fearful catalogue
Of pains reserved by God for stubborn souls;
In vain exhausted all its awful threats;
Nor threatenings nor sermons aught availed!
No! said the vanquished! we are Frenchmen still,
No man has power to set us up for sale!

At length the thunder from the pulpit came:
The Church to force her children to obey,
Struck with regret, but calmly resolute.

Five only braved the blow;—but these resembled
In their proud folly, the unshaken rock;
They let the thunder growl above their heads,
And in despite of insult and of fears,
Sublimely mad, in holy ignorance,
Refused to bow to any God but France!
Old age crept on them,—death came in its turn,—
And without priest, or cross, in that rough plot,
Close by the muddy road, where cattle browse
These stubborn souls lay down in turn to sleep.

Il n'en restait plus qu'un, un vieillard tout cassé,
Une ombre! Plus d'un quart de siècle avait passé
Depuis que sur son front pesait l'âpre anathème.
Penché sur son bâton branlant, la lèvre blême,
Sur la route déserte on le voyait souvent,
A la brûne, roder dans la pluie et le vent,
Comme un spectre. Parfois détournant les paupières,
Pour ne pas voir l'enfant qui lui jetait des pierres,

Il s'enfoncait tout seul dans les ombres du soir,
Et plus d'un affirmait avoir cru l'entrevoir—
—Les femmes du canton s'en signaient interdites—
Agenouillé la nuit sur les tombes maudites.

Un jour on l'y trouva roide et gelé,

Sa main
Avait laissé tomber sur le bord du chemin
Un vieux fusil rouillé, son arme de naguère,
Son ami des grand jours, son compagnon de guerre,
Son dernier camarade et son suprême espoir.

On creusa de nouveau dans le sol dur et noir ;
Et l'on mit côte à côte en la fausse nouvelle,
Le vieux mousquet français avec le vieux rebelle !

Le peuple a conservé ce sombre souvenir.
Et lorsque du couchant l'or commence à brunir,—
Au village de Saint Michel de Bellechasse,
Le passant, attardé par la pêche ou la chasse,
Craignant de voir surgir quelque fantôme blanc,
Du fatal carrefour se détourne en tremblant.

Donc, ces cinq paysans n'eurent pour sépulture
Qu'un tertre où l'animal vient chercher sa pâture !

One yet remained, a broken down old man,
A shadow; five and twenty years had passed
Since on his head the anathema had fallen.
Bowed on his trembling staff, with whited lip,
On the deserted road he oft was seen
At twilight, wandering in the rain and storm,
Spectre-like,—turning oft his eyes away,
To shun the child that pelted him with stones,

He plunged alone into the shades of night.
And more than one affirmed to having seen him,
—The village women crossed themselves in fright—
Kneeling in darkness by the unblessed graves.

One day they found him frozen stiff; his hand
Had in its weakness on the road let fall
An ancient rusted gun,—his old-time weapon,
His friend in the brave days,—his war companion,
His latest comrade and his supreme hope.

They dug into the black and hardened soil,
And laid in that new grave, and side by side,
The old French musket and the old-time rebel.

The people cherish yet this sad remembrance;
And when the sunset gold fades into grey,
The passer through St. Michel de Bellechasse,
Belated at his sport with rod or gun,
Fearing to see some sheeted spectre rise,
Turns trembling from the fatal spot away.

So these five peasants had for burial place,
Five little mounds where cattle seek their food!

Ils le méritaient,—soit ! Mais on dira partout
Qu'ils furent bel et bien cinq héros après tout !

Je respecte l'arrêt qui les frappa, sans doute ;
Mais lorsque le hazard me met sur cette route,
Sans demander à Dieu si j'ai tort en cela
Je découvre mon front devant ces tombes là !

LOUIS FRÉCHETTE.

Deserved it,—yes—perhaps! Yet men will say
They were in truth five heroes after all!

I bow, no doubt, to the decree that struck them,
Yet, when by chance I pass along that road,
—Not asking God if I be right or wrong—
I pause—uncovered—near those lowly graves!

G. W. WICKSTEED.

This story is true. Dr. Fréchette gives the names of the five, viz: Marguerite Racine,—Laurent Racine,—Félicité Doré—Pierre Cadrain,—Jean Baptiste Racine, father of Laurent;—and that of the Bishop of Quebec, who pronounced the Anathema,—Monseigneur Briand.

LE DRAPEAU ANGLAIS.

Regarde, me disait mon père,
Ce drapeau vaillamment porté ;
Il a fait ton pays prospère,
Et respecte ta liberté.

C'est le drapeau de l'Angleterre ;
Sans tache, sur le firmament,
Presque à tous les points de la terre
Il flotte glorieusement.

Oui, sur un huitième du globe
C'est l'étendard officiel ;
Mais le coin d'azur qu'il dérobe
Nulle part n'obscurcit le ciel.

Il brille sur tous les rivages ;
Il a semé tous les progrès
Au bout des mers les plus sauvages
Comme aux plus lointaines forêts.

Laissant partout sa fière empreinte,
Au plus féroces nations
Il a porté la flamme sainte
De nos civilisations.

Devant l'esprit humain en marche
Mainte fois son pli rayonna,
Comme la colombe de l'arche,
Ou comme l'éclair du Sina,

THE BRITISH FLAG.

Behold, my son, my father said,
That gallant banner bravely borne;
It made thy country prosperous,
And hath respected liberty.

That banner is the British Flag;
Without a stain beneath the sky,
O'er almost every coign of earth
It floats unfurled triumphantly.

Over an eighth part of the globe
It waves the ensign of command;
Covering a little patch of blue,
But nowhere dimming heaven's light.

It waves o'er every sea and shore;
And carries progress where it flies;—
Beyond the farthest ocean's verge,
And to remotest forest lands.

Leaving on all its proud impress,
To wildest tribes of savage men
It comes the harbinger of light
And civilizing arts of life.

And in the march of intellect,
How often hath it shown the way,
Like the dove loosed from out the ark,
Or Sinai's guiding column's glow,

Longtemps ce glorieux insigne
De notre gloire fut jaloux,
Comme s'il se fût cru seul digne
De marcher de pair avec nous.

Avec lui dans bien des batailles,
Sur tous les points de l'univers,
Nous avons mesuré nos tailles
Avec des résultats divers.

Un jour, notre bannière auguste
Devant lui dut se replier ;
Mais alors s'il nous fut injuste,
Il a su le faire oublier.

Et si maintenant son pli vibre
A nos remparts jadis gaulois,
C'est au moins sur un peuple libre
Qui n'a rien perdu de ses droits.

Oublions les jours de tempêtes ;
Et mon enfant, puisque aujourd'hui
Ce drapeau flotte sur nos têtes,
Il faut s'incliner devant lui.

—Mais, père, pardonnez si j'ose...
N'en est-il pas un autre à nous ?
—Ah ! celui-là, c'est autre chose :
Il faut le baiser à genoux !

LOUIS FRÉCHETTE.

Of old that glorious flag with ours
A jealous rivalry maintained;
Deeming itself the only peer
Of ours in the race for fame.

In many a famous battle then;
In every quarter of the world,
With ours it measured strength with strength,—
Victor and vanquished each in turn.

One day our fleurs de lis were doomed
Before that rival flag to bow;
But if it wrought us sorrow then,
It since has taught us to forget.

And if to-day it floats above
Those ramparts that were French of yore,
It waves above a people free,
And losing nothing of their rights.

Let us forget the stormy days;
And since, my son, we have to-day
That banner waving o'er our heads,
We must salute it reverently.

—But, father,—pardon if I dare:—
Is there not yet another,—ours?—
—Ah! *that*,—that's quite another thing,—
And we must kiss it on our knees.

G. W. WICKSTEED.

THE HISTORY OF CANADA.

By William Kingsford.

Vol. 1. Toronto: Rowsell & Hutchinson 1887.

It is the natural and laudable desire of every man to know what he can of the history of the land he lives in, and in the volume mentioned in the heading of this article, Mr. Kingsford undertakes to tell us the story of Canada under French rule from its earliest date to 1682. We understand that his intention is to continue the work to the Union of Upper and Lower Canada in 1841, so as to comprise the history of our country under French rule, until the capitulation of the Marquis de Vaudreuil in 1760, and its cession to Great Britain by the Treaty of Paris in 1763; and thereafter under the Government of Great Britain and of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

Mr. Kingsford's qualifications for the work he has undertaken are—the intense interest he takes in his subject, indefatigable industry, a perfect knowledge of the languages in which the documents from which his information is derived are written, and a familiarity with the archives of Canada, now under the charge of Mr. Brymner, to whose ability and courtesy Mr. Kingsford bears ample and deserved testimony in his work on the archæology of Canada,—and above all a reputation and character which justify our full faith in the assurance he gives in his opening chapter: "That he will make every effort to be fair and honest," and in his confident hope "that those with whom he may have the misfortune to differ, will recognize that he has consulted original authorities, and that whatever opinions he expresses are not hastily or groundlessly formed; but that, on

the contrary, he has warrant for the belief that they are fully sustained by evidence." With this assurance he enters upon the story of the occupation and colonization of Canada, and shows us that in Canada, as in the English colonies in North America, the work was commenced, not by the Government, but by private enterprise moved by the spirit of adventure and the hope of gain, aided after a while, in Canada, by the desire to extend the influence of the Church, and for the conversion of savage nations to Christianity; receiving later some official assistance by the incorporation of a company with means and influence and special powers of settlement and organization; and lastly, by the direct intervention of the Sovereign, and the assumption of the government of the country by France as a Royal possession. He then narrates in ordered sequence, the three voyages of Cartier to the St. Lawrence, and his ascent of that River to Montreal, his attempt at settlement, and the sufferings he and his crew endured from the Canadian climate in winter, his discouragement and return to France; the twelve voyages of Champlain, his discoveries and explorations of the great rivers and lakes, his skillful diplomacy in treating and dealing with the Indians, and finally his appointment as Governor-General of Canada; the conquest of Quebec by the English under Kirke, in 1629, its occupation by them for three years, and its restoration to France under the Treaty of St. Germain en-Laye.

He then places vividly before the reader the great events and actions of what Lord Lansdowne, on a late occasion at Montreal, rightly styled *the heroic age of Canada*;—the long, fierce struggle with the Indians, then a numerous and most formidable enemy;—the attacks upon the French settlements and posts by tribes coming often from very distant parts of the country, as the Mohawks from the country still bearing their name in Western New York; and the counter expeditions of the French against them to like distant places, through tracts of thickly wooded coutry, with only the Indian trail for guidance

and without horses or carriages, or in canoes over lakes and rivers then recently discovered and but little known;—their explorations of theretofore unknown lakes and rivers, from the St. Lawrence upward to Lake Superior, and of the country north of it to Hudson's Bay, and southward down the Illinois and Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico; the hardships suffered in these daring expeditions and explorations, and the courage and perseverance displayed in overcoming them;—the victories and defeats, successes and disappointments, incident to these Indian wars;—the various modes and forms of government tried by the adventurers, by the Company of the Hundred Associates, or by the Council appointed by the Crown or Governor; the introduction of the Seigniorial system; the contests of the ecclesiastical and lay elements for supremacy, and especially on the burning question of the prohibition of the sale of liquor to the Indians, in which Frontenac and Bishop Laval took opposite sides, the Governor being the winner:—and, in a word, the cares, labours, trials and vicissitudes of fortune under which were laid the foundations of the land we now live in, and in the narration whereof Mr. Kingsford shows us "Quantæ molis erat *Canadensem* condere gentem." He intersperses in his narrative incidents from the history of France, and even of England, respecting religious and political events, and throwing light on Canadian history, and short sketches of the lives and characters of those who play parts in his drama, and does full justice to the ability and firmness of Frontenac, the indomitable courage and perseverance of De La Salle and his fellow pioneers in discovery, De Tonty, Duluth, Jolliet and others; the ability and religious zeal of Bishop Laval, and the martyr spirit of the Recollets, Jesuits, and religious ladies;—but his hero is Champlain, whom he calls the True Founder of Canada, and whose character and deeds he paints in glowing terms. Indeed we cannot give our readers a better idea of the spirit and style of Mr. Kingsford's book than by citing the following excerpts from his character of Champlain which

follows the narrative of his death, and the incidents immediately preceding it:

"There are few men whose characteristics can be more distinctly traced than those of Champlain; there are few characters which more satisfactorily sustain the examination bestowed on them. There is no moral leaven to weaken the regard or esteem with which Champlain's character must be considered. It is seldom that we become acquainted with a life in which the pure, tranquil, constant advance of an individualism can be so fully traced. . . . There is no character known to us in the British or French history of the American continent in modern days, which can advance higher claims to honourable fame. If I were to make a comparison between Champlain and any historic name which we possess, it would be with that of Julius Cæsar, with whose excellences and genius he bears strong relationship unalloyed by those vices and that social deformity which marked Roman life. Much of the brighter side of Cæsar's character is repeated in that of Champlain; his equanimity, his liberal opinions, his triumphs over difficulties and misfortune, his modesty and ability in relating his actions, his high-bred stoicism. . . . Both cultivated the elevating and consoling pursuits of literature. . . . Judged by his writings Champlain comes before us with a rare modesty, and a careful observation of truth, so that his statements obtain immediate acceptance. A quiet humour runs through all he tells us. He does not sacrifice reality to effect. . . . To him discovery was not merely sailing up the waters of a river and never penetrating beyond its shores. His genius was to advance to distant localities, to learn the resources of a country, its character, the extent of the population of the native tribes, and to study their manners and customs. He saw that the only means of gaining this end was by identifying himself with the Indians, with whom he entered into friendly relations. His discoveries were remarkable: he made known from personal examination

the Ottawa, Lake Huron, Lake Ontario, the St Lawrence which he correctly describes, and Lake Champlain. He indeed traced out the southern portion of the Province of Ontario, without the precise minor details. . . . No statue, no monument has been raised to Champlain's memory. No memorial exists to teach the youth of the Dominion what excellence there is in a noble, honest life, marked by devotion to duty, and an utter disregard of self. Canada has shown no honour to his name. It remained in modern days for Laval University to disseminate the true perpetuation of his genius in the record of his life and labours. It is a contribution never to pass away, and one by which Laval has established an enduring claim to consideration in the world-wide republic of letters. . . . Champlain's name is imperishably written in the first and foremost pages of his country's history; it is the name of a man of genius, of pure and untarnished honour, the True Founder of Canada. (*See pp. 131 to 134.*)" A captious critic might object to the comparison of Champlain to Julius Cæsar, and our substitution of *Canadensem* for *Romanam* in Virgil's line,—but we must remember that, although not invested with the Imperial purple, Champlain's were

"Hands that the rod of Empire might have swayed,"

and he would have made a better legislator than the monarch whom he served. No French-Canadian can be dissatisfied with the account the book gives of his ancestors, and no English-Canadian can refuse to acknowledge the merits of his French precursors. We trust both will like and patronize this work, and though some may differ from opinions expressed in it with which others may agree, none can charge it with wilful mistatement or unfair prejudice.

Mr. Kingsford's style is simple and clear. Some minor slips of the pen or press may be found by keen-eyed critics, but

they can mislead no one. We think it would be well if the author had appended. or would append in a future volume, a brief account of the several Indian tribes and the tracts of country they inhabited, and of the religious orders which are prominent in his narrative. But, take it all in all, no book yet published in English seems to us to give so clear and detailed an account of the period of French government in Canada as the one before us; and, believing as we do for the reasons we have stated, that its statements of fact are correct, we hold it to be a work which no student of Canadian history can afford to be without. It is well got up and printed, and the dates inserted at the head of each page of the events recorded in it, much facilitate its use.

KINGSFORD'S HISTORY OF CANADA—Vol. II.

Mr. Kingsford continues his important and laborious work, and we have before us the second Volume of his "History of Canada." The first contained the story of our country under French rule, from the earliest date down to 1682; the present volume continues it down to 1725, embracing the events occurring in the first administration of De Frontenac, those of De la Barre and Denonville, the second administration of De Frontenac and those of De Callières and Vaudreuil; in the reigns of Louis XIV and Louis XV of France, and of Charles II, James II, William and Mary, William III, Anne and George I, in England; a period fraught with most important events for Canada and the British Colonies in America, as well as to the mother countries of both: and very interesting he has made the story he had to tell, and has told in the 518 pages of the book, and an appendix by which he elucidates the events he has related.

It is impossible in the limited space allowed us, to give more than a very summary account of the scope of this important work, and to mention some few of the matters as to which we think it relates facts not generally known, or gives them with fuller details, or places them in a new light. It contains the account of the dissentions in the council and the occurrences which led to the recall of De Frontenac, and the changes following it until his re-appointment as governor, and then deals with those stormy times and events in Canada and the neighbouring colonies during his second administration, the effect of which still is, and will be long deeply felt. The ancient feud between the mother countries was continued with increased intensity and bitterness between New France and New England and the other English settlements, and to the suffering and horrors attendant on war in the older countries were added the atrocities of barbarism and savagery; for both sides employed the Indian, and war was conducted after the Indian fashion—cruel, pitiless and unsparing—by attacks generally in the dead of night, when neither women nor children were spared, and when prisoners were given up by Christian leaders, at the demand of their savage allies, to Indian revenge and torture. Plans were laid by each side for the destruction of the other; by the English for the conquest of Canada, and by the French for that of New York, with intentions as to a mode of dealing with the conquered less lenient than that adopted towards Canadians when they became British subjects. Both plans came to nought.

A separate chapter is devoted to the history of Acadia during the period to which the volume relates, and the war carried on between it and New England, in which the Indian tribes of the Abenaquis and Canabas were employed on the French side, and many attacks made on New England villages, including Cocheco and Pemaquid, in which the spirit of Indian warfare was fully developed, and murder, arson and pillage reigned supreme, as they did in the massacres at Schenectady and Lachine by the

Iroquois as allies of the English. Mr. Kingsford has partly supplied a want we noticed in our account of his first volume, by a long note about the Iroquois, or Five Nations, and the several tribes which comprised the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas and Senecas, and the tracts of country occupied by them. These tribes generally took part with the English. We think the note should have included the Algonquins, Abenaquis, and others who sided with the French.

The account given of the abortive attempt at the conquest of Quebec by Phips in 1690, is very interesting, and the scene between his party and De Fontenac, who was given, by the New England Major, one hour to consider the surrender of the Fort and its stores, is very picturesque, and by no means to the credit of the New Englanders. Phips was a brave man and an excellent sailor, and found his way safely up the St. Lawrence and out of it, but he had no skill as a soldier or a diplomatist, and his discomfiture and retreat show the impolicy of New York in sending him. There is also a graphic and detailed narrative of the unfortunate attempt to attack Quebec by the English fleet under Admiral Hovenden Walker in 1711, when by strange want of seamanship and precaution, eight ships and nearly one thousand men were lost at the entrance of the St. Lawrence which Phips had passed with ease and safety.

The account of the tragic death of De la Salle is touching and sad, and the summary of his adventures and discoveries very interesting, as is that of his character as a man equal to any amount of adventurous daring, but deficient in that power of winning and keeping respect and affection which ensures unhesitating obedience and faithful service, while he had a haughty manner which excited anger and dislike, under the influence of which he was murdered by two of his own followers. Mr. Kingsford states his belief as to the manner in which De la Salle's movements and conduct were probably influenced by the Spaniard Penatossa, and the expedition under his command,

A short extract from Charlevoix gives a pleasant description of life and society in Canada in 1720 as compared with that in the English settlements, very prettily translated, and by no means unfavourable to our countrymen of that date, and still less to our countrywomen of the same period.

The account of the death and character of De Frontenac are graphic and fair, with "nothing extenuated nor aught set down in malice;" our author defends him against the charge of extravagant pretentions to power and the adoption of a policy for private ends, of violence of temper, and of exaction of personal consideration without true dignity; adding, that even if these faults be conceded, he still stands forth the most prominent of French Governors, and that the great stain on his name is the ruthless character of the massacres which he authorized; and of this he says "His nature was genial and kindly, and the fault may be attributed to the school in which he was reared, and the maxim of war then recognized—that anything whatever that caused disaster to an enemy was permissible." Our historian calls him the "Second Founder of Canada," and winds up with Charlevoix's epitaph: "After all, New France owed to him all she was at the time of his death, and the people soon perceived the great void he had left behind him."

As an appendix, Mr. Kingsford has added a full and detailed account of the negotiations and events which led to the Treaty of Utrecht, which had so important effect upon the boundaries of Canada and the then English Colonies, and the terms of which he believes would have been much more favourable to England, if the conduct of the latter years of the war to which it put an end had been left to the Duke of Marlborough, of whom he speaks in terms of the highest admiration, as a general and a man of honour and unswerving fidelity to his country, and whom he holds to have been removed by the sovereign from his command under the influence of mean jealousy and intrigue, and defends from all the charges which have been brought against him;

though he acknowledges his love of money to have been inordinate. The chapter is interesting as an essay on a moot point in English history, as well as in relation to Canada. The account is not flattering to the courts and sovereigns engaged;—corruption was at least as flagrant then as now.

Mr. Kingsford has thus performed the promise he made, and given us a history of Canada during the time over which his two volumes extend, which leaves little to be desired in extent of scope or fulness of detail. ably, and, as we believe, conscientiously written, with as much impartiality as human frailty admits of, after a faithful and indefatigable examination of trustworthy authorities. His style is simple and clear, preferring truth to rhetorical effect. He appears to have spared no pains to think rightly, and to say inteligibly what he thinks. We can say of this volume, as of the first,—No student of Canadian history can efford to be without it.

KINGSFORD'S HISTORY OF CANADA—Vol. III.

We have been favored with a copy of the work of which the title forms the heading of this article, and though our journal is not a literary review, nor the work in question a legal essay or report, it is one so deeply interesting to all Canadians and to lawyers certainly not less than others, as a record of events which have made Canada what it is, that we feel bound to call the attention of our readers to it, and to give such brief account of it as we did of the two volumes which preceded it.

We were at first rather disappointed to find that this volume does not bring the history down to the conquest; but Mr. Kingsford in his brief and modest preface, explains that he not only found it impossible to fulfil his intention of bringing it down to that period, but also, that although the capture of Quebec might be virtually considered the termination of French

rule in Canada, yet the events between that capture and the final cession of the country under the treaty of Paris, in February, 1763, formed so important a part of its history that his work could not have been considered complete unless it included them, and that an account of these events and those prior to the conquest and not included in the present volume, would of themselves fill a fourth, on which he is now occupied, and which he hopes to publish is September, 1890. Among the events so referred to are—Levis' attack on Quebec, with Murray's defeat in May and the capitulation of Montreal in September, 1760, followed in 1763 by the treaty of Paris; while among the subjects indispensable to the completion of his work and included with others in the present volume are—the history of Hudson's Bay up to its cession under the treaty of Utrecht; a summary account of the settlement of Louisiana in its relationship to Canada; and the events in Acadia after its cession under the treaty of Utrecht, including the creation of the Province of Nova Scotia, and the foundation of the city of Halifax; the capture and subsequent restoration of Louisburg; the capture of Port Royal (now Annapolis); the fruitless expedition of the Duc d'Anville; the sufferings and surprise of the New England troops by Coulon de Villiers in Acadia; De la Verendrye's explorations; the character of de la Galissonière; de Celeron's expedition up the Ohio; the founding of Ogdensburg by Picquet; the character and intrigues of LeLoutre; the Marquis Duquesne's expedition to the Ohio; Braddock's expedition against Fort Duquesne, his defeat and death; Dieskau's expedition on the west side of Lake Champlain; the extraordinary ecclesiastical quarrel at Quebec in 1727; the State of Canada and Canadian society in 1755–6.

This volume contains 578 pages, divided into 5 books, each again divided into chapters. It is very handsomely and clearly printed, the type and paper are good; and it is altogether got up in the best modern style. It has a very full table of contents; four small but very useful maps; many explanatory notes, and

full references to the authorities for statements of fact, and in many cases, citations of important passages from documents referred to. There is no verbal index to persons and events, but Mr. Kingsford promises that a very full one shall be given with the fourth volume, to it and the three preceding it. His style is clear without attempts at oratorical flourishes and effects; and we hold with respect to this volume, the same conviction of the author's conscientious fidelity, care and labour in collecting and verifying the facts he relates, the impartiality of the inferences he draws from them, and his charaterizations of the personages whose acts he records, which we have expressed as to the preceding volumes; and as an instance of his fairness we give his character of Rasle a Jesuit of the Jesuits, a body for whom M. Kingsford has as little love as we have:—

'In spite of Rasle's persevering hostility to New England and his never ceasing attempts to embroil England and France in war, for a small extent of border territory which even to-day is but imperfectly settled, he demands our sympathy from the high qualities he possessed. Had he been placed in a wider field of action where his energy could have been exercised, and by experience and contact with the world he could have learned to overcome his prejudices, he might have been remembered in history by the side of Richelieu, Mazarin or Alberoni. Great powers always command respect, especially when allied with those brilliant traits of character which impress us by their physical, rather than by their moral force. To Rasle's high ability he added unfaltering courage and self-reliance; and it was by no means in disaccord with his character that he refused to give or take quarter. In his young years he had been an earnest student of polite literature. At the Jesuit's College he had been distinguished by great application, and was an elegant Latin scholar; and throughout his life, though he had been a missionary for many years living with savages, he retained these tastes. He had obtained a perfect knowledge of Abenaki, and

had attempted to give it some grammatical form. He had taught several of his people to read and write, and he delighted to correspond in their own languages with them. He is said even to have written Indian poetry. He knew the Dutch language to speak it; English only imperfectly. He had a hatred of everything English, the people, their language, their protestantism, their mode of life; and accordingly his manners were often offensive. There was no deceit on his part in his enmity, it was openly expressed; and Rasle by the side of a ruffian like Le Loutre appears a saint."

The covert designs intended by the French to be accomplished through the Indians, and Rasle's intrigues for that purpose, are narrrated at length.

Mr. Kingsford is English, and of course wishes to give the English view of some matters upon which he thinks existing histories have created erroneous impressions, and the first two chapters of this volume are devoted to a defence of the English claim to the discovery and right of possession of Hudson's Bay. He says, and appears to us to prove, that nothing can be more clear than the English claim to the discovery of and settlement on these northern waters: the northern part of America being discovered in 1497, by Sebastian Cabot, under a commission from Henry VII, and Hudson having in 1610, by authority of James I, taken possession of the bay and straits that bear his name: and he then cites his authorities and states at length his reasons for the opinion he expresses.

Another and more important matter, since it affects England's reputation for justice and humanity, is the account he gives of the deportation of the inhabitants of a certain portion of Acadia, in 1755, on wich the American poet, Longfellow, has founded his pathetic and beautiful poem, Evangeline, which does not directly reproach the English authorities with harshness or cruelty, but yet leaves the impression that the proceeding which was aided by the New England colonists, and cannot have

been disapproved by them, had something of cruelty and tyranny in it. In England it was looked upon as an act of painful necessity, a duty unwillingly undertaken, and performed with as much care to prevent unnecessary suffering as possible. Families were not separated, and were allowed to carry with them all their portable effects for which room could be found in the vessels which carried them. They had brought the suffering upon themselves For forty years, says Mr. Kingsford, the country had belonged tc England, and all its inhabitants over forty years of age had been born British subjects. They had been repeatedly asked to take the oath of allegiance, and had refused, sometimes with insolence, and on every possible occasion joined the French and Indians in their savage attacks on the English colonists and their property. Every Acadian was a spy to give intelligence to the enemy, and their removal was a painful but unavoidable act of self-defence. We request any doubting reader to peruse Mr. Kingsford's statement of the case in chapter VI of Book VIII.

The time covered by this volume, extends from 1726 to 1756, and embraces the administration of the several Governors of Canada during that period, viz.—Le Marquis Beauharnois, Le Marquis de la Jonquière, Le Marquis Duquesne, and Le Marquis de Vaudreuil, and portions of the reigns of Louis XIV, and Louis XV, in France, and George I, and George II, in England.

It is impossible in the limited space allowed us to give any idea of the amount of information and detail in the volume before us, containing as it does a very full account of a most important part of the struggle between France and England for the possession of the northern part of America. The period embraced has been called the heroic age of Canada, and it was so as regards daring, hardihood and adventurous spirit, but it was not the age of Chivalry, or generous rivalry in arms, but that of "savage, unrelenting, murderous war," between two nations who had been rivals from the time of the battles of Hastings,

Cressy and Agincourt, adopting as allies the Indian savage, and forced by such alliance into permitting, if not adopting, all the abominations of Indian warfare. The book before us is crowded with details of such warfare; midnight attacks on villages, the murder of their inhabitants and destruction of their property, the carrying off of women and children into life slavery, and the torture of prisoners, sometimes with the consent of Christian allies, and sometimes in spite of them. The attack and destruction of Deerfield, and the reprisal on Norridgewock being specimens of the manner in which the contest between two great Christian peoples was conducted in America. Mr. Kingsford believes, and we are most willing to believe with him, that the worst things were not done on the English side; but there were Indians on both sides, and the Christian victors were sometimes forced to shut their eyes while their allies indulged in the pleasure of burning a few captives. This was called *la petite guerre*. Up to the time when the narrative closes, the fortunes of the French seem to be in the ascendant; they had destroyed Oswego, defeated Braddock, and extended their holdings on Lakes Champlain and Ontario, and the Ohio, and had gone down the Mississippi to New Orleans, round the English Colonies; their reinforcements from France, their despotic form of government and the military character of their people giving them a decided advantage over the democratic and separate governments and the mercantile and agricultural habits of the English colonists; so that but for the coming into power of the first Pitt, and his energetic policy and action, they might possibly have carried into effect their cherished idea of driving the English into the sea, or at any rate of confining them to the Atlantic seaboard. But Pitt came to the helm of state, and sent Wolfe, and roused the latent energies of the English colonists, and it was not long before the aspect of afiairs was changed, and Canada became an English Province.

G. W. W.

COMMERCIAL UNION.

Editor of THE CITIZEN.

SIR,—Mr. Chamberlain's answers to his interviewers on the subject of Commercial Union and Unrestricted Reciprocity are so perfectly clear and so exactly confirmatory of what you and your correspondents have said about them that I cannot help congratulating you on the fact; and they are so wise and convincing that I think Canada may feel sure that her interests and honour are safe in Mr. Chamberlain's hands. He holds Commercial Union to be a surrender of the power of taxing ourselves into the hands of the United States, and so ceasing to be an independent country, which would imply the giving up of all claim to become a nation; and Unrestricted Reciprocity to be an impracticable scheme, leaving the Custom Houses along the 3,000 miles of border line, with the difficulty of ascertaining the origin of every article of commerce passing them, which was found insuperable in England. I wish the supporters of either to the two "fads" joy of Mr. Chamberlain's opinion of their bantlings.

It has been said that the Americans object mainly to what they consider the harsh and unneighbourly provisions of the treaty of 1818, denying their fishing vessels the right of entering Canadian ports for commercial purposes; and it does seem to one not cognizant of the intentions or motives of the framers of the treaty, that the said provisions must have been inserted solely for the purpose of preventing such vessels from entering upon and fishing clandestinely within the three-mile limit, for neither their buying and selling, or exchanging cargoes, or forwarding

them over Canadian railways, could be injurious or indeed otherwise than advantageous in themselves to Canadian interests. Our neighbours say they do not want to fish within the three-mile limit, and if the obnoxious provisions were really only intended to prevent their doing so, would not they themselves help to prevent such unlawful fishing, and instruct their cruisers to assist ours in this duty and so remove these objectionable provisions? Our neighbours only ask that we should do by them what they say they are ready to do by us; cannot means be found to avoid what seems to hurt and annoy them without doing us any good? or if it does us any good Uncle Sam might make some little concession in return for its removal. The headland difficulty might be easily settled by the commissioners, or if not, by arbitration; and so also the Behring Sea difficulty, where it would seem the harsh dealing has not been on our side. Where there is a will there will be found a way, and on both sides justice only can be desired. "Blessed are the peace-makers." Some are unwise enough to think that Commercial Union would settle the fisheries difficulty. It would give us free trade in fish; it would not give U. S. our in-shore fisheries, or take away our exclusive right to them. Annexation might, and that would be granted if the two Houses of our Parliament asked it, and they would ask it if Canada wanted it—but Canada does not.

W.

Ottawa, December 27th, 1887.

MR. HITT'S RESOLUTION.

Editor of THE CITIZEN.

SIR,—Mr. Hitt in offering us Commercial Union is kind enough to say that Canada should be *consulted* in arranging any tariff intended to be common to her and the United States; and as such consultation could only be made effective by giving us a vote in the arrangement, this concession is an admission that representation must accompany taxation. If the United States Legislature is to tax us, we must be represented in it as to such taxation; and though, as Mr. Hitt says, sixty millions must of course control five, a vote of one-twelfth is better than no vote at all, and may even have very considerable effect in a body by no means unanimous on tariff questions. And our right must extend not only as to the tariff itself (including excise or internal revenue), but as to all enactments relating to or affecting it, or the officers, courts and authorities by whom it is to be carried into effect, the laws affecting it administered, and the revenue collected, accounted for and divided. And as it cannot be supposed that such tariff and laws are never to be altered, Canada must in like manner have a vote in any such alterations. The representation or number of votes for these purposes, should be regulated, as in the United Stated, by population in the Lower House and by provinces in the Senate. Our representatives would, of course, only vote upon the matters aforesaid; but as debates on such matters may come on at any time, they must always be on hand and ready. The arrangement must be for all time, for it would never do to have to discontinue it, and to re-establish the old laws and custom-houses along the boundary

line, from time to time. Would the United States agree to this? And if they would, how must the agreement be made? Canada has not treaty-making powers, for the plain reason that England could not be bound to enforce treaty conditions made without her approval and assent; nor would she be likely to assent to a treaty to last forever, and we have seen that a temporary arrangement would not answer the purpose. The matter would clearly be one difficult to manage; but probably, if Lord Salisbury, the President and Sir John agreed upon it, the thing might be done. Mr. Hitt has, perhaps, considered the little difficulties in the way, and sees his way through them: if so I should like to see his *modus operandi;* for it seems to me that Commercial Union, instead of merely leading to Annexation, is *the thing itself*, and must rather be preceded by, than follow it.

Unrestricted Reciprocity would not be quite so hard to work out; but hard enough if it is to extend to all productions or manufactures of either country. It would not remove the Custom houses along the boundary line, for there would remain the difficulty of proving the place of production. Mr. Chamberlain when here, stated the difficulty the question of *origin* had occasioned in England; and I have read lately that a Sheffield cutler complained not of the competition of foreigners as to the goods made by them, but of their marking them as made in Sheffield. I believe it is intended that articles subject to duties of excise or internal revenue must be excepted. No one disputes the desirability of the freest and most amicable intercourse with our cousins south of us, and the removal of every check to trade with them; but we cannot help considering the cost at which this is to be done.

Whatever objections there may be to permanent protection, we cannot break faith with those whom we have induced to establish manufactories which cannot yet compete with foreigners, though we may hope they will be able in time to do so. And can we afford to abandon the revenue from duties on Ameri-

can manufactures? Our Treasury is not overflowing, and our people rather object to direct taxation. True we have some among us who favour Mr. George's scheme, and would make the land holders pay for all; but the plan is not generally liked, though it is favoured in theory by eminent political economists, as to "unearned increment," or increased value of real property not produced by the labour or capital of the owners. There is difficulty in applying the theory to improved property. A feasible plan by its supporters, say in Ottawa, would be very useful; there is a very large amount of "unearned increment" in this city, and some even in the two hundred feet along the canal, now in dispute in the Exchequer Court, which, if it should give the land to the claimant, might, perhaps, subject it to the repayment of the said "increment." The Court might say something on this point *obiter*.

W.

Ottawa, 6th Jan., 1890.

POWER OF DISALLOWANCE.

To the Editor of THE CANADA LAW JOURNAL:

DEAR SIR,—In what you say in your last number of the great usefulness and value of Dr. Bourinot's lectures I perfectly agree; they well deserve to be made a text-book on the subject to which they relate, and ought to be in the hands of every student of the profession of the law, and, indeed, of every citizen who wishes to know his rights and duties as such; and the admitted lawyer will find it worth while to have them at hand for reference. They state very clearly the constitutional law on non-doubtful points, and on doubtful ones they offer comments and suggestions

wisely and lucidly thought out, and aidful towards their solution. I can hardly think you right in supposing that Dr. Bourinot favours the doctrine that the power of disallowance of Provincial Acts should be exercised only in cases where the powers of the Provincial Legislature are exceeded; though I agree with him that the power in question should be exercised with the utmost caution and regard for Provincial rights. I observed in a late number of *The Week* something like the doctrine to which you suppose Dr. Bourinot leans, but adopting it rather more decidedly than you suppose the Doctor to do, and, indeed maintaining that disallowance should never be resorted to except when the disallowed Act is *extra vires;* and in some other papers I have seen a like opinion expressed, accompanied with an intimation that our Premier had adopted it. I do not think this doctrine correct; and I think Sir John repudiated it in his speech at the laying of the corner stone of a Methodist church, and said, as a writer of the article in your journal does, and as I humbly follow them in believing, that the power of disallowance was intended to be exercised whenever the Provincial Act contained any provision inconsistent with the safety, honour or welfare of the Dominion; as, for instance, repudiation of a Provincial obligation or contract, or any provision inconsistent with justice or morality. To confine the exercise of this power to cases where the Act is *ultra vires* would make it superfluous and useless, for the Act would be void to all intents and purposes, and might be so declared by any court before which its illegality should be pleaded, at any time after its passing, and although it should have been sanctioned without objection. It might, of course, be disallowed, and its disallowance desirable to avoid doubt, delay and litigation; but the intent of the disallowance provision in the constitutional Act was not merely to stop the unlawful assumption of power by the Provinces, which the courts could do, but to prevent the abuse of the powers vested in them but exercised to the detriment of the Dominion. I think this power of disallowance is rightly

vested in the Governor, acting by and with the advice of an Executive Council under the virtual control of the Dominion Parliament in which all the Provinces are represented, rather than in any court, which could only have determined the legality of an Act questioned, and not its policy and effect on the Dominion generally. Vested as it now is, I hold the power of disallowance to be useful, and indispensable to the convervation and welfare of the Dominion.

W.

16th Nov., 1889.

DISALLOWANCE QUESTION.

Editor of THE CITIZEN.

SIR,—On Saturday night last there was triumph on one side and wailing on the other over the result of the election of a member of the Dominion Parliament; but now there is triumph on both sides in the victory of patriotism over party spirit, on Tuesday, when Mr. Blake moved in the House of Commons a resolution for enabling the Government to obtain in the best possible manner, a reasoned advisory opinion on legal points in cases respecting the disallowance of Provincial Acts, or appeals in cases touching Provincial enactments on educational matters; and Sir John Macdonald cordially accepted the suggestion, subject to the condition that when such opinion assumed the shape of a decision, there should be an appeal to the Judicial Committee of H. M.'s Privy Council; and the motion so conditioned was unanimously accepted by the House. Both parties now agree that the mere fact that a Provincial Act is *intra vires* is not a reason that it should necessarily be allowed, but that the power

of disallowance was intended to be and ought to be exercised whenever the Provincial Act is inconsistent with the safety, honour and interests of the Dominion ; and that to maintain a contrary opinion is to make the Imperial provision superfluous and useless, as a Provincial Act *ultra vires* would be null and void, and might be so declared at any time by any court before which such nullity was pleaded. It might, however, be desirable to prevent by disallowance the anxiety, trouble and perhaps ruin, it might occasion too many if such Act were allowed to be supposed in force until formally declared null. There is now a provision enabling the Government to obtain the opinion of the Supreme Court in certain cases, but Mr. Blake wishes his tribunal to have the fullest powers for obtaining evidence and hearing arguments, as well on matters of fact as on points of law, and special enactments will be necessary for this purpose, including the appeal to the Judicial Commitee of Her Majesty's Privy Council. No decision under the proposed arrangement would destroy or impair the power of disallowance, but as such decision might influence the question of the exercise of that power, or the subsequent action of the Provincial Legislature, or of the Governor-in-Council in educational cases, and judges will not be hurried, it might be desirable to obtain an extension of the period now fixed for disallowance. There would be no difficulty in obtaining it; there was none in obtaining the Special Imperial Act for permitting representation of the North-West Territories in the Dominion Parliament. The matter is now in the hands of the leaders of our two parties, and will be well cared for ; and the country may be congratulated on having an opposition able to propose so useful a measure and a Ministry wise enough to accept and perfect it.

W.

Ottawa, May 1st, 1890.

To the Editor of THE CANADA LAW JOURNAL:

DEAR SIR,—I like your last number much, and I was pleased to see that you had taken that very singular article from *Pump Court* about lithographed signatures, where the judges say that the subject is one upon which no two men could differ—and yet they all differ, the one from the other. The "glorious uncertainty" stands out in bold relief—and what a nice amount of costs might have been incurred if two rich litigants had been the parties interested! It has often struck me that the great facility of appeal from court to court, and the possibility, or even probability, of one winning his case and losing it ultimately, amounts almost to a denial of justice. Especially is this the case when we consider that, after having been encouraged to believe that he is right by judge after judge, a suitor of moderate means may be ruined by his first success, and through reliance on the judges appointed and well paid, by Government to decide his case. I would suggest that the Government be compelled to pay the costs incurred by the mistake or negligence of the judges whose decisions were reversed on appeal to the court of last resort. The judges might not like it, but it would certainly make them more careful. If I employ a professional man, and by his want of skill or diligence about the work which he is employed to do I suffer damage, he must idemnify me. I employed him relying on the maxim "*cuique in arte sua perito credendum est*," and he turns out not to be sufficiently *peritus*. The public who pay the judges do so believing them to be *peritissimi*. Where is the fallacy?

We have the new Banking Act at last. I hope you will procure a copy, and tell us what you think of it. I, for my part, do not quite like the idea of the good banks guaranteeing the notes of the weaker ones, who might be tempted to issue by this provision—but *nous verrons*. There, I have sinned by writing you officially in French (to you, a champion of Equal Rights!) Pardonnez, Monsieur. By the way do you exchange with the *Canada Français Review*? The last number contains a

statement of the amount of Peter's Pence for last year, viz., $600,000, which, at one soul for each penny, would make sixty million souls: a goodly number to make into good Presbyterians or Methodists, not to say Churchmen. I wish we could so manage it. The *Review* is under the supervision of the Professors of Laval, and is well written.

You will remember that in a little book I printed for private circulation only among my friends, and of which I gave you a copy, I made the following remarks about certain violations of the Act of 1887, amending that respecting the Independence of Parliament: "Many members have since resigned under its provisions, and almost all of them have been re-elected. The Act says nothing about profits (if any) obtained by the violation of the law, leaving the question open, as a matter of conscience, on which honourable members could scarcely have any doubt. Hamlet's uncle had a very strong opinion on the point:—

> Then I'll look up,—
> My fault is past—But oh, what form of prayer
> Can serve my turn:—Forgive me my foul murder,—
> That cannot be, since still I am possessed
> Of those effects for which I did the murder,
> My Crown, mine own ambition, and my Queen:—
> May one be pardoned and retain the offence?"
>
> —"*Hamlet*, *Act 3, sce. 3.*"

I should like to know how far you think the cases referred to in the said note are like one now under the consideration of the Election Committee of our House of Commons, and what in that case, if the alleged offence should be found to have been committed, would be the effect of such finding as regards profits the offenders made by such offence.

W.

Ottawa, 27th March, 1890.

[We publish with pleasure the foregoing letter from an old subscriber to this journal and an esteemed contributor to its columns. It was not written for publication, but we think it may be of interest to our readers. We spare no pains in making the JOURNAL useful and interesting to our patrons, and we are pleased that our number for March 17 is approved by so competent a critic and judge as our Ottawa correspondent. *laudatus a laudato.*—ED. C. L. J.]

DOMINION LEGISLATION OF THE SESSION OF 1890.

To the Editor of THE CANADA LAW JOURNAL:

SIR,—Allow me to congratulate the JOURNAL, its readers, and the country, on the close of what His Excellency calls "a somewhat protacted session," and on his being able to thank our representatives for the diligence with which they have applied themselves to their important duties, and his general approval of the 109 Acts they have passed. The speech and the list of Acts you have already in the official *Gazette*, and I hope in a day or two to send you the list with the Acts chaptered as they will be in the Statutes, and I trust you and your readers will find no reason to dissent from His Excellency's opinion of their value. The Bank Act would, in the opinion of many, have been improved by the omission of the provision making the several institutions *quasi* indorsers of each other's notes in order that all may pass currently in every part of the Dominion; to these dissenters it seems that it would have been better to make every bank have its agent for redeeming its notes in every

Province, and letting them be current or not according to the standing of the bank in the estimation of the public. Everyone is pleased that the Government abandoned the idea of confiscating unclaimed dividends, and has adopted the English plan of giving public information respecting them. The amendments to the Criminal Law are undoubtedly improvements:—perhaps it would have been well if they had included some provision for the prevention and punishment of *boodling*, but Mr. Blake's promised Bill for better securing the independence of Parliament, with which that interesting offence has been shown to be closely connected, will deal with it: and of this hereinafter. Of the martyred innocents it is unnecessary to speak, their merits and the loss the country sustains by their slaughter are recorded in our Canadian Hansard, in the eloquent words of their respective parents, and if they deserved a better fate they will attain it in a future session, and emerge from the chrysalis state of Bills into the perfect state of Acts. I regret the fate of one little one for the legalization of standard time, which we have been using throughout the Dominion for years with great convenience, but illegally opening and closing polls, offices, banks, and sittings of legislatures, at Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, and all places in the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario by *l'Orignal time*, varying in many places from half an hour to nearly an hour from the solar time required by law. This Bill was brought into the Senate by Mr. MacInnes, on the suggestion of Mr. Fleming, who had distinguished himself at the Washington conference in 1884, for establishing a prime meridian for the reckoning of longitude, and of time as depending on it, and which agreed upon that of the observatory of Greenwich. But Mr. MacInnes moved too late in the session, and we are to go on illegally for another year before we follow the example set us by the Imperial Parliament in 1880, by the Act 43–44 Vict., c. 9, doing for England and Ireland what Mr. MacInnes wants us to do for Canada. It seems now, that something may be done by Congress for the

United States, which has hitherto been prevented by a supposed difficulty as to State and Congress jurisdiction. If Congress takes the matter up we may perhaps follow; I would rather we had led.

Our session was stormy as well as long, the "Outs" accusing the "Ins" of all sorts of wickedness, legislative and otherwise, and the "Ins" retorting, as of old, "*tu quoque;*" each calling the other very ugly names, and receiving the same answer, "you're another," supposed to be a quite sufficient and unanswerable reply. But we had, as you know, two first class scandals, of which General Middleton and Mr. Rykert were the central figures. In the General's case everyone grieves that a man so much respected and liked, and to whom our country is indebted, and has acknowledged its indebtedness, for most excellent service in the North-West, did not, when convinced of his mistake in declaring certain furs *confiscated*, and acting as if he were the *Fisc* and had a right to divide them between himself and his friends, say at once, as we are told and are willing to believe he has since done, that he was ready to pay the sum which the committee had reported as the value of the furs and recommended that Bremner should be paid for them. In spite of Mr. Blake's clear exposition of the rules of the British service, I cannot believe that the General knowingly intended to do wrong. Mr. Rykert's case admits of no excuse. Elected as a member of that branch of Parliament especially entrusted with the care of the property and pecuniary interests of the people, and paid for his services as such, he, by means which a select committee of his fellow-members has formally declared to be "discreditable, corrupt and scandalous," and by misusing the faith which from his position members of the Ministry and public officers under them placed in him, is reported to have obtained from the Government for $500 a grant of timber limits which is said to have produced $200,000 to him or the party for whom he obtained them, and from whom he says he received

$3,000 for thirty days during which he was using the means aforesaid for procuring them. Mr. Rykert, having resigned as a member of the Commons, is appealing to his former constituents for re-election; but would the House after declaring his conduct to be discreditable, corrupt and scandalous, allow him to sit as one of its members, remembering the old adage as to similarity of plumage? Mr. Macdougall defended him very cloverly, but the defence was only a demurrer to the jurisdiction of the House, not a plea to the merits or an assertion of the morality of his client's conduct. And if the Attorney-General (Sir John Thompson) had, as some assert, previously prepared or agreed to a report favourable to Mr. Rykert, it must have been of the same nature as Mr. Macdougall's defence, and not an approval of what Mr. R. did. As to the question whether an offender can lawfully retain effects obtained by his offence, and whether the law affords means of compelling him to give them up, the answer on moral grounds is pretty clearly given in one of your late numbers, by Hamlet's uncle. that he cannot lawfully retain them; and the said uncle says further:—

> "In the corrupted currents of this world,
> Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
> And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
> Buys out the law. But 'tis not so above—
> There is no shuffling there."

In the case before us is there no way of obtaining the rescission of the grant by which $200.000 worth of property are said to have been obtained for $500? Is there no mistake as to the property, no concealment of knowledge of its value by the grantee, no *fraud* which vitiates everything? The Roman law held lesion to the extent of half the value to be sufficient, and though our modern law, founded more on trading principles, does not go so far, I think it still says that very gross inadequacy may afford evidence of the existence of fraud. Is $200.000 obtained

in the manner reported by the committee for $500 sufficiently gross inadequacy? If English law affords no remedy in such a case, or it exists and our lawyers cannot find it, so much the worse for the law and lawyers, and Mr. Blake's purifying Bill is the more urgently necessary. I think if a like case had been referred by Hamlet's father to his Lord Chancellor, or whoever might there be the proper authority, and he had reported no remedy, King Hamlet would have thought and said there was "something rotten in the State of Denmark," which must and should be cured.

W.

June, 1890.

CURIOSITIES OF MEASUREMENT.

In our last number we inserted a very interesting engraving of the Eiffel Tower, now being erected at Paris as one of the attractions of the great exhibition to be held there in 1889, the highest building in the world, the Washington monument at Washington coming next. We also add on the plate the heights of some of the other lofty structures for comparison, which may be carried a little further by comparing the tower with some of nature's structures, the mountains of the world. This would show the height of the tower to be one-eighth of that of Mount Washington (8,000 ft.); about one-fifteenth of that of some of the highest Alps and one twenty-ninth of that of the highest Himalayas; so that nature beats Mr. Eiffel very considerably, wonderful as his work will be. But a comparison of the mountains with the size of the earth itself throws them into the shade, and shows what small excrescences they are on this great globe we inhabit. We see by the papers that the Paris exhibition is to

contain something that will facilitate this latter comparison. They say there is to be a terrestrial globe of thirty metres in diameter, about 100 feet, and we suppose that on this the mountains will be shown in relief, and on a scale which will serve for comparison with each other, but will probably be much larger than the scale of the diameter, just as an engineer shows the true elevations and depressions of a line of railway on a larger scale than the horizontal distances. Some years ago there was exhibited, in London, a globe of 60 feet diameter, but turned inside out, the spectators being inside it, and the countries, seas and other geological divisions being shown on the inside, elevations and depressions included, the latter being shown a greatly enlarged scale, but, even then, being very small indeed, as compared with the size of the globe. The comparison was very interesting and instructive. We cannot all see either the said Paris or London globe; let us try whether we can use a globe of no very formidable size, and yet get some idea of the comparison which we have mentioned. Suppose we have one of forty inches diameter (thirty-six inches is not uncommon but forty will work more easily into our computation), then, taking the diameter of the earth at eight thousand miles, each inch of our globe will represent two hundred miles, and one mile will be represented by the two-hundredth part of an inch. Now, to get a tangible exhibition of this small quantity, let us take any printed book of which the edges of four hundred pages, when the book is close shut, will make one inch in thickness; that of each leaf (two pages) will then be the two-hundredth of an inch, and a scrap of such paper as the leaf is made of, pasted on the globe, will represent a mountain one mile high (5280 feet), or two-thirds of the height of Mount Washington, or more than five times that of the Eiffel tower; and less than six thicknesses of such paper will represent that of the highest mountain in the world, and not far from the greatest depth of the ocean, which is now considered to be rather more than the height of the loft-

iest mountain. We shall thus have a fair idea of the comparatively small elevations and depressions in the earth's surface, and of the very slight increase in them respectively, which would drown whole continents, or leave the bottom of the ocean bare; and we shall have some idea of the comparative size of man and that of the world he inhabits, for a thickness of our supposed paper will represent more than eight hundred times his average stature; and yet man's stature and power are admirably adapted to the world he has to live in, and neither giants nor pigmies would be so well suited to it as he is.

W.

Dominion Illustrated.

COSMIC FORCES.

In our number before the last we presented our readers with an engraving of the Eiffel Tower, the loftiest building in the world, and in our last number, as a sequel, we gave them some "Curiosities of Measurement," in which we compared the tower with some of Nature's works in this world of ours. But what are the greatest of these compared with God's work outside of this world? The sun and his attendant planets, and the stars, infinite in number, each a sun accompanied, astronomers tell us, by its attendant planets; and an infinity of space beyond them again, with stars whose light has not yet reached this world, Those of them which we can see are made visible by their light, which also, by the aid of that wonderful instrument the spectroscope, has shown us that many of the elements of which they are constituted are the same or similar to those found on our earth, and thus revealed the unity of creation. Yet that very light by which we see these at night, makes them invisible by day, and

if the sun shone always upon us, we should know nothing of those other worlds and suns. Our readers, or many of them, must be acquainted with Blanco White's beautiful sonnet founded on the facts we have mentioned, but many have probably never seen it. It will bear repetition, and we reproduce it. It has been called the finest, and is certainly among the finest, sonnets in our language.

Mysterious night! when our first father knew
Thee, by report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame—
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus, with the Host of Heaven, came,
And lo! Creation widened in man's view.—
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun? or who could find,
While flower and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?—
Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife?—
If Light can thus deceive us, why not Life?

W.

Dominion Illustrated.

ROBERT BROWNING.

To the Editor of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED:

SIR,—On a hint some time ago from your excellent and kindly contributor, Lockhart, that he was contemplating a Canadian symposium on Browning, I sent him the lines I subjoin, and was rather disappointed at finding from the extract in your now last number, from the "*Transcript Monthly*, of *Portland*," that the editor had not found room for them, as I hope *you* will. My praise seems reasonably strong—Mr. Roberts, I see, gently com-

ments on our poet's love of the obscure—and the clear and loving spirit of Mr. Lockhart's own verse leads me to believe that he would not object to a little more light and love, and will not be angry with me that I incline to agree with Mr. Duvar, in preferring the wife to the husband *as a poet;* I say nothing as to his psychological analysis or just and keen satire, or the theosophy of "*Caliban on Setebos.*"

Since you ask me, gentle Lockhart,
Leader of the band of minstrels
In the songs of our Dominion,
What I think of Robert Browning—
Take my thoughts for your symposium.
What he wrote, and what he taught
Is bright with wit, with wisdom fraugh
Large and lofty, strong and pure.
His pregnant verse at times obscure,
But still with some deep thought behind it—
So deep that many fail to find it.
Old proverbs say, that of the dead
Nothing but good should e'er be said;
Yet, I should better like our bard
If his hard things were not *so* hard.
Is there not something of the sphinx
In Caliban's mysterious "Thinks?"
Something not Hebrew, Greek or Asian,
And not exactly Athanasian?
Some hidden thing we long to see
In that deep, mystical "So he?"
Must we not Browning's spirit call
To lift the veil, and, once for all,
These riddles to explain and solve
With all the mysteries they involve,
And thus from all reproach our honoured bard absolve?

W.

Ottawa, 1890.

EDUCATIONAL QUESTIONS.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I read with much pleasure the paragraph in the leading article of THE WEEK of the 25th July last, in which you remark and refer to *The Bystander* as agreeing with you, that three-fourths of those who use the Public schools are just as well able to pay for the schooling of their children as for their food and clothing, and are equally bound to do so: that there is reason to fear the very class for which gratuitous education is needed don't avail themselves of the provision; and if the state of the law is such that we are unable to get the children of the poorest educated, it should be altered for that purpose; and that the free education of all classes which is in many cases given in the high schools is something still more unreasonable: in all which I most cordially agree, as I do also with your concluding remark that the provision last mentioned is not merely unjust to those who make no use of the schools, but is frequently injurious to those who are induced to use them, when they might be better employed in manual labour. With reference to this last remark I think it would do no harm to call the attention of your readers to the following extract from Mr Punch's sensible and dramatic illustration of the case as respects the Public schools in England:—

TOO CLEVER BY HALF.

Being questions and answers cut on the straight.

Question.—So you have finished your education?
Answer.—Yes, thanks to the liberality of the School Board.
Q.—Do you know more than your parents?

A.—Certainly, as my father was a sweep and my mother a charwoman.

Q.—Would either occupation suit you?

A.—Certainly not; my aspirations soar above such pursuits, and my health impaired by excessive study, unfits me for a life of manual labour.

Q.—Kindly mention what occupation *would* suit you?

A.—I think I could, with a little cramming, pass the examination for the Army, the Navy or the Bar.

Q.—Then why not become an officer in either branch of the United Service, or a member of one of the Inos of Court?

A.—Because I fear, that as a man of neither birth nor breeding, I should be regarded with contempt in either the Camp or the Forum.

Q.—Would you take a clerkship in the city?

A.—Not willingly, as I have enjoyed something better than a commercial education; besides city clerkships are not to be had for the asking.

Q.—Well, would you become a shop-boy or a counter-jumper?

A.—Certainly not; I should deem it a sin to waste my accomplishments (which are many) in filling a situation suggestive of the servants' hall rather than of the library.

Q.—Well, then, how are you to make an honest livelihood?

A.—Those who are responsible for my education must answer that question.

Q.—And if they can't?

A.—Then I must accept an alternative and seek inspiration and precedents from the records of success in another walk of life, beginning with the pages of the Newgate Calendar!

—*Punch, July* 12, *1890.*

Punch is a moralist and philosopher of the laughing school, but our English proverb tells us, there is many a true word spoken in jest. The Roman philosopher and poet asks: *Ridentem dicere verum,—Quid vetat?* "What hinders a jester from speaking the truth?" Common sense answers, nothing hinders, and *Punch's* illustration is apposite to his case in hand. It is not right that boys should receive at the public expense an education which unfits them for manual labour; and those who make the laws which give them such education at the cost of the tax payer, are responsible and must answer the question *Punch's* examiner puts. Education at the public expense should be given only to those whose parents cannot pay for it, and should apply

to such subjects as will be of use to them in such callings and employments as they may reasonably be supposed likely to be engaged in, and should certainly not be such as would unfit them for manual labour, the independence and respectability of which, especially in agricultural pursuits, should be always strongly insisted upon. Institutions for higher education should be supported by voluntary contributions, or if aided from the public purse should only be so to a very moderate extent, and for purposes in which the state has a direct interest, or which are connected with the scholar's probable calling and means of support. No one should be placed, at the cost of the taxpayer, in the position in which *Punch's* examinee finds himself, by being "too clever by half."

W.

THE WEEK, 22 August, 1890.

BEHRING SEA CONTROVERSY.

Editor of THE CITIZEN :

DEAR SIR,—In the FREE PRESS of the 6th instant I find the following paragraph :

"Washington, 6th.—The President yesterday sent a further communication to the House of Representatives concerning the Behring Sea Controversy. Great stress is laid on the fact of Great Britain having excluded vessels from within eight leagues of St. Helena when Napoleon was confined there, and also, the protection exercised by that power over the Ceylon pearl fisheries. Mr. Harrison objects to the form of the proposed arbitration, and says it will amount to something tangible if Great Britain consents to arbitrate the real questions discussed for the

last four years. What were the rights exercised by Russia in Behring Sea? How far were they conceded by Great Britain? Was Behring Sea included in the Pacific Ocean? Did not the United States acquire all of Russia's rights? What are the present rights of the United States? And if the concurrency of Great Britain is found necessary, then what shall be the protected limits in the close season? Secretary Blaine denies that the United States ever claimed Behring Sea to be a closed sea, and quotes Minister Phelps, in 1888, where he says that the question is not applicable to the present case."

This is followed by a brief statement that the Foreign Office has received Mr. Blaine's letter above mentioned, but nothing more: and in an elaborate and well written article in yesterday's issue, the editor refers to the very great interest of Canada in the question, and shows clearly how fully Lord Salisbury has already refuted Mr. Blaine's arguments. But he cannot refrain from using the old cry of official delay and red tape, and the readiness of the British Government to sacrifice Canadian rights to Imperial interests, and the old complaint that Canada cannot communicate freely with foreign Governments, forgetting that we are a portion of the British Empire and that it would be inconsistent with our position that we should be able to make, without the express authorization of the Imperial Government, agreements which *it* only could enforce; a position which we hold in common with a State in the American Union, the constitution whereof expressly provides that "no State shall enter into any treaty, alliance or confederation." Mr. Harrison objects to the form in which Lord Salisbury proposes arbitration, and seems to wish that a number of special points should be expressly referred to, and *not* the main and real question—"Whether the United States have any exclusive right of catching seals in Behring Sea outside the limit of their territorial jurisdiction under international law,"—in the consideration of which question, that of all those he mentions (including those he founds on England's

precautions for preventing the escape of Napoleon from St. Helena, or for the regulation of the pearl fisheries off Ceylon,) might of course be brought up as points affecting the decision, which would in fact be one determining the rights of the United States as against the rest of the world; for if British vessels have no right to take seals in the said open sea, neither have those of any other country than the United States; nor could a close season agreed upon by Great Britain and the said States affect any country not a party to such agreement, except so far only as may be required by the comity of nations. If any party has suffered damages through mistake as to the rights of the United States in Behring Sea, the amount thereof should be ascertained and awarded by the arbitrators, and paid by the party by whose mistake they have been occasioned.

Yours, etc.,

Ottawa, Jan. 9th, 1891. W.

KINGSFORD'S HISTORY OF CANADA—Vol. IV.

We have been favored with a copy of the fourth and last volume of this valuable work, and feel bound, for the reasons we assigned for noticing the three former volumes, to call the attention of our readers to that now before us. The close of Vol. III, left the aspect of affairs favorable to French ascendency, after the destruction of Oswego, the extension of French power on Lakes Champlain and Ontario, and down the Ohio and Mississippi to New Orleans. The present volume records the principal events which, commencing with the advent of Pitt to power and his energetic policy and action, ended in the conquest and cession of Canada to England, and relates—the expedition under

Forbes against Fort Duquesne, his defeat and heroic perseverance until, on the repetition of his advance, he found the Fort abandoned; the siege and taking of Fort Niagara; the abandonment of Fort Rouillé; the operations on Lakes George and Champlain; the siege and capture of Quebec, the military and naval manœuvres connected therewith, and the persistent and gallant efforts made by the French after its fall, in divers places and with alternating success and defeat, until the final siege, capitulation, and surrender of Montreal—in short, the battles, sieges and fortunes on either side, in the tragic close of the ancient feud between two of the foremost nations of the world, and their fierce contest for the possession of North America. And in his account of the period between the conquest and the final cession of the country and the establishment of British rule, which is sometimes spoken of as *le règne militaire*, and regarded as a period of harsh dealing with the French-Canadians, Dr. Kingsford has shown that the implied reproach is unfounded and unjust.

The narrative is accompanied and illustrated by the fullest details of every circumstance connected with the events recorded, tables of the forces engaged and maps of the localities in which they occurred, and the names and characters of the personages who conducted or took leading parts in them. The book is clearly printed and well got up in every way. The table of contents gives an intelligible summary of each of the eleven chapters into which the work is divided, and the index is very full and skilfully made, so that the portion of the text relating any event, place, or person, can be readily found. The articles of capitulation at Quebec in 1759, and at Montreal in 1760, and those of the treaty of Paris in 1763, bearing upon the cession of Canada to the Crown of Great Britain, and the rights granted as to Newfoundland, are given at length. The maps, seven in number, are well constructed and engraved, and placed near the portions of the text in which they are referred to, and the plan adopted in the preceding volumes, of placing at the head of each

page the A. D. of the events referred to in it, is continued, so that every facility for the use of the work is afforded; and a succinct but intelligible account of the synchronous events in Europe which affected Canada is given, as being necessary to the clear understanding of those in Canada itself. Dr. Kingsford has again shown his power of appreciating and describing the characters of the actors in the great drama he presents to us, and among others that of Lord Bute, whom he dislikes and holds up to scorn and contempt as both knave and fool, and of whom he says that "If there was no word but Newfoundland in the Treaty of Paris, it would be enough to establish the blight which Bute's presence cast upon the Empire; there is a charge brought against Bute which it is impossible to pass over unnoticed, "that he was the recipient of money from France to influence him in the settlement of peace." His tribute to the memory of another Scotchman, Brigadier-General Forbes, who took Fort Duquesne, and whom he calls "one of the forgotten heroes who died for us," is written in the same whole-hearted affectionate strain in which he writes of Champlain in his first volume, and he closes, as he did in the case of his favourite hero, with the expression of his deep regret that "no monument is erected to Forbes, either in his native place, or in Pennsylvania or Virginia where he had lived, or Pittsburg which he founded; though notwithstanding this neglect his name will be emblazoned in its own nobility in the page of history as that of one whose genius and patriotism secured for the British race the Valley of the Ohio, the southern shore of Lake Erie, and the territory extending to the Mississippi."—This is wrong, no doubt; but how much greater is the wrong done by Canada to the memory of the man to whom she owes her existence, for there is still no monument to the memory of Champlain, though a county, a lovely lake, "once ours, now lost," and a not very lovely street in Quebec, bear his name. This should not be; and though we understand that a patriot member of our profession, Mr. Lighthall of

Montreal, and some others zealous for Canada's honor, propose to put up tablets with suitable inscriptions, at places in that city where events of an historical character have occurred, and one of which will record Champlain's selection and approval of the site on which Montreal was subsequently founded by M. de Maisonneuve. this will discharge a very small portion of Canada's debt of gratitude. Wolfe and Montcalm share one monument at Quebec, with a brief but admirable inscription recording their equal valour and fame and the gratitude of posterity. Why should not Montreal have a live memorial of Champlain, which might be read and understood by our own citizens and by strangers of every nation. It is some time since we left school, and law Latin is not generally of the purely classical type; yet in moving the resolution we must suggest a form suitable for adoption or for amendment by our younger and more scholarly brethren, fresher from the teachings of our excellent universities.

SAMUEL CHAMPLAIN
VIR BONUS FORTIS CHRISTIANUS
GENTIS CANADENSIS CONDITOR VERUS
GENERISQUE HUMANI
DECUS INSIGNE.

We have, in our former notices, stated our appreciation of Dr. Kingsford's qualifications for the great work he has performed so well; his extensive knowledge, indefatigable industry, and deep patriotic interest in his subject; and his honorable impartiality and fairness in the statement of facts, and in the inferences he draws from them; and we hold the same opinion still, and believe that he has faithfully performed his duty as an historian, without fear, favour, or affection, so far as human frailty permits. He is English and takes an English view on points which admit of honest difference of opinion; but we again repeat the conviction expressed in our notice of his first volume, that "No French-Canadian can be dissatisfied with the account

the book gives of his ancestors, that no English-Canadian can refuse to acknowledge the merits of his French precursors, and that no student of Canadian history can afford to be without it."

Before we received our copy of the fourth volume, we saw with great pleasure that Dr. G. M. Grant, Principal of Queen's University, Kingston, had written for *The Week* of the 28th November last, an elaborate and excellent critique on the work now before us, in which he fully confirms the opinion we have expressed respecting it, and from which we quote the following passage: "It is satisfactory that we have in Dr. Kingsford a historian who has, at the cost of enormous labour, sought and consulted original authorities, and who, after sifting evidence and coming to his conclusions, does not allow himself to be biased on one side or the other, by any considerations of so-called courtesy or self-interest. No volumes in English known to me. are a nobler tribute to the French-Canadian than those now completed. Whether describing Champlain, the hero 'with no moral leaven to weaken the regard or esteem with which his character may be considered,' or more complex and very different personalities like La Salle or Frontenac, or that Jesuit of the Jesuits—Rasle—whom he forces us to respect and almost to love; or in detailing the sacrifice that the *habitant* was always ready to endure for his country and his faith, and the piety and unity of feeling that made a handful of people able to hold their own against the greatest odds, he is always fair, and therefore, without intending it, building up the noblest monument to our French-Canadian ancestors." He then cites a passage from pages 217–18, and says, "It is impossible to read this volume without being convinced that, had it not been for the generous and abundant aid of our Mother Country, French domination would have been established over the greater part of North America," and adds, "Dr. Kingsford also speaks some pregnant words in the last pages of his work, and with them I shall bring

this notice to a close. May I also be permitted to thank him for the great work he has given us, and to express the hope that if no official recognition is given him, the public will do so in the best way by ordering his history to be placed in every Mechanics' Institute, school, and city library, and by purchasing it freely and giving it to their sons and daughters to read." He then cites verbatim, and with unqualified approval, the last four paragraphs of pages 503 and 504, in which the author claims that he has fully performed the promise he made, to be impartial and to spare no pains to ascertain and state the truth. He states forcibly and clearly the benefits which all Canadians, and French-Canadians especially, have derived from representative and responsible government, and the necessity of that harmony and unity without which all hope of becoming a nation is baseless and futile.

In all this and in all that Dr. Grant says about our author and his work, we most cordially agree, as we do also in his wish for its public recognition in the manner he suggests, and that our public schools may become such that even a minority of one in any parish may send his children to be educated, with the assurance that their faith will be respected by their teacher. We rejoice to have so high an authority for believing that this wish can be realized; and though we are not quite without fears, arising from the great and peculiar difficulties of our case, we say heartily—Amen; so may it be.

W.

CANADA LAW JOURNAL,
16 January, 1891.

WAIFS.

As the nineteenth century nears its close, living witnesses of the great events that made its early decades memorable become fewer and fewer. The great majority of persons who in our own country are engaged either in the management of public affairs, in professional work or in the tasks of commerce and industry, have attained maturity since the confederation of the provinces. If we wish to consult an eye-witness of the Rebellion Losses bill disturbances, of the Grand Trunk celebration, or even of the trial of the St. Alban's raiders, we must pass by many a well known figure of this generation. Only a small fraction of them knew anything of Robert Baldwin or Sir L. H. Lafontaine, save what they have learned from books or occasional chats with older men. Sir Edmund Head, Lord Elgin, Lord Cathcart, Lord Metcalfe, Sir Charles Bagot, Lord Sydenham,—the memories that comprise any personal recollection of the administrations indicated by these names gradually diminish in the order of their mention, till, when we reach the year of the Union of the Canadas, only a special quest will bring us in contact with them. If we embrace in our retrospect the troubled years that preceded that important change—the period of Lords Durham, Gosford and Aylmer, we may seek long before we find a fellow-citizen whose conscious experience is of so remote a date. And if we add still another decade, and stand in imagination with those who greeted Lord Dalhousie on his arrival at Quebec, only the rarest waifs and strays from a past that most living men know but by tradition or the written record, will respond to our appeal.

That the Dominion can indeed, furnish as many instances of longevity, in proportion to its population, as any other country

in the old world or the new, we have fair reason to believe. The last census showed that more than a hundred thousand persons in Canada had passed the allotted three score years and ten, while more than twenty-seven thousand had exceeded the longer term which the Psalmist associates with labor and sorrow, and more than two thousand had entered on their tenth decade. Some years before the census was taken, an order of the House of Commons had called for a return of the names of all veterans who could prove their right to pensions for service in the war of 1812. The number of accepted claims was 2,412. Those who are sufficiently interested in the subject to watch the obituary columns in our papers, will find further evidence of the same kind. Dr. Hingston, indeed, says that the climate of Canada, trying though the extremes of heat and cold may be to persons of delicate frames, is unquestionably favorable to longevity. Not only so, but in most cases where old age is attained, it is "a green, an active, a vigorous old age, and when the tree falls, as in time it must, it falls like the mature ash which

'With all its tender foliage meets the ground.'"

Not the less true is it, that the octogenarian, not to speak of the nonagenarian is a rare figure in any community and still rarer is the man of eighty winters who, with naturally waning physical strength, has preserved his faculties in healthy working order and is able to take a cheerful interest in the ideas and doings of his younger contemporaries. That when he does appear, he is not infrequently found in the ranks of the world's busiest workers and of those whose services to their kind have compelled universal recognition our own age has furnished noteworthy evidence. It is not necessary for us to scrutinize the records of the past for instances of old age that are in salient contrast to Shakespeare's "second childishness and mere oblivion" when Bancroft and von Ranke, Bryant and Tennyson, von Moltke

and Gladstone, Dr. Holmes and Lord Tollemache—to cite a few of the more striking of the grand old men of our day—attest to the unimpaired vigor of our race in the nineteenth century. Nor need we hesitate to add to the list the name of our own Premier who lately reached his 76th birthday with his intellectual powers virtually unabated and his grasp of affairs unrelaxed.

Men like this are not mere waifs and strays from the past but rather

> A link among the days to knit
> The generations each to each.

The heading of this article is not, indeed, of our choosing, nor is it altogether, in its titular guise, a stranger to many of our readers. "Waifs in Verse" they may recall as the title of a volume noticed in our colums in that retrospective year, 1887. While all who could recall the Queen's accession were ransacking their memories for incidents connected with that epoch-making event, the author of this book could claim to have been a young man when Her Majesty was born, could remember the jubilee of George the Third, and was in Canada before the first year of Lord Dalhousie's administration was ended. When he was born the 18th century had still a year to run. And to-day when the 19th has entered its final decade, and he his 92nd year, he is still hale and hearty, takes (as he has always taken) an intelligent interest in the world's progress and especially in that of Canada, with whose legislation he was officially connected for nearly sixty years. To his "Waifs in Verse" he lately added a smaller volume of "Waifs in Prose" having already discharged the friendly task of editor for a sister and a brother poet. A meritorious Anglo-Indian (the collaborator of Sir John Kay, in writing the story of the Mutiny) called one of his works "Recreations of an Indian Official" Mr. G. W. Wicksteed Q. C. (for it is he of whom we write) has, like Col. Malleson, comprised under a modest title some very interesting and valuable reminiscences

and reflections. When we state that these "Waifs" cover a period of more than sixty years of an active and useful life, that (apart from purely literary themes) they treat of persons and events that had become historical before most of our readers had seen the light of day, that they deal with situations so diverse as the Quebec of Lord Gosford's commission and the Quebec of the Jesuits' bill, and that they touch, always with point yet never without good humor and good taste, on questions of politics, of society, of letters, pay tribute to living and to dead friends, bring into line the aspirations of two great races, and while loyal to mother England are no less true to Canada, for which he wrote an anthem that Lord Dufferin pronounced excellent, we have but a tithe of what we might say about these "Waifs" and their venerable and patriotic author. May we have the privilege for years to come of hearing or reading what the fulness of his heart may prompt him to say or to sing!

NOTE.—The foregoing article from the *Montreal Gazette* of the 27th January, 1891, is of course not my work, nor do I *know* whose it is, though I have a guess. No copy was sent me, and I saw it first in the Reading Room of the House of Commons. But it is so ingeniously and well written and in so kindly a spirit towards me, that I cannot help inserting it, and feeling proud of it.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD.

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis.—Hor., Lib. 1. Ode 24.

In death's cold arms our country's father lies—
When shall his equal glad her longing eyes?

By distance parted, when her people were
Estranged and separate, scattered here and there.
He by a compact firm and wisely planned
Gave them for country all Canadian land;
And stretched o'er mountain step and prairie broad.
For friendly intercourse an iron road.

Long with consummate statesmanship he swayed
The councils of the nation he had made,
Contended for the right with tongue and pen
And won by kindly deeds the hearts of men.—
And old-time friends and old opponents vied
In patriot sorrow when MACDONALD died.

W.

Ottawa, 9th June, 1891.

[The above beautiful tribute to the memory of the late lamented Premier was received in this office soon after his death, but through inadvertence was mislaid and unpublished until now.—ED. CITIZEN.]

CITIZEN, 15 June, 1891.

C. S. TO HER FRIEND ENTERING HIS 92nd YEAR.

O brave gallant Bark, who hast weathered life's sea,
For ninety-one years on this blest happy day;—
Spread thy sail, fearless still, for thy Pilot is He,
Who will guide and command and shed peace on thy way.

Sail on, gallant Ship, may no tempest annoy;—
May thy sun long delay ere it sink in the west,
May thy Pilot, at last, bid thee enter with joy
To the haven of peace and the realms of the blest.

HIS ANSWER.

Over the changeful sea of life my bark
Hath sailed in sunshine, and when skies were dark;—
By gentle breezes oft o'er ocean driven,
Or gales when spars were lost and sails were riven.
But steering by the chart which God hath lent,
And trusting in the Pilot He hath sent,—
The toils and perils of the voyage past,
I hope to gain the longed-for port at last.

And through the dimness of approaching night,
I see the glimmering of the beacon light
Raised on its storm-proof pedestal on high
To tell the wandering sailor, land is nigh,
And hope ere long to reach that happy shore
Where toil shall cease and peril be no more;
And we shall prove, dear friend, that not in vain
Our faith hath told us,—we shall meet again.

THE BEHRING SEA TROUBLE.

Editor of THE CITIZEN,

SIR.—In the letter to Sir Julian Pauncefote printed in your issue of the 5th instant. the President, using the pen of Mr. Blaine, continues the argument in the Sayward case and restates his six questions for the arbitrators. The first five remain as before. The sixth, touching the close season, in case the concurrence of England is found necessary, is repeated with somepoints of detail as to the months over which it should extend and the waters to which it should apply. To these I see no reason to object; and on every consideration of policy and of humanity, I think (though some authorities doubt the necessity) that a close season should he established, if it be true that the time over which it is to extend is that when the seals found in the open sea are mainly females seeking food for themselves and their young. The British Parliament, I believe, established an international close time for oil-producing seals; but had no fur-bearing ones to deal with. The difficulty seems to be that if the arrangement were only made between Great Britain and the United States it would close the sea to them and leave it open to all other nations, who would have the same rights as Britain, and an international agreement would be necessary; for there are many nations who would take advantage of its absence to the utmost extent. The President then speaks of the question of damages, and not unnecessarily, for if either party has sustained damages from the illegal acts of the other, that other must pay the amount, as we did in the Alabama case, and the United States in that about the fisheries. He then repudiates the imputation that he called Bchring Sea a *mare clausum*, in words

as vehement, though not quite the same as those PUNCH in his clever cartoon puts in the mouth of the head of a seal family rising through a hole in the ice, on either side of which John Bull and Jonathan are standing and bitterly squabbling. The seal begins by, "*Mare clausum* be blowed; that's all Blaine's big bow-wow; Give us a close time; we shall be very grateful," and urges the same reasons for it as I have done. He then complains that Lord Salisbury has not answered his verbal difficulties about geographical and diplomatic expressions which may very well be left to the Arbitrators, and winds up with a new bit of argument in the "tu quoque" or "you're another" style, by urging that a British Act of Parliament makes it criminal for any person to fish in certain ways in a tract of water off the Scottish shore, containing some 2,700 square miles, far outside the 3-mile line; and that therefore Mr. Bull cannot object to the United States doing the same thing with respect to a smaller tract outside the Pribiloff Islands in Behring Sea. As a Canadian I may not, perhaps, object to the use of this peculiar figure of rhetoric, inasmuch as some of our smaller sometimes, but never—well, hardly ever—any of our greater statesmen, use it; but, however powerful its rhetorical effect, I totally deny its logical, in order to which the cases supposed to balance each other should be alike, while in neither the Ceylon Sea case, or the Scotch one, or that respecting St. Helena, does the President assert that the British Government seized a foreign vessel, carried her to a British possession and caused her to be condemned as forfeited for contravention of any alleged prohibition,—as the United States did the Sayward; and it is only fair to hold that when a legislator prohibits the doing of an act, he must be understood to mean that such prohibition shall apply only to persons over whom his jurisdiction extends, though it is not necessary or usual to express this in every case. The President concludes by repeating the claim, that seals living on islands belonging to the United States, and returning to them at night are the

property of the United States even when found sixty miles outside the three-mile limit, and may be claimed and seized as such. The point may be left to International law and the arbitrators. *Fiat justitia* is, I believe, the honest wish on both sides; though J. B. looks at the question through British glasses and U. S. through American.

W.

Ottawa, Citizen, May 14th, 1891.

NOTE.—Sir John Macdonald wrote me a letter thanking me for this and saying that I had fairly hit Mr. Blaine's argument.

To the Editor of THE CANADA LAW JOURNAL:

Though I date from Ottawa, I am not going to tell of any new scandal, and no more are wanted:

> "Enough of boodlers to the law shall yield
> In the full harvest of the *Tartean* field."

In the phrase of the day, enough official heads are taken or to be taken off, and, curiously enough, there is, and has been for some time, posted at an employment bureau in the immediate neighborhood of the Parliamentary buildings a notice informing us that seventy-five *head-choppers* are wanted. It is not stated to whom candidates are to apply. As remedies for the epidemic, an article in the lay press suggests higher pay for M.P.'s, a suggestion probably founded on the absolute absence of bribery and boodling across the border, where the remedy is applied! A board of control has been mentioned, but who shall control the controllers? The Auditor-General's department has been attacked, and even the Count of the Holy Roman Empire has not escaped!

Of bills for amending the law, there are but few: the Commons so amended the Anti-Combines Act as to make it effective, but the Senate has so modified the amendment as to make the Act a chip in porridge;—for would not a combine causing "detriment to the public" be a conspiracy to commit a crime and punishable without the Act?—

At last, ten years after the English Act, 43 & 44 Vict., c. 9, for the like purpose, we have a bill for meeting the difficulty arising out of the rapidity of travel by railroad, introduced by Mr. Tupper, the Minister of Marine. It is understood that the bill is not intended to pass in the present session, and that it is printed for the consideration of members and the public; and therefore, it is a proper subject for you and your readers to deal with, which I hope you and they will do. The preamble refers to the international conference at Washington in 1884, which recommended the meridian of Greenwich as the prime meridian common to all nations (at which Canada was ably represented by Mr. Sandford Fleming, and to which all English-speaking peoples are indebted for its decision) and then mentions what is called the "Hour Zone System" of reckoning time, as having been adopted with great advantage to the public by railway companies in America and many other countries, including Canada, and the doubts that its adoption has occasioned as to its legal effect in the latter: for though there is no doubt that the legal civil time in the Dominion is mean solar time as heretofore, and no power but the legislature could make it otherwise, many people believe the time adopted by the railway companies, and which they call *standard time*, has been substituted for it. The enacting clauses of the bill do not sanction this belief, or adopt the fifteen degree hour zone system, as defined in the original scheme of the railway companies, in the bill introduced by Mr. Evarts in the United States Senate, and more especially in the amusing and instructive article by Mr. Fleming in the *American Engineering Magazine* for May, 1891,

but make time-zones of provinces, and territories, without referring to their longitude, following in this respect the principle of the English Act. But under that Act the greatest difference between the statutory time and mean solar time would be twenty-four minutes, and in the time-zones as defined in Mr. Fleming's article, thirty minutes; while under Mr. Tupper's bill it would be more than two hours in Quebec and Ontario.—This would, I think, be a very great inconvenience, though a difference of half an hour might, in England, be counterbalanced by certain advantages. The hour zone system has never been made legal in the United States, except in the District of Washington (ten miles square), and it appears that elsewhere the subject is one for the State legislatures. The advantage of zone time would seem to be limited to zones comprised in or comprising one country or tract under the same civil jurisdiction. Boundaries by meridians would be difficult to find and use, and the extent of Quebec and Ontario from east to west is over 30°, or two hours of time. When the question first arose, the opinion of gentlemen of the Washington Observatory was, that the best plan for America would be to have one *Railway Time* (that of 90° west) across the continent, leaving solar time for the ordinary purposes civil life.—I believe * this would be the best for Canada, and that Mr. Tupper's bill, with a provision that its time clauses should apply only to contracts and agreements, oral or in writing, in which expressions of time are declared to mean and refer to *Railway Time*, (but should in them be binding in law,), would be unexceptionable; though it would perhaps be still better if one *Railway Time* were enacted for the whole Dominion; legal civil time for other purposes remaining, as heretofore, the mean solar time of each locality. The twenty-four hour day is very good; it is and has long been in used in Italy and other countries.

W.

Ottawa, Sept. 22nd, 1991.

* And see article on pages, 176 to 180.

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